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FRANK QUINN
EDITOR

CONTENTS

The Way of a Maid. *A Short Story* — William Slavens McNutt 9
Illustrated by R. F. James
He Would Be a Hatter — Nina Purdy 16
Powdering Miss America's Nose — Henry Tetlow 19
Half-a-Leg Onward. *A Short Story* — Jonathan Brooks 24
Illustrated by O. J. Gatter
The Busiest Dog Doctor — Boyden Sparkes 34
How Mary Pickford Stays Young — Athene Farnsworth 37
White Babirussa. *A Short Story* — Samuel Scoville, Jr. 42
Illustrated by George Wolf
The Best Letter I Ever Read. *Winning Prize Contest Letters* 49
A Princess in Distress. *A Novel* — Grace Sartwell Mason 56
Illustrated by Stockton Mulford
A Master Craftsman Bigger Than His Job — Edna Yost 68
A Cowboy of the Fishing Rod — Jay Murphy 71
New Gods for Old. *A Short Story* — Stanley Jones 78
Illustrated by Harry Fisk
She Created the Cheerful Cherub — Alissa Franc Keir 86
Fifty Years of Auctioneering — Stella Burke May 89
The Best of Them Get Stage Fright — Montrose Moses 95
The Man They Hanged. *A Novel (Conclusion)* — Robert W. Chambers 99
Illustrated by Gayle Hoskins
Making the Best of Your Mind — R. F. Foster 115
The Old or the New 120
  Specimen Jones — Owen Wister 122
  Illustrated by R. J. Cavaliere
  The Last Choice of Crusty Dick — William D. Williams 132
  Illustrated by George Delano
The Paavo Nurmi of Lion Hunters — M. M. Donovan 140
Children's Portraits in Bronze — Nina Purdy 141
His Donkey Pulled Him Through — Joseph Faus 142
Fire-Lookout Is Her Job — Ethel Romig Fuller 143
Everybody's Chestnut Tree 144

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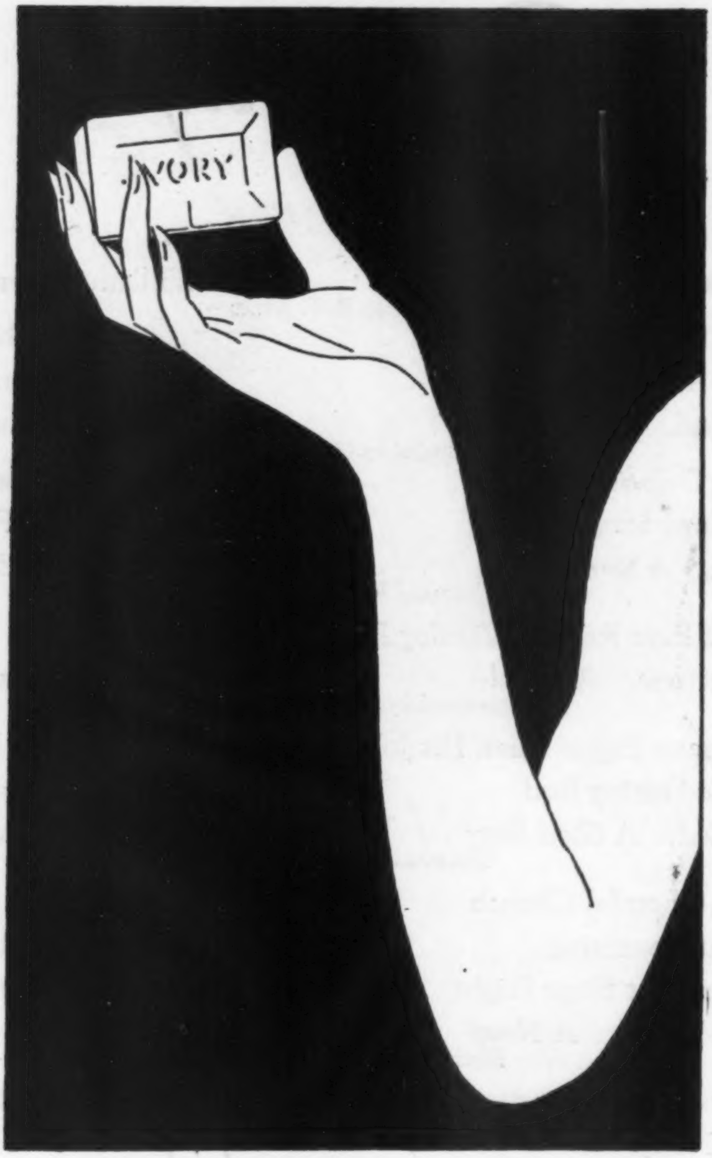

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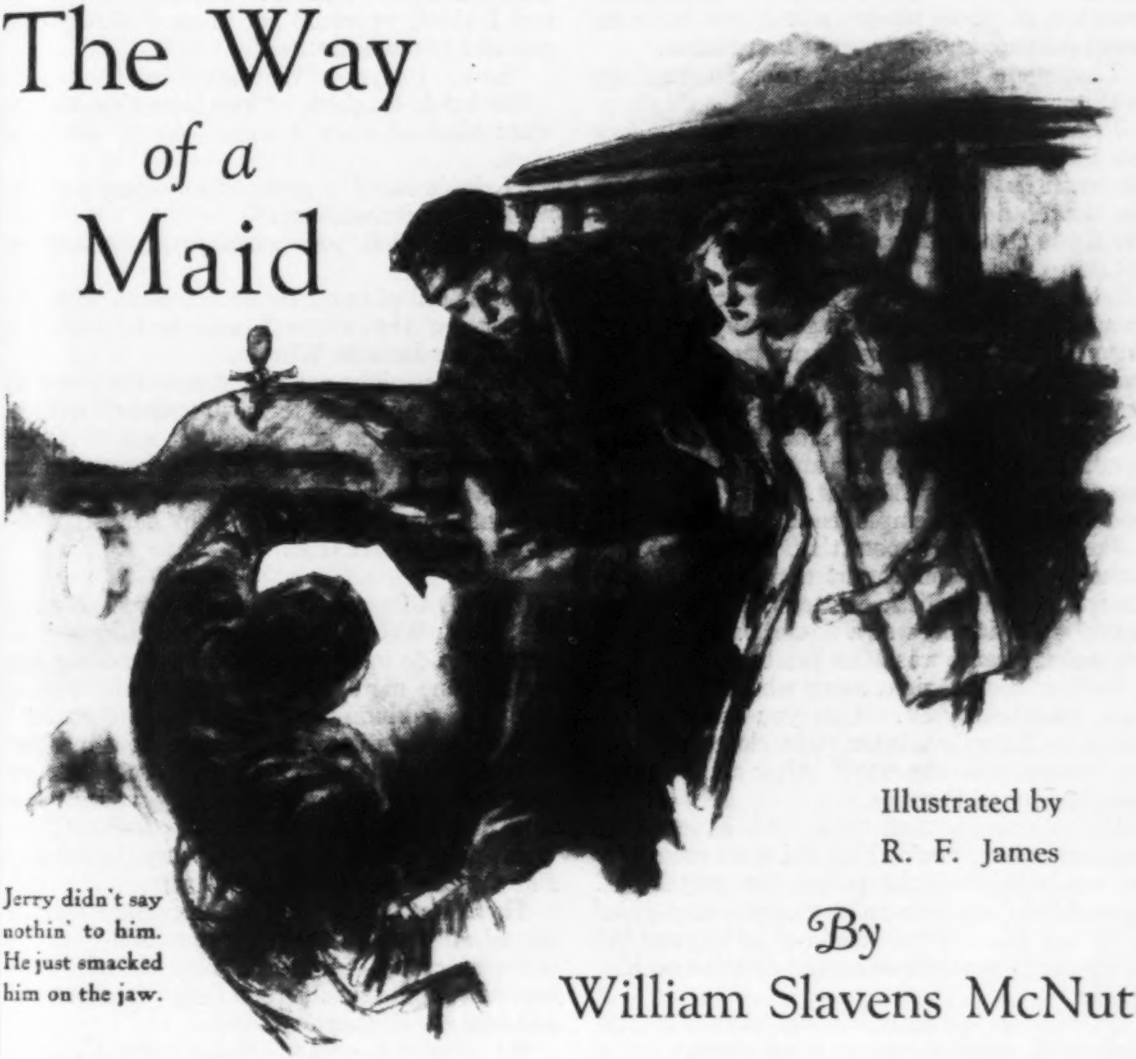
The Way of a Maid



Jerry didn't say nothin' to him. He just smacked him on the jaw.

Illustrated by
R. F. James

By
William Slavens McNutt

THE way I come to meet Jerry Webster was like this: I was in the Ladies' Gloves over at Simon an' Liebstein's an' doin' pretty good, only there was a floorwalker there that kinda got stuck on me.

He was an awful thing! A big, young fella with broad shoulders an' a sappy little eyelash mustache. One day he ast me would I go out with him. The way he done it! You'd think he was at least the Prince o' Wales offerin' to marry me. When I said no, he couldn't o' been more surprised if he'd seen some fella some place he thought was better lookin' than him.

"Don't you go out with men?" he ast me.

"Always," I says to him.

He was dumb, but he got it after a while an' had me fired. So I went lookin' for a job an' I thought I'd try gettin' on some place as a chorus girl an' see how I could do at that. So I went to a place up on Broadway where they tell you where to go to get a job in the chorus an' you go there an' if you get it, why then you have to pay 'em for gettin' sent, an' if you don't, why, that's no shoe leather off their feet.

I went to the place they said, on the stage of the Penstock Theater, an' I had just as much chance o' gettin' a job there as Charlie Chaplin has o' havin' somebody ast what's his name. There was about a hundred girls there to get twenty-four jobs an' they all had practice at it except me. A fella that was there ast who I was with before an' when I told him in the Ladies' Gloves at Simon an' Liebstein's they all had a free laugh. It was bad enough for the fella to gimme the raspberry, but when all them other girls that was there joined in . . . well!

When they got done I says, good an' loud: "I bet a lot o' you old hens struttin' around in chicken feathers, that had your fun laughin' at me, would get an awful shock if somebody snuk up behind when you wasn't lookin' an' yelled 'Cash!' " I says. "An' I bet I'd be ashamed to been lots of places where some o' you ramblin' rouge pots are known by your first names."

That made 'em squizzle up their faces an' try to think of a comeback!

I started to walk away towards where the door was into the alley an' a lady comes up to me. She was a lady, too. You could see that. Not like them others. An' she says to me, she says: "Will you come to my room a minute? I want to talk to you."

I hadn't no idea who she was or what she wanted, but right off I'd o' gone any place she ast me. She was young an' pretty an' nice an' swell without bein' snooty. If you think a woman that's all them things is easy to find, get a job in a department store where you see hundreds of 'em every day and work there till one comes in that's like that. You're liable to be one of the oldest employees before it happens.

She took me to a room that was sort of in a corner by where some stairs went up an' on the door there was a little white star painted an' under where it was was a name, painted white too, an' the name was Miss Winton.

Well, o' course, right away when I seen that I got wise to myself. Can you imagine me talkin' to Isabelle Winton right close up to an' not knowin' who she was? After all the times I've seen her on the stage?

That's who it was all right. An' as soon as I found that out, you'd think I'd stole somethin' an' was talkin' to the judge, the way I felt. I got shakin' all over an' my eyes was poppin' out o' my head till you could o' hung your hat on 'em, an' I couldn't no more talk than nothin' at all.

We went in the room—it was kind of a little room with some places to hang clothes an' a great big mirror with lights all around it an' a table kinda like a shelf in front of it an' some nice chairs an' a lounge—an' Miss Winton shut the door an' says to me to set down. So I set down an' she sat down too, and smiled at me just as nice as if I was somebody that amounted to somethin' that had come to call on her, an' she says: "Now tell me," she says, "why do you want to go on the stage."

I couldn't think o' nothin' to say, but I tried to say somethin'—I dunno what—an' you know what I did instead o' sayin' somethin'? I started to cry! Like a fool kid that had fell down or somethin'.

I had no idea I was goin' to cry until I did an' all of a sudden there I sat in Isabelle Winton's room, right acrost from her, with the tears runnin' out o' my eyes an' I couldn't say a darn word!

She come over an' put her arms around me an' talked to me like she'd be my mother. She told me all about how tough it was gettin' started on the stage an' how only a few of 'em ever got anywhere with it an' all like that an' then she says: "You're a nice brave youngster and I think we could get along. How would you like to work for me?"

"Sure!" I says. "Why not?"

She kinda laughed. "You haven't asked me what kind of work I want you to do," she says.

"I don't care," I says. "Anything you say will be all right with me."

You felt that way when you seen her an' talked to her.

So she talked to me then an' told me what she wanted an' that's how I come to be a kind of a maid for Isabelle Winton.

Get me straight now. I wasn't like the kind o' maids that works for just ordinary women. She had a maid at her home that was that kind of a one. All I had to do was to take care of her at the theater an' keep her room fixed up an' look after her clothes an' help her dress an' change an' all like that.

AN' THAT was the way I come to meet Jerry Webster, like I said. I didn't have nothin' to do for Miss Winton most o' the last act an' one night when it was comin' toward summer an' kinda warm I thought I'd go down to the corner an' get me a soda or somethin'. So while the last act was on I went out an' down the alley an' there was Jerry settin' in the front seat of a limousine that was waitin' there. 'Course I didn't know it was Jerry then, 'cause I never seen him before, but it was.

There was a street light near where he was settin' an' I could see his face a little bit. It was a nice kind of a face; a big chin to it an' a nose that kinda turned up a little bit at the end. I like faces like that on men.

He seen me comin' out o' the alley an' grinned. Not really fresh, like fellas you get sore at when they grin, but kinda half sassy an' half friendly.

"Hello Irish," he says to me. "There's the half of a soft seat here ain't doin' anything. Whyn't use it awhile an' take a load off your feet?"

Honest, when I opened my mouth for a comeback I thought I was goin' to say somethin' mean. I always do when fellas try to pick me up. But instead o' that I grinned too, an' I says: "You shouldn't call anybody Irish with the map o' Dublin you got stickin' up there between your cap an' your collar."

"I wouldn't call anybody Irish that didn't deserve it," he says. "Come set down."

"I ain't so heavy I couldn't stand up an' be comfortable," I says. Honest, I dunno to this day why I stopped an' talked with him—but I did. Usually when fellas tried to pick me up I always told 'em where to get off.

"That's a nice car, ain't it?" I says to him.

"Only one thing wrong with it," he says. "The half of the front seat here's empty."

"The fast way you work I bet it ain't empty often," I says.

"I may be fast, but I'm particular," he says. "Come set down."

"I'm particular, too," I says. "I'm fine where I am."

"You in the show?" he ast me.

It was the funniest thing! I was goin' to tell him yes an' kid him along that I was an actress.

But instead o' that: "No," I says, "I work for Miss Winton.

"Miss Winton!" he says, settin' up straight, an' lookin' at me hard. "Well! How do you do! We're acquainted an' don't know it. I drive for Carter Ormsby."

"Well!" I says. "What do you know about that!"

An' I went right around an' got up an' set in the seat beside him like he ast me in the first place.

I dunno why, but him drivin' for Carter Ormsby did make it seem like we knew each other, 'cause Ormsby, he was goin' with Miss Winton all the time an' everybody guessed they was goin' to get engaged, even if they already wasn't.

I didn't like Ormsby. It made me feel sick every time I thought o' Miss Winton gettin' married to him. He was a good lookin' fella, if you like fellas that look like he did—but I don't. He was about thirty-five an' had black hair that was all brushed down smooth an' shiny an' he played polo an' had a yacht an' went to Florida in the winter an' over to Europe every summer. He had oodles o' money an' didn't do nothin' himself but just run around. That wasn't why I didn't like him though, 'cause if I had oodles o' money I wouldn't do nothin' but run around, either. Why I didn't like him was just the way I felt when he was around, like as if somethin' was wrong. You know—I didn't feel nice whenever I seen him. Miss Winton liked him though. A lot I guess. It used to make me scared the way she'd look happy when she was goin' out with him. I dunno why, but it did.

Anyhow, I forgot all about gettin' my soda an' set there beside Jerry an' he told me his name an' I told him mine an' then he tried to put his arm around me an' I hauled off an' hit him right in the eye with my fist doubled up tight.

It was the funniest thing! Right away, the first time I seen him I liked Jerry better than anybody I ever seen before an' then I go hit him in the eye with my fist doubled up! An' I never did that to a man before. I've slapped lots of 'em, of course, but I never hit one with my fist doubled up till Jerry. An' I liked him better'n any of 'em. Ain't that funny?

JERRY give kind of a yelp an' right away he gimme a slap back, only not with his fist shut, right on my nose an' made it bleed.

I jumped down onto the street an' he jumped after me. I didn't know if he was goin' to hit me again or what, 'cause, o' course, I wasn't so good acquainted with him yet then, but what he done—he put one arm around my shoulders an' he took his handkerchief an' wiped my nose where it was bleedin' an' he was shakin' all over so he could hardly stand up.

"I didn't go to hit you, kid," he says. He was shakin' so hard his voice wouldn't come very good. It sounded like he was tryin' hard to talk loud, but was only whisperin' instead.

"Honest," he says, still holdin' the handkerchief to my nose where it was bleedin', "honest I didn't mean to. I did it without thinkin'. On the level! Please believe me! It all happened so fast I did it before I knew I was goin' to do it. Did I hurt you bad? I didn't break it, did I?"

I'd been kinda half fightin' to get away while he was talkin', sorta holdin' my face away an' not lookin' at him. I was so mad I was afraid I'd cry, an' the way I felt then I wouldn't o' let him see me cry if I died to hold the tears back.

So I shut my teeth tight an' looked up at him an' was goin' to tell him where he got off right! Goin' round hittin' girls in the nose just 'cause they wouldn't let him get fresh the first time they met him! But when I looked up, the first thing I see was the eye that I hit, an' it was sorta shut an' beginnin' to swell big an' the blood was leakin' down over it from where a ring I had on cut him on the eyebrow.

When I seen that I forgot all about bein' mad an' got scared instead an' began to cry an' I didn't care if he saw me do it or not.

I grabbed the handkerchief away from him that he was wipin' my nose with an' began to wipe his eye with it.

"I didn't go to hit you hard that way," I says to him. "I just meant to kinda slap you a little an' make you stop—that's all. I didn't mean to do it with my fist shut."

"You should o' hit me with a club!" he says. "I ought to had better sense than start anything with a nice kid like you. I knew you wasn't the kind to stand for any funny stuff. I dunno what got into me!"

An' then he says: "Say listen," he says, an' I dunno what it was he was goin' to say if I had o' listened, 'cause just then a couple o' fellas come off the sidewalk to where we was an' one o' them grabbed Jerry by the shoulder an' pulled at him.

"Hey!" he says in a loud voice. "Leggo that lady!"

The way we were standin' there, I guess it must o' looked like Jerry had grabbed me an' I was tryin' to get loose.

Jerry didn't say nothin' back to this fella. He just smacked him on the jaw an' the fella fell down in the street an' laid there. Then Jerry smacked the other fella an' he fell down, too. Then they both got up an' run around the corner.

Jerry looked at me then as he was grinnin' all over.

"Hot Ziggety! I'm glad those bozos come along," he says. "I was feelin' rotten! I feel better now."

I was feelin' better, too, an' I laughed an my nose quit bleedin' an' so did Jerry's eye, only it was kinda swelled, an' we got back in the front seat o' the car an' set there laughin' an' feelin' funny, an' then we saw them two fellas Jerry had hit come runnin' around the corner with a cop.

"There he is," one of 'em says to the cop, pointin' at Jerry.

The cop comes up an' he says: "What's all this?"

"What's all what," Jerry says.

"These fellas say you was maulin' a dame," the cop says.

"That's a funny story," Jerry says. "Now see if you can get a laugh out o' this one: This girl here is Isabelle Winton's maid. She come out from the theater to get a little air an' these two bimbos come along an' tried to make her. I was settin' here in the car mindin' my own business, but when I see what was comin' off I clumb down an' told these bozos to lam. They got sassy an' I fanned their chins for 'em an' then they beat it. Now they bring you back an' try to frame me. If you don't believe it, ast the lady here."

"Sure!" I says. "That's the way it was."

The cop turned to them two buttinskys an' started to say somethin', but they run. The cop started to run after 'em, but Jerry jumped down an' grabbed him.

"Don't make work for yourself," he says. "Listen a minute. Me an' the girl here was havin' a little friendly argument an' those two saps got us wrong an' butted in! Then when I soaked 'em they run for you. That's the straight of it. It's nothin' the Judge wants to listen to. Be nice, will you?"

So the cop laughed an' winked at me an' says to Jerry we best do our arguin' indoors some place where it could go to a finish without no strangers spoilin' our fun. Then he went away an' me an' Jerry set there an' got acquainted, till first thing we knew the show was out an' I was ten minutes late helpin' Miss Winton with her things.

Jerry an' me, we seen each other after that every time we got a chance. I never met anybody I liked the way I did him an' he was that way with me, too. We both felt like ever since we was born we'd been goin' around wonderin' what ailed us an' all the matter was we just hadn't found each other yet. An' after we did find each other, why then nothin' ailed us an' there wasn't anything the matter any more.

Only one thing. Jerry ast me one day why shouldn't we get married right away, an' I told him.

I says to him, I says: "Listen Jerry," I says. "I don't mind livin' alone on just enough to get by with, but I ain't goin' to do that when we get married. We neither of us got any money. All we got is just bread an' butter jobs that we're liable to get fired out of any time. When we get married I want a home to live in an' some children an' the way we are now, we couldn't have them things without makin' each other so darn poor every other way, nobody knows what would happen. You couldn't go out an' have fun with the fellas once in a while an' I couldn't have no decent clothes an' we couldn't go out together any place an' have a good time an' I'm afraid to have it that way."

NOW you know, lots o' men would o' got mad an' said right off I didn't love 'em an' only wanted money.

Jerry didn't though. Not him. He just nodded his head yes an' he says: "I know the way you feel. We got such a wonderful chance to be real sure 'nough happy we'd be suckers to shoot it all on a short bank roll, 'cause if we *did* mess things up we'd be outa luck for sure."

Can you beat a guy like that? I'll say not!

Ain't it funny though, how when a couple o' people love each other like me 'an Jerry did, they'll stand any kind o' big trouble that comes up an' then maybe spoil everything rowin' about some little thing like whether to go to the movies some night or down to Coney? One night I says to Jerry I wished Miss Winton had never met Carter Ormsby, 'cause lots o' the time when she don't think nobody's lookin' she don't look happy.

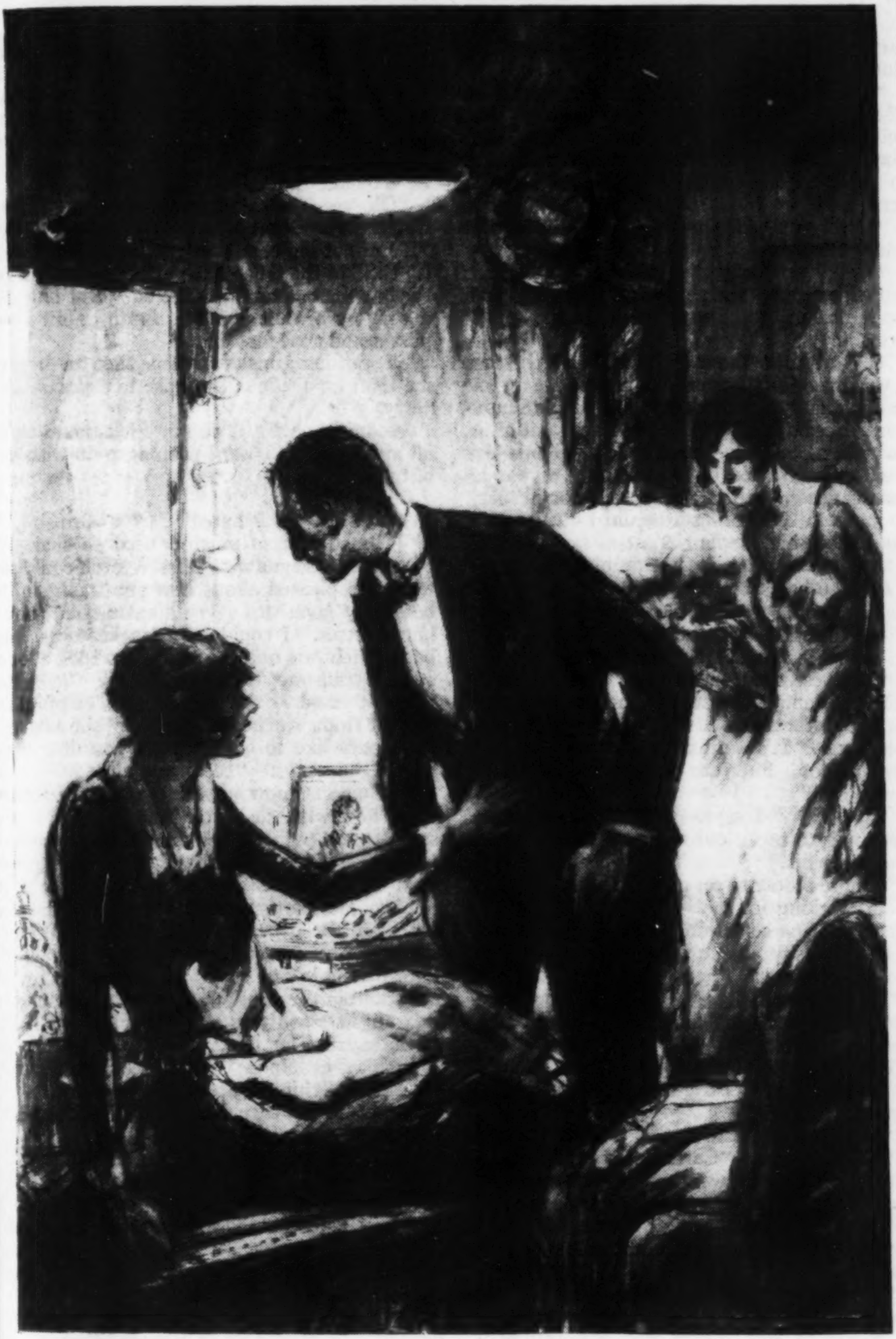
"It's a shame," I says to him, "for a wonderful girl like her to go an' spoil her life for a rich no-good like him."

"Say, where do you get that no-good stuff?" Jerry says. "Ormsby ain't a bad guy."

I dunno what it was made me feel so mad inside when he said that. Somethin'. I was so mad all of a sudden I was kinda half choked in my throat.

"Just because he pays your wages an' don't beat you with a whip you needn't try to make out he's some kind of a saint," I says. "He ain't good enough for Isabelle Winton an' you know it!"

Jerry was mad, too. Just the same way I was, I guess. No reason for it. Just mad like he was crazy. I guess all people that loves



As soon as I heard Miss Winton's hand on the door knob, I let go all the yellin' that was in me. So when she opened the door what she seen was me backed off in a corner and Ormsby reachin' for me.

each other a lot gets that way sometimes. Funny!

"Isabelle Winton!" he says, nasty as could be. "I never see any wings sproutin' on her. Just an actress, that's all. If you ask me, she's playin' in luck to get a guy like Carter Ormsby to go to all the trouble o' gettin' married to her."

"Don't you talk about Isabelle Winton like that," I says.

"Well," Jerry says, "if it comes to that, you can wipe some o' the pepper off the end o' your tongue when you start talkin' about Carter Ormsby."

That was how the row started. By the time it was over Jerry had said things to me an' me to him that you wouldn't think people like us would o' said to a mad dog that was bitin' us. An' when he finally went an' left, all this love business we'd tried to be so careful of was all gone gaflooie. He said he wasn't comin' back no more an' I told him if he did I'd call a cop. Oh, believe me, we flew apart as fast an' hard as we'd got together in the first place!

I felt so bad I cried in the dressin' room one night a couple weeks later when I was helpin' Miss Winton off with her things after the last act an' when she ast what ailed me I told her.

"Oh, these men!" she says. "They're greedy children, honey, all of them, and we have to be patient mothers as well as loving sweethearts to hold them. It's a nuisance, but it's part of a woman's job. Put your pride on ice and apologize to him!"

"I will not," I says. "I'm done with men. I'm going to be an old maid an' just work for you all my life."

"You're a dear sweet child," she says. "But about working for me—well," she says, "I've got to tell you something. I'm goin to marry Carter Ormsby at the end of the New York run of this piece."

"Oh, that's all right," I says, "I'll do somethin' or other till you come back to work after your honeymoon."

The tears came into her eyes.

"I'm not comin' back to work, honey," she says. "Not ever."

"You're quittin' the stage?" I says.

"Yes," she says. "Carter insists upon it, and I know you wouldn't want to work just as a maid in my home. You're not a domestic servant."

"I would so work for you in your home!" I says, but I knew I was lyin'. Miss Winton knew it, too.

"Things wouldn't be the same as they are here in the theater," she says." It wouldn't do."

I begun to cry. "You ain't got any right to give up your art just for a man," I says.

"Art!" she says. "Don't talk rot, honey. I don't care a whoop for my art, if I've got any. What I'm giving up are the wonderful crowds out front that like me, and the beautiful tingly thrills I get when they applaud; the fun of being admired and talked about and stared at when I go places and all the messy bewildering, hurly-burly, fascinating business of rehearsals and first nights. I'm going to miss all that, honey, terribly."

"You ain't got any right," I says.

"Oh, yes I have, honey," she says. "I love Carter and the best of love is sacrifice," she says. "If I'm not big enough to give up the mere selfish thrill of the theater for him, I don't deserve the happiness I can have if I do. But oh! I'll miss it for a while, honey. Lord! How I will miss it and ache for it."

She put her arms around me then an' hugged me tight an' made me promise to make up with Jerry.

I didn't though. The way I felt then I hated all men an' didn't want nothin' to do with any of them.

MOST of all I hated Carter Ormsby. I hated him so much I used to shake all over when I seen him. Miss Winton could say what she pleased about how she was goin' to be happy givin' up everything for him, but I knew better. I could see it in her eyes, how bad she felt, an' once when she had took a lot o' curtain calls an' was standin' in the wings where it was dark an' they was still clappin' for her out front, she begun to cry an' she says out loud, only like to herself, "Oh, you dear, dear people!" she says. "I love you all."

She didn't know anybody was where they could hear what she said. She was just kinda sayin' good-by to everything all by herself. Honest, if Carter Ormsby had o' been there then an' I'da had a gun, I bet I'd o' shot him!

A couple nights later I was in the dressin' room an' the door was open an' Miss Winton was on for her last scene in the last act an' I seen Ormsby comin'. I got up an' started to go out an' stand in the wings, but he got the doorway first an' he stood there so's I couldn't get past an' he says: "Don't go," he says. "Set down."

I looked at him an' I could see from his face what he was thinkin' about.

He come in then an' shut the door an' grinned at me.

"Now," he says, "isn't this nice and cozy?"

I was just goin' to say somethin' good an' hot back to him, when all of a sudden I got a hunch. Instead o' tellin' him where he got off, I smiled a little bit an' I says: "It's nice an' cozy all right, but maybe it don't look so good with the door shut."

"As long as the door's shut nobody can look," he says. "I know a lot of nice places where the door'll stay shut as long as I say an' there's nobody to look—or hear."

"Is that so?" I says, turnin' my face away an' foolin' around at smellin' some o' Miss Winton's flowers.

"It is," he says. "How'd you like to go take a look at one o' those places some time—with me. I've known of little girls about your size finding quite a nice piece of money hidden in their stocking after they'd been on a little visit to one of those nice places—with me. More than you'd get for working for a month. What do you say?"

"What do I say what?" I says, pretendin' to be dumb.

He laughed. "Oh you women!" he says. "You all have to act, don't you? Come now, how about stepping out with me some night soon? I've been watching you for quite a while and you look good to me."

"What would Miss Winton say if she knew?" I ast him.

"We needn't talk about Miss Winton," he says in a mad voice. "Leave her out of this."

Funny ain't it? He was willin' to double-cross Miss Winton by datin' me up, but he didn't want I should speak her name while he was doin' it.

He come over then an' took hold o' my arm. "How about it, sister?" he says. "Be nice to me. You won't lose anything by it."

I pretended I was thinkin' about it an' maybe was goin' to do like he ast me an' all the time I could hardly keep from screamin' account o' the awful way he made me feel when he touched me. All the time I was listenin' an' listenin' and listenin' an' I had to leave him put his arms around me an' try to kiss me for I dunno how long before I heard what I was listenin' for. That was Miss Winton's hand on the door knob an' when I heard that I let go all the yellin' that had been chokin' up in me all the time he had his hands on me. I just let it all go in one big whoop an' twisted loose from him an' slapped him one on the face that left a mark.

So when Miss Winton opened that door, what she heard was me yellin' my head off an' what she seen was me backed off in a corner an' Carter Ormsby reachin' for me an' the mark o' my hand on his cheek.

Ormsby seen her in the mirror an' turned to her.

"I been framed," he says. "This girl shut the door an' said she'd scream if I didn't give her money. It's blackmail," he says.

Miss Winton looked at me an' I shook my head. Then she looked at Carter Ormsby. The way she looked at him you'd think he was somethin' she never seen before. I guess he was at that. What she'd seen before when she looked at him was only what she thought he was. Now she was gettin' a peek at what he honest an' true was.

I was scared for what would happen, 'cause I knew how much she was in love with him. I was scared her heart would be broke an' she might do somethin' foolish, you know—poison herself or somethin'.

I THOUGHT first thing she'd either get mad or cry, but instead o' that, all of a sudden she bust out laughin'. I thought, for a minute maybe she'd gone crazy, but she hadn't. She was laughin' healthy, just like anybody would if they seen somethin' that struck 'em funny. She just laughed an' laughed an' laughed an' what she was laughin' at was Carter Ormsby. I know because she told him.

"What are you laughing at?" he ast her.

An' she said: "You, Carter. You're too funny! With my maid! In my dressing-room! Oh, Carter! That's perfect!"

He begun to laugh too then in a sheepish kind of a way. He didn't like laughin' at himself or bein' laughed at, but I guess he figured he was gettin' out o' the scrap pretty easy an' he'd best pretend he thought it was funny, too.

"You're a good scout, Isabelle," he says. "Lots of women wouldn't have understood. Nothing serious, of course. She's a cute little piece, and I was just fooling with her."

"Serious?" Miss Winton says. "Don't be silly, Carter. You're done as a serious actor from now on as far as I'm concerned. Low comedy's your line with me."

She stopped laughin' for a minute then an' looked at him hard an' took a long breath an' she says: "And to think," she says, "that I was all set to give up the stage to marry you! I need a guardian."

"Oh, look here now," he says, beginnin' to get worried. "Don't be difficult! I thought you were going to be a good sport about this."

"Toodle-oo," Isabelle says. "On your way, little boy. You're a long way from home when you're near me."

"But listen—" Ormsby starts in.

"Not to you," Isabelle cut him off. "If you don't know that your act with me is over I'll tell you. It is. You know the way out. Use it."

So Ormsby beat it an' Miss Winton shut the door an' hugged me an' I told her all about how it really happened an' she just laughed an' laughed.

"Thank God for a good funnybone!" she says. "One good laugh's worth more than all the wisdom in the world to prevent a broken heart. I might have gone through years of real tragedy on his account, but when I saw him struggling with you—" she began laughing again.

"It just struck me funny," she says. "And the minute I started to laugh everything was over. It was just like I'd been dreaming and that laugh woke me up," she says.

"Don't you feel bad even a little bit?" I ast her.

"Not a smitch," she says. "When you wake up," she says, "why bother about what you were dreaming about while you were asleep."

"My!" I says. "I wish I could be like you an' not be bothered."

[*Continued on page 182*]

He *Would* Be a Hatter

As a youth at a journeyman hatter's bench John Cavanagh learned the happiness that comes from accomplishing a purpose. It prevented him from losing heart at the set-backs in his path on the way to the presidency of Crofut & Knapp

by Nina Purdy

ALTHOUGH John Cavanagh now makes six hundred dozen hats a day, hats still fascinate him. His interest in hats made him a skilled workman in the factory and a successful salesman on the road. He learned about human nature through hats and used his knowledge to good advantage in successfully building up a huge business in the most trying period in the hat industry. Through it all he has stayed in the small town of his birth, now no mean city, and helped to make it the center of a world-wide commerce in hats.

A RUDDY, bright blue-eyed boy of seven was just mastering that difficult art—reading. Every night on his way home from school he tested his progress by picking out words on a poster that was tacked on the outside of the railway station. The words read as follows:

> South Norwalk, Connecticut. A town of five thousand inhabitants on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. Forty-four miles from New York. Terminus of the Danbury Branch of the N. Y., N. H. & H. Railroad, Center of the Hat Making Industry in the United States.

He read the poster until he knew it by heart. Around its simple statement he fashioned a dream. When he grew up he would make hats in South Norwalk. And South Norwalk would have paved streets like New York City.

This happened in 1870.

The boy's name was John Cavanagh.

Unlike the plans most boys make for their future, his were always woven into the life of his home town. He wanted to become identified with it, to grow with it. He has realized his dream.

He began as an errand boy in one of the town's hat factories when he was seventeen. Today he is president of the Crofut & Knapp Company, the oldest and largest hatters of South Norwalk; one of the oldest, largest and most renowned manufacturers of hats in the country.

Under the general management and direction of John Cavanagh its output has grown to six hundred dozen hats per day, amounting to a business of six million dollars per year. Under his direction the company founded and developed those unique fashion shops, the Dobbs' stores of New York City, Southampton, and Florida. In August 1924 it erected a modern, scientifically equipped factory at a cost of one million, five hundred thousand dollars.

Largely through the growth and industry promoted by this factory John Cavanagh has seen prosperity come to South Norwalk. To-day his home town has its paved streets, also its five hundred thousand dollar hospital, which he personally was instrumental in building. And to his great satisfaction the town now has a population of thirty-five thousand as contrasted with the five thousand it had when he was seven years old.

Mr. Cavanagh is a young and debonair gentleman, just past sixty, with a ruddy face, a crown of very white hair and very bright blue eyes. He carries himself with splendid dignity. Complementing that dignity is a camaraderie of manner which goes far toward establishing the good fellowship that radiates from his presence.

"Every one calls him by his first name," one of his men told me proudly. "A customer came in recently, and in the course of our conversation said apologetically, 'I suppose I should say Mr. Cavanagh, but do you know I hadn't known him half an hour when I was calling him John'."

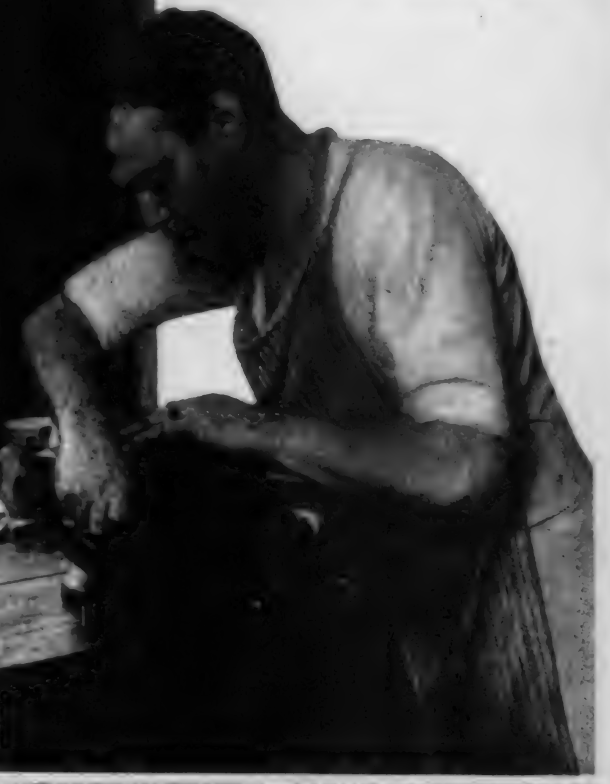
Another characteristic not to be overlooked is his genius for style. When he puts on a hat it becomes a personality.

"What are these racks of hats doing in here?" I asked the morning I sat in Mr. Cavanagh's office waiting for him to come in. I could scarcely find a place to sit down. There were hats on the mahogany desk, hats on the chairs, and racks of hats about the room.

"Oh they haven't been Cavanaghed yet," his secretary answered.

[*Continued on page 157*]

THE most expert skill in hat making is needed for the art of curling the brims of derbies. The curler, shown below, styles the hat and gives it distinction. This is the job John Cavanagh (left) president of Crofut & Knapp, had worked up to when he was twenty-one. On occasion he can still take the place of one of his skilled operatives anywhere in the complicated process of making a hat from the raw fur to the finished product.



AMERICAN women use more make-up than Europeans because our sunlight and climate somehow burn the peaches-and-cream out of every one's skin, leaving it a muddy white. So says Henry Tetlow, whose family have been making face powder and cosmetics in the Quaker City for three-quarters of a century. He gives other conclusions derived from bridging the gap between America's dressing table and the gardens of Europe, or the Orient, like the above rose valley of Kazanluk, Bulgaria.

Powdering Miss America's Nose

Three generations of Tetlows have made perfumes and cosmetics for American women. The present head of the business tells some interesting stories about perfumes and the fine art of make-up

by Henry Tetlow

IN HIS non-professional capacity a perfumer may have a decided preference for the odors of percolating coffee or of steak and onions. As an expert he can often tell whether a given sample of geranium comes from Turkey, Algiers, or France. His nose knows. One of the problems in make-up that he is trying to solve for American women is caused by peculiarities of our sunlight and climate. He observes that pink and white is seldom a satisfactory make-up for blonds, explains why lip rouge should be chosen with respect to the color of the teeth, and divulges some of the other curious lore of this most fascinating industry.

PERHAPS I should begin by saying that I am a perfumer. Although I am not half that age, I have been a perfumer for seventy-six years, in a manner of speaking. In 1849 my great-grandfather bought out the perfumery and fancy soap business of a Philadelphian who was crazy to go out to the coast and look for gold. Without going so far as to say he signed away an acre of diamonds, I will maintain that crazy is the word. No normal man would voluntarily embrace two such hazardous means of livelihood in succession. Craziness, however, appears to be the one imperishable family tradition to which I am heir.

At any rate, for four generations we have plugged along at perfumery. I took in formulæ as I took in nourishment from the bottle. Quite probably essential oils run in my veins where others run good red or blue blood. I knew which tinctures were made with three ounces to the gallon before I knew that all Gaul was divided into three parts. Which leads gently up to the assertion that, while disclaiming omniscience—indeed, I have friends in the Trade, men whose ability and judgment I respect and admire, who would probably be willing to go on the stand and swear I knew nothing at all about perfumery—yet I believe my knowledge, technique and experience must be somewhat bigger and better than the knowledge, technique and experience in perfumery of the uninitiate. If, as they say, a stock company actor can learn his lines for next week's show by the mere process of carrying his sides in his hat, it seems only fair to suppose that the analogous exposure has infused me with some knowledge of perfumery.

Next to the show business and the newspaper business there is none in which the average untrained, uninformed individual thinks he—or she—would so shine as the perfumery business. A goodly proportion of the whole human race is prepared at an instant's notice—and without other preparation—to tell any perfumer how to run his business and make lots of money. The minute I can convince the casual inquiring stranger that in spite of a hundred and sixty-five pounds gross displacement and a general mien of Nordic masculinity I really and truly am a perfumer, that minute I can settle myself to the development of the peculiar talent implied in the epithet "good listener."

I often wonder what has become of the man who would not "allow" his wife to use cosmetics. Twenty-five years ago he was fairly numerous, and could be depended upon to give the feminine world a big laugh, but he seems to be vanishing rapidly. A profound change has been taking place in the public's attitude toward cosmetics. Few women any longer try to conceal the fact that they use them. Yet it is hardly a generation since that was the thing to do. Surreptitious applications of precipitated chalk and fresh cut beet-root or certain kinds of rose petals—which were supposed to impart an imperishable bloom—were the rule. In those days the manufacturer who wanted to get inquiries from his advertising had to make it plain that all samples and "literature" would be sent in plain unmarked packages and envelopes. The traffic in cosmetics bore a striking resemblance to the present day traffic in beverage alcohol.

Now all that is changed. No longer need the youth of the land speculate as to whether or not its heroine uses make-up. You just know she does. She makes no attempt to defraud. Wherefore it is supposed she uses a great deal more make-up than her mother or grandmother did. Perhaps she does use a little more, but that is rather because she seizes a greater number of chances to correct nature's deficiencies.

The Volstead of Rouge and Powder

INTERFERENCE in the perfumery and cosmetic industries is not confined to individuals. It has long been the sport of kings and democracies. The earliest instance I have found occurred in 1497. Girolamo Savonarola, the great Italian reform-preacher was then at the zenith of his fame and influence. He persuaded the ladies of Florence to give up cosmetics. Harford, in his "Life of Michelangelo" says:

"A pyramidal scaffold was erected opposite the palace of the Signoria. At its base were to be seen false hair, false beards (sic), masquerading dresses, rouge pots, cards and dice, mirrors and perfumery, beads and trinkets of various sorts—guards were stationed to prevent unholy thefts; and as the fire rose there was a burst of chants, and the singing of the Te Deum to the sound of trumpets and the clanging of bells."

Shortly after this Savonarola decided Rome was more wicked and in greater need of his ministrations than Florence. Left to themselves, the Florentine ladies soon "got tired of a life bereft of their favorite vanities," and the consumption of perfumery and cosmetics was resumed with renewed zest. Four hundred and twenty-eight years later we are visited with the spectacle of the sovereign state of New Hampshire attempting to prohibit the use of cosmetics by legislation.

In the days when you and I were young whatever effort was made to restrain cosmetic users emphasized the horrid effects on the addict's skin. Drear pictures were drawn at dusk in the firelight of the nameless sufferings of those who had contracted "lead poisoning" from the too free use of "paint and powder." No one ever stopped to explain what was meant by "paint." No one ever has explained. Certainly the word did not signify theatrical grease paint. But it made a fine horrendous alliteration with "powder." Now, as far as I am aware—and surely one in the business would hear of such a disaster—no one has ever been injured, not only permanently or dangerously, but not even slightly and locally by the use of cosmetics. The accumulated experience of generations shows that cosmetics have no effect whatever on human skin except that for which they are intended. The talk about "lead poisoning" is, like all such talk, loose and beside the point. It parallels the talk about perfume drinking that began with the publication of a certain popular novel a decade or more ago and flared up afresh with the advent of prohibition. Perfume drinkers are like ghosts: almost everybody knows some one who has seen one. But did you ever see one? Neither did I. Well, cases of lead poisoning from cosmetics are just the same, the reason being that for sixty years at least no face powder has been made with lead. Lead makes a fine face powder; so does arsenic. But neither is as cheap, safe or satisfactory as oxide or stearate of zinc. Occasionally objection is made to zinc in face powder. One might, with equal show of reason, object to zinc in zinc ointment, the stuff that is used to heal and toughen tender or bed-ridden skins.

Another curious error that persists not only among the laity but also in the trade is that there is or should be powdered rice in *poudre de riz*. The trouble began with the passage of the Pure Food and Drug Act of 1906. It was presumed then that a face powder which contained no powdered rice was misbranded if it was labelled *poudre de riz*. Face powders have sometimes contained powdered rice, but never for long. Rice starch was never meant to be put on faces or in face powders. But the conscientious makers attempted to comply with the provisions of the pure food law. Now they are, rather than spoil their powders, dropping the "misleading" *poudre de riz* from their labels. For *poudre de riz*, while it translates literally as "powder of rice," translates correctly as "face powder," than which it neither means nor ever was intended to mean more or less.

American women use more make-up than Europeans. They have to. Nature has dealt badly with us in the Western Hemisphere. Our sunlight and climate combine to burn the color out of the skin. The scientific explanation of this phenomenon must be left to others; the fact itself is obvious. What, for instance, becomes of the bright coloring we see in the cheeks of freshly landed immigrants? What became of the roast-beef-of-old-England complexions our two million soldiers brought back from France? What becomes of the roses in the cheeks of our children? The hard, bright sunlight of North America with its skies, as Chesterson says, "like blue enamel," brooks no emulation or competition. It draws the color out of our skins and leaves them a dull, muddy white. There is no natural way, short of a year's sojourn in northwestern Europe, to overcome this handicap to beauty. If the women of this country want their complexions to look the way convention says they should look, they must use make-up. And it may be that with the ever growing tendency to out-door living, the national complexion is getting worse instead of better, requiring more and more cosmetics to bring it up to standard. As to this, one can only speculate and—as a manufacturer of cosmetics—hope so.

As to what they should put on their faces, however, I venture the opinion that American women have much to learn. In the first instance there appears to be a growing and alarming inclination on their part to disregard the prime necessity of cleanliness. Let me hasten to elucidate that offensive pronunciamento.

The human face is subjected to almost as much dust and dirt and wear and tear as the hands. No clothing is worn over it. It is exposed to all the extremes of heat and cold, of sun and shade that flesh is heir to. No one would deny the salutary effects of soap and water on the hands. Yet there are women in plenty who seemingly believe these two great specifics are bad for the complexion. Nothing, obviously, could be farther from the truth. There is no royal way to a good complexion if you do not have one; but there is a sure recipe for keeping what you have: frequent applications of soap, hot water and elbow grease. Creams of all kinds have their uses and their application, but substituting for soap, hot water and elbow grease is not one of these. Face clays may even have their function. But, privately, I am inclined to the opinion that the chief satisfaction to be found in face clays is psychological. Any of my readers who have done time in amateur minstrel shows must remember how delightfully fresh, clean and pink one's complexion looks by contrast, just after the black-face make-up is removed. Somewhat the same pleasurable sensation and appearance follows the removal of a face clay.

OPINION is also uncertain and divided amongst American women touching the question of the particular colors that are appropriate to any given complexion. Here of course there is latitude for debate, but there is at least one fixed rule by which the argument should be governed: the same as that covering the coloring of clothing. The proper color for any woman to use on her face is the one that is, as people say, becoming to her. Thus only in rare instances should a blonde use a pink and white make-up; because it is only in very rare instances that a blonde is naturally pink and white. Most blondes have a great deal of yellow in their skins. The proper shades of face powder and rouge, therefore, for them to use are those that enhance that creamy coloring. Pink and white are much more generally the colors of brunettes, although in point of fact there is no such thing as an absolutely white human skin. The whitest of us are a good many shades "off," as you can easily see by comparing the color of the page now before you with that of the hand that holds it.

Lip rouges present still greater difficulties in

The medieval hill town of Grasse, with its thousands of upland flower gardens sheltered by the Maritime Alps and warmed by the Mediterranean winds, is a world center for natural perfumery. In factories like this, Provençal women pick five million pounds of rose petals a year, not to mention orange blossoms, jasmine, and violets, the essences of which are sent all over the world.

the way of color selection. They are made in almost every conceivable shade of red, which is a convenience on the one hand because there are possible proper consumers for every shade, but a hindrance on the other because each individual must research so wide a range to find her proper shade. The correct shade is that which will give its user's lips the most natural color, harmonizing at once with the complexion and—most important—with the teeth. It makes no difference how white a woman's teeth may be, if she should get the wrong shade of red on her lips it will make them appear yellow and dirty. Many women do get the wrong shade; yet it is quite possible to find one that will treat the teeth right. It is a matter of making an intelligent selection and testing it in the right light.

This matter of lighting is one that has always influenced cosmetics and their uses. Thus before my grandfather discovered the formula now universally employed in the manufacture of face powder and rouge, there was always the dangerous possibility that the fumes emanating from candle and gas light would oxidize milady's complexion right on her face, turning her lovely pink and white skin a ghastly grey and brown. (No wonder she was so cagey in her use of cosmetics!) Latterly our crowded living conditions have profoundly affected complexions. In cities it is probably the exceptional thing for a woman to use daylight when making herself up for the street. She uses electric light, with the almost inevitable result that she applies either too much or too little. This accounts for the fact that so many actresses appear badly made-up in public. Theatrical dressing-rooms are, rightly, equipped with powerful electric-lights instead of daylight.

The Real Secret of Make-Up

THE only way to make-up properly for outdoor wear is to stand immediately before a window, facing the strong daylight, and to use a hand-mirror close up. Those of my feminine readers, if any, who have not tried this system will be surprised to see how much better it will make them look—how much more natural.

Speaking of daylight recalls a surprising fact—surprising to me at any rate: namely, that a large proportion of the women one passes in the street wear no make-up at all. There is still a big undeveloped market for cosmetics. Years ago when I read how a certain system of chain tobacco stores always posted watchers to count the number of smokers who passed a point at which it contemplated opening a store, I started counting the women I passed who wore no make-up. Now I do it almost automatically wherever I go. I should urge other men to try the same test, to check up on me, were it not for the fact that a great many of the check-ups would be inaccurate; a surprising number of men are totally unable to tell whether a woman is wearing make-up or not. My own counts show that while proportions vary in some degree, nevertheless scarcely half of all the women in the civilized world—most of which I have checked in greater or less degree for a decade or more—use any make-up at all on the street.

Why they should not remains a riddle—a riddle as unfathomable as the broad question of what they do with all the cosmetics they buy. Mr. Coleman, I believe, said it was the mustard people left on their plates that gave him his market, not the mustard they ate. Well, women do not eat face powder and rouge and lip-stick; neither do they leave them on their plates. What then do they do with it all? It has always seemed to me that my own powder mill, with an output running into tons *per diem* should be able in the course of a few weeks or months to turn out enough face powder to last as long as the Republic. Yet they always want more. And I know there are many other plants both here and abroad that turn out more stuff than mine; that, in a manner of speaking, I am a small frog in a big puddle. I shall be glad to post an appropriate reward to be handed to the person who can explain satisfactorily where it all goes.

And there are more people going into the business every day. Each year sees a few more go in than drop out, although the mortality is heavy. The main reason why so many cosmeticians blow up is that it is too easy to start in the business.

"Anyone," my grandfather used to say, "who has a spoon, a barrel and a sieve can go in the face powder business."

Nor did he grossly exaggerate. It really is possible to make face powder with no more equipment than that. All you have to do is push a little talc, oxide or stearate of zinc, and starch through the sieve into the barrel, pour in a ready mixed perfume such as any essential oil dealer will be glad to furnish, and spoon out your finished product into little boxes. Then take it to the nearest dealer in cosmetics and sell it. You will have only a round thousand registered brands in the United States to compete with!

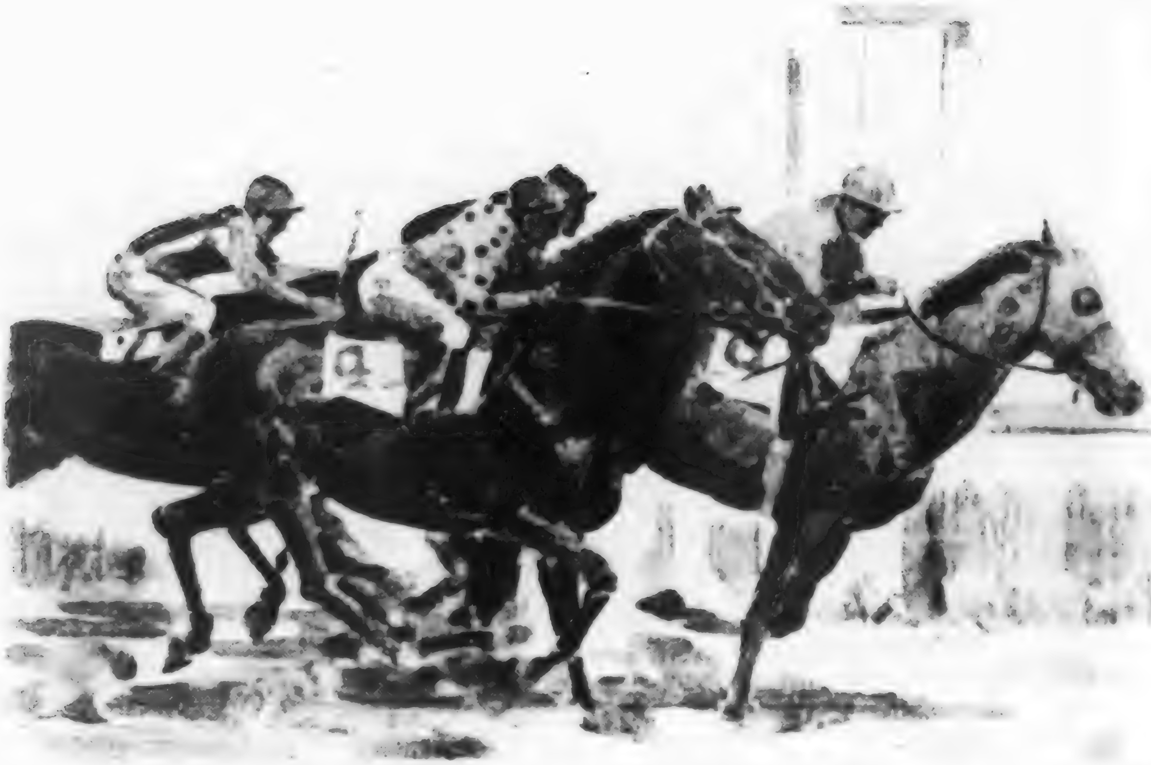
What sells such a thing as face powder is not fundamentally the quality of the powder, nor the appearance of the package, nor the catchiness of its advertising and its name. One of the biggest sellers in the world has a name, partly derived from the Arabic, that no mere Nordic can frame to pronounce without a struggle. Not infrequently face powder boxes are drab and uninviting to the eye. The quality of the powder in them is about all alike. Most of them are made according to the same basic formula, insignificantly varied. They are almost equally good, whether they cost ten cents or ten dollars the box. No, the thing that makes them or breaks them is their perfume.

In sheltered valleys of the Pyrenees like this, they pick the roses which will perfume far-off New York, Chicago or San Francisco. The Bulgarian peasant girl on the right must gather a ton and a half of rose petals to make a pound of the precious pale-yellow crystals called attar of roses, the powerful odor of which must be diluted many times.

This explains why the maker of cosmetics is always and primarily a perfumer. The right perfume will bring the customers back again and again for more. And it is no easy problem to pick the right perfume, nor to sustain it uniformly after it has been found. Producing perfumes is something like producing plays. The cost of the gamble is high, and no one can say beforehand what will be a hit and what will not. Certain rules must of course be followed, else failure becomes inevitable; but these same rules do not always guarantee success.

Perfumes must be strong. Civilized humans have very little use for their noses. The cultivation of a sense of smell does not rank with, say, the cultivation of a taste in wines, among the Epicurean virtues. Many people cannot differentiate between the various floral odors. A perfumer should be able—and some of them are—to distinguish between Turkish, Algerian, and French geranium, for example. Many laymen cannot distinguish even between geranium and rose. Indeed a well-known perfumer has been known to boast that one of his products, reputed to be perfumed with rose, contains no rose at all, nor anything nearer rose than geranium. Most of us, until we are told, do not associate the odor of carnation with clove. While an interesting side light (or side smell) on the subject of olfactory education is to be found in our national prejudice against skunk musk. We have all been reared in the belief that the odor of skunk musk is revolting.

[*Continued on page 167*]



At the finish, War Baby's up again, head and head with my Freelover. A dead heat, a dogfall, no decision

Illustrated by
O. J. Gatter

Half-a-Leg

A mixed foursome invests in

HERE they come down the stretch, three abreast, ding-dong, heels and hoofs, nose and nose to the finish. *But* my two-year-old chestnut, Freelover, is in the middle. Two others, running as an entry for old Hankins G. Moore, hard-nosed, headed, hearted, boiled, and fisted banker here in Louisville, are on either side of him. These three are the class of the field. My colt's the class of the three, but they're running coupled against him, with two smart jocks aboard.

"Every nickel I've got, or could borrow or beg, is on Freelover," I muttered to myself. "Good night. Au revoir."

"Maybe he'll get through," says Sammy Edgerton, standing by me at the gate.

"Get through? Like a camel gets through a needle's eye," I said. "Moore's boys will pinch him off like a pair of pliers. Not a chance."

"Rough work," says Sam.

"Rough? *Rough?*" I yelled. "It's so raw it's bleeding!" And I started right then, for the judges' stand. The judges let me protest, but that was all the good it did me. Afraid of old man Moore, who owned almost everything around here, and they don't care to rule against him in favor of a flat-heeled horseman.

Beautiful finish. Three abreast, nose and whisker, tight as a fat man's belt. The crowd's crazy wild. Numbers go up, Moore's colts one and two, my colt, shoved back to show. Crowd yells approval, too, because Moore's pair rule favorites. But every horseman that saw the race, every jock, swipe, and tout on the grounds knew my colt and my boy'd been squeezed back, saw Moore's boys pulling toward each other a little, just enough to shut off my colt. Raw, rough!

"Too bad," says Sammy, after I've told the

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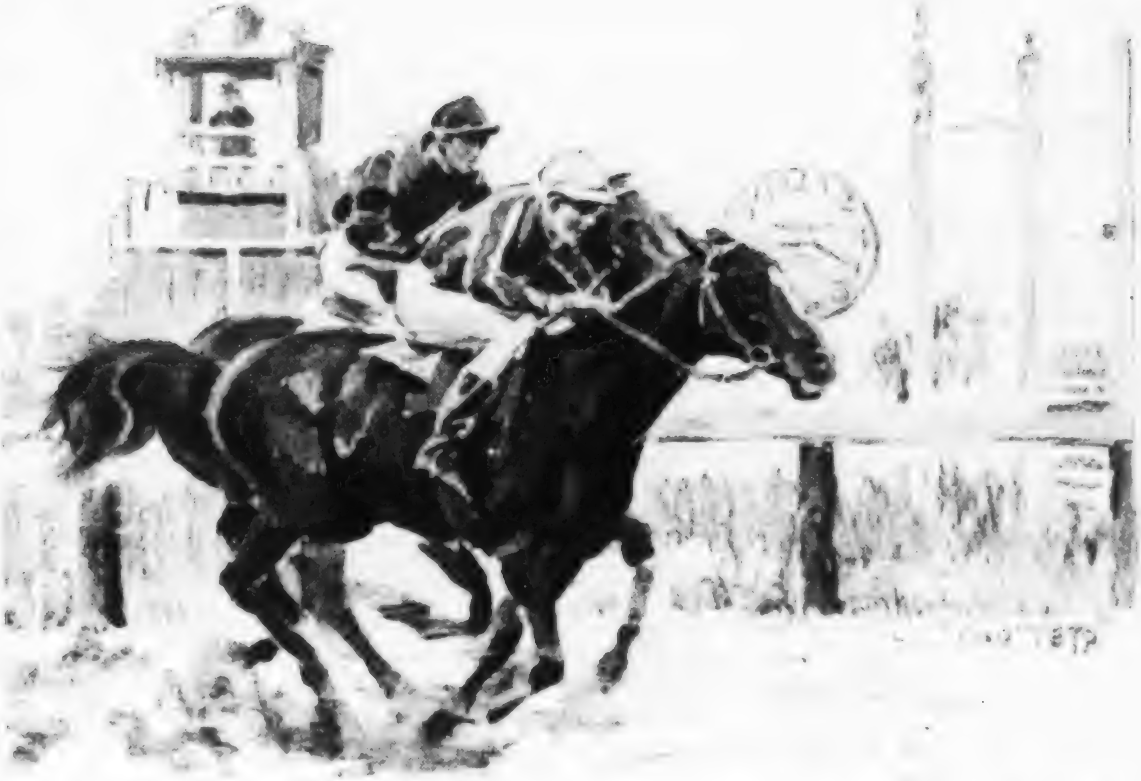


—but no, the crowd's gone mad. What do they care if it is an upset? "Freelover, Freelover, Freelover!"

Onward

By Jonathan Brooks

a promising two-year-old

judges what I think, and why. "But if you'd let me ride him, I'd never have got in there to be pinched back."

But that didn't comfort me any. Once the kid had the colt in the middle, he was entitled to track room. Sam wanted to help. Best friend I've got, and the son of a man who was my friend before him, old Samuel T. Edgerton, horseman, tobacco man, and later oil broker and speculator. The man who helped try to place Kentucky ahead of Oklahoma as an oil state, and so on. Always around with me at the track, especially since his father sold out his stable.

"And if I ever find out it was old man Moore's orders to those boys," I said, "I'll get even with him if I hang for it."

"Oh, now, maybe he didn't know what they were doing," says Sam. "More likely, his trainer put 'em up to it. Mr. Moore don't know the fine points of the game."

Well, I should worry about how it was done. I had enough trouble on my hands, trying to keep out of jail for debts. Sold four other horses I had, raised some money, satisfied some of my debtors for awhile, and then set in to starve all winter. And it was a long hard winter, and a longer, harder spring. Might have got out whole, but I just had to keep one horse—this two-year-old Freelover. He gave promise of running on into one of the best stake horses in America. I owned this colt's mammy, old Sweet Lover, and she won races for me on blame near every track in America, besides being the nicest, best mannered pet that ever wore a saddle. Freelover, looking just like her, has all her willingness to fight and run, all her speed, and all her good manners. Do anything you ask him to. And there you are, promise, sentiment, necessity—I had to make a living, didn't I?

"Sammy," I said to Sammy Edgerton, out at

Douglas Park, one morning in March. "How'd you like to own a half interest in the most promising two-year-old in America?" I'd come to that. Couldn't get by any longer.

"When you want capital, Delmar," he said, "hunt up a capitalist."

"Shake down the old man," I suggested.

"Father's not doing any too well," said Sammy. "He's sunk about everything in oil. But if I can make a raise, we'll talk business. What do you want for a half interest?"

"Two thousand dollars," I said.

"Oh, Del," he protested. "Listen, talk sense."

"Well, I might take fifteen hundred," I said.

"See you tomorrow," Sammy promised. "I'll be out here in the morning, and I'd like to exercise the colt for you. Then, if I like him and can raise the jack, we'll make a trade."

This boy is a born horseman. But he's got no money. I'm only grabbing at a straw before I drown. It's all over town that Sam's father owes a bunch of money to Hankins Moore, who's threatened to foreclose and keep Edgerton's collateral. However, Sammy came out next morning and galloped Freelover a mile or so with a brisk eighth at the end. You never saw a colt work nicer. Sammy's only a kid, maybe nineteen, just through a military academy, and waiting to go to college. Weighs a hundred thirty-five, and sits a horse like he's born on one.

"Give me till noon, Del," he said, when we'd cooled out the colt. "If I can raise the money, I'll buy a half interest for fifteen hundred dollars."

"All right," I said.

AT NOON I saw him downtown, and he said it was like pulling teeth, and he hated to take the money, as hard up as his father was, but here it was. I had about seventeen places to scatter that money in, leaving some here and some there. And Sammy had a date for a motor trip out in the country with a party which included Bethel Moore, the daughter of old man Moore. Seems he's keen about her. The only arrangement we had was that Sammy would be out next morning to gallop the colt.

So I got to the track early, and waited around and waited around, but no Sammy. Finally, I found a colored boy and put him up, and when the work was done and the colt had got back in the barn, I went in to town for something to eat. Bought a paper to take in with my coffee, and then I got the shock of my life.

"Samuel T. Edgerton, His Fortune Gone, Takes Life."

That was the headline, and it was about all I could read for awhile. Anyway, I didn't need to read the details, hardly, because I knew just about what had happened. A man can't quit tobacco, which he knows, and the turf, which he knows, and his land, which he knows, to outsmart the smart guys in their own game, which he don't know. Oil, or maybe the lack of oil, beat Samuel T. Edgerton, as I saw it, and that's probably what the paper said. And on top of that, he made the mistake of borrowing from Moore, who had an eye on his collateral. It didn't say Moore's bank had called Mr. Edgerton's loans, but I could read that between the lines.

"But he was white," I said to myself. "The blamed old he-man. Last thing he did, probably, was to give Sammy just one thing that Sammy said he wanted—a half interest in Freelover. And then he shot himself."

Well, sir, this thing kind of got me, and I could have shot myself for rushing out and spreading the boy's fifteen hundred around so quick. But then if I hadn't, some of my creditors might have shot me. Or taken Freelover away from me, and there was Freelover. It's up to Freelover, I thought, to save Sammy and and me both, and by jing, Freelover will do it. Only it's weeks till racing starts.

I couldn't do anything. Didn't get to go to the funeral services, because they were strictly private. Only members of the fambly, and who that means besides this poor kid, Sammy, is more than I can tell. Wanted to help Sam, any way I could. But I didn't see him for two weeks, or more.

"Hello, Del, old timer," I heard somebody saying when I went up to the barn door one morning. "Oversleep, or been sick?"

"Why—why, Sam, what you doing out here?" I said. I could hardly believe it was Sammy himself, but there he stood, looking sort of white and peaked. "Listen, boy, I tried to get hold of you to see if I could help you out. Give you a lift some way, but—"

"I know you did, Del, but there wasn't anything to do," he said, with a smile. "Hope Freelover is coming along. I'm ready to gallop him."

"All right, we ll have him out in a minute," I said, seeing he wanted to keep this other out of his mind.

"Take off my coat;" says Sammy, getting ready to ride.

"That your taxi over there?" I said. "Taxis cost money."

"My taxi," laughs Sam. "I drive it."

"What?" I said. "No."

"Yeah, got a job a week ago," Sammy says. "Driving a car's about all I know how to do."

So he works out Freelover, and seems to get a kick out of it. Gives the colt a rambling gallop, and brings him in with a grin all over his face. Looks like it's the first time he's enjoyed himself in years. He's all wrought up over this colt, and so am I, but he's only ridden in slow workouts, while I've seen hundreds of colts work out nice that never had a thing when they got to the races. So I talk down his enthusiasm, because I don't want him banking too heavy on Freelover.

"But say, Sammy," I said, "you'd better run along. I'll walk Freelover around and rub him down myself. You'll lose your job with this taxi company if you grab its time and burn its gas to come out here."

"Don't worry," he laughs. "I use my tips to pay for the gas I burn, and pay for the time."

I'm telling you this, just to show what kind of a boy I'm tied up with, and what kind of stuff he had from his father, Samuel T. Edgerton, and his grandfather old Colonel Edgerton himself. We go along almost a month this way, Sammy coming out to the track early every morning and riding Freelover. He's working nights now, and his ride winds up his twelve-hour trick. He's white as a sheet and beginning to get thin, because it is hard on a youngster to switch his days and nights. Especially when he wants to use some of the afternoons seeing this girl, Bethel Moore. One afternoon he brought her to the track, and we led out Freelover for her.

"Could I ride him?" she asked, looking first at me, and then at Sammy.

"Sure," says Sammy, grinning at me, and winking.

"Well, now, I'm afraid it wouldn't do, Miss Moore," I said.

"But Sam says I may," she insists, putting on a little pout for me.

"Sam leaves the training of this colt to me, and while he's gentle and kind—"

"That's what Sammy says, and if he's gentle, I can ride him.

"Oh, well, never mind," says Miss Moore. "He's a pretty thing, anyway. And isn't that a lovely white line in his face. Just like an exclamation point in white ink on gold paper! I love him, Sammy," and she turns to Sam.

They go on away, because it's getting late in the afternoon, and Sam has to take her home and then go to work with his taxi. But this little visit gives me an idea. We are both hard up as can be. Sam makes just about enough to live on, and give him a little to spend on the girl. Some of the people I owe money to are beginning to lay down on me, and there's feed to buy, and stable rent to pay, and so forth.

FREELOVER only had two races as a two-year-old, winning one of them and losing the other about as far as from me to my vest pocket. When Moore's entry squeezed him back. And it costs money to ready a horse, hire a swipe and a jockey, pay fees, and so forth. I don't know where I can raise a dime. I couldn't raise weeds in a hot house!

"Sam," I said to him after the next gallop, "we need money."

"I may be able to pay my board this week," he grinned. "How much do we need?"

So I outlined my plans. It looks like we ought to have at least another fifteen hundred dollars. Where to get it is the question, and neither Sam nor myself has any answer. At least, I let on like I have no idea until Sam admits he wouldn't know where to get any money without a jimmy and a stick of powder.

"Well," I said, "you might sell one quarter interest to Miss Moore and her mother."

"Oh, no, Del," he protests, scowling. "They wouldn't buy, and besides, I would not think of stringing them like that. Why, I paid you fifteen hundred for a half interest! Think I'd stick them fifteen hundred for a quarter?"

"Who said that?" I demanded. "Fifteen for a half, seven-fifty for a quarter. Go on, Sam, try it! One leg of old Freelover for seven hundred fifty dollars." Don't know how the notion popped into my head.

"That's good," chuckles Sammy. "Seven-fifty for a quarter horse! By George, maybe I will, at that. But that don't raise the fifteen hundred."

"No, I'll sell another leg," I said, without any idea where I'd sell it.

"But keep control," warned Sam. "And I'll let you know how I come out."

All day long I studied this problem of finding a buyer for one leg of Freelover. Only thing I knew was that I could not afford to sell to some other horseman or any horse fan, because that would mean somebody interfering with the handling of the colt. I'm laying awake that night worrying over this thing, when I hear a honking outside my boarding-house. Then somebody yells, and I stick my head out the window.

"Del, oh, Del," and it's Sammy's voice.

"Yeah?"

"I'll have my prospects out there in the morning early," he said. "So long," and off he went in his taxi.

Musta stopped on a run to some place, and wanted to have me all set for the transaction. It strikes me the boy works fast, to be bringing out Mrs. Moore and the girl first thing the very next morning. I'm in the stall rubbing down the colt to make his chestnut coat shine. I get him all polished up like a bar rail, when I hear a honking. Step outside, and here comes Sammy.

"Here we are," he said. "Mrs. Moore and Bethel, all ready to look over our proposition. But we have to make it snappy. The old lady will bawl me out if I'm late."

"That's no way to talk about Mrs. Moore," I said.

"I mean the old lady I work for," he laughs. "Didn't I tell you a woman owns this taxi line? Mrs. Sullivan."

It was not such a hard job. Mrs. Moore was a Kentucky woman, born and bred, and she loved horses. Hankins Moore had come to Louisville from down East somewhere, and he thought Kentuckians didn't know anything, even horseflesh, and he undertook to prove it. I'll admit he showed them a lot of tricks about banking, and business, but he didn't know a horse from a horse chestnut. Fell a sucker for anything that sounded good, cost a bunch of dough, and came from outside the state. All this gave Mrs. Moore a pain.

"And I'd so like to see Sam get ahead," she said. We stood by the rail while Sammy galloped Freelover. "He's a good boy—"

"You said something, Mrs. Moore," I said.

"Freelover looks like a good colt," she continued. "My father used to say you should look at the head and eyes, and then at the hindquarters. Do you really believe a colt will do well, Mr. Johnson?"

"Ma'am, I'm sure of it," I declared. "He's by Freedom, out of my fine old racing mare, Sweet Lover. Good lines, and he's a good individual, as you've just said. If I wasn't so poor, I'd never have sold Sam a half interest."

"Well then, I think Bethel and I can scrape up, between us, to buy a quarter," she smiled. "Or as Sam quoted you, one leg. But Mr. Johnson, one thing is important. We cannot have it known anywhere, that we are helping Sam. Mr. Moore would be furious."

"Absolutely," I said. "You can trust me, ma'am."

SAMMY came jogging Freelover along the rail, and pulled up close to us. I never saw a handsomer colt in my life, and I looked at the two ladies to see how they registered. Mrs. Moore was all admiration, and the girl, well, she was simply so excited she could hardly talk straight.

"Oh, Sam, we're going to do it," she exclaimed. "We'll buy one leg, won't we, mother? And I've already picked out the one I want!"

"That's quick work," Sam replied, sliding down. "Which one?"

"That right foreleg," she says, promptly.

"I don't see that it makes much difference," Mrs. Moore laughs.

"Oh, I know that, Mother," Bethel flushed. "But just the same, I'd like to feel that the right foreleg belongs to me! That lovely white stocking, almost to the knee," Bethel said. "It's the prettiest leg. Besides the white exclamation point on his face, it's the only white on him."

"I suppose beauty is as good a reason as any other," I said.

"But Bethel is not horseman enough to know that a white foot is the likeliest to show weakness," said Mrs. Moore. "I've heard my father say that."

"An old saying, ma'am," I said. "And also, Miss Moore's picked the hardest one to keep clean."

"Never mind that, I'll manicure it myself," exclaimed the girl.

We had a good laugh, and closed the deal. Later that day Sam showed up with the money. Then it was up to me to think of somebody else to buy another leg of Freelover.

So I stewed around and stewed around, all day long, and all the next day. Finally it came to me like an inspiration, so I went to the office of this taxi company Sam works for, and asked for Mrs. Sullivan. Might as well try another woman, I figured, having already brought two into the firm. A secretary asked me my name and business, and I told her Mrs. Sullivan would not know either, and this matter was personal and confidential. She wouldn't go in, but I insisted. Mrs. Sullivan must have been curious, because when the girl came out she showed me in.

"Mrs. Peggy Sullivan," it said on the door. From that, I figured she must be a widow woman, not having her husband's name, Mike, or anything. I opened the door and went in, and there sat as nice a looking woman as you'll want to see. Almost middle-aged, maybe, with big blue eyes behind her glasses, and fine brown hair. A little plump, maybe, but not too much so, and a strong, determined expression on her face.

"Mrs. Sullivan? I'm Delmar Johnson, ma'am," I said. "Sorry I had to argue with your secretary, but this is a confidential visit."

"Unusual to say the least," she snaps. "What do you wish?"

"Well, it's a hard matter to relate," I said. "But if you'll give me a few minutes—"

"I can spare a few," she interrupts.

"Thank you. There's a young fellow working for you named Sam Edgerton," I said. "Sam's a good boy—"

"New with the company," she says. "Were you a passenger in his cab?"

"No ma'am, this is not a damage case," I said. "Sam's a good boy—"

"I know that, or he wouldn't be working for us," she says.

So I just dumped the whole story out in front of her, pell-mell and nillywilly, all at once. I must have got excited and talked pretty fast, but she listened to every word.

"And now, I want to find somebody to help us, to help Sam and me, see it through," I said. "We need money, and can't borrow. So we're willing to sell one leg of this colt—"

"One leg won't be worth anything," she smiles, easing up in her manner.

"By itself, no, but working with the others, yes," I said. "You see all four legs are sound and strong. Sam owns one leg, I own one, we need to sell—"

"Who'd you sell the other one to?" she demands.

"Well, that was to be a confidential matter," I said, seeing I'd spilled the beans. But she insisted on knowing, so I had to tell her.

"But I wouldn't have told even you," I said, "if I hadn't been confident you'd buy one leg, or a fourth interest."

"You acquire confidence easily," she smiled. "I've said nothing to indicate I'll buy a fourth interest in Freelover—I don't like that name."

"Oh, but the name don't mean anything, ma'am," I said. "All it means is that his mother was Sweet Lover, and his sire was Freedom. We sort of combine horse names sometimes—"

"That's pretty," she said to herself.. "A nice custom. Freelover, Sweet Lover's little boy." Then she looked up at me. "I'll think it over. Right now I'm not in the notion," she said.

"But ma'am," I begun. She cut me off, saying she was busy. I wanted to suggest she might talk it over with Sammy, but I didn't have time. She shushed me right out. All I could think of as I went was that I didn't have any more chance than a gasless taxi would have against Freelover and that if I had as good a business manager as this Mrs. Sullivan, I'd never of gone broke.

SAT up nearly all night trying to think of somebody that might be interested in buying one leg of Freelover. Lost so much sleep, that I was late getting out to the track next morning. When I did get there, a taxi was waiting not far from my stall, and I wondered what kind of a yarn I'd give Sammy. Went right by the machine, expecting to find Sam in the barn.

"You're a fine business man," I heard a woman's voice saying. It was Mrs. Sullivan. "You're due at six o'clock, and it's half-past now. If I ran my business that way, I'd never have any passengers."

"I did not expect a buyer this morning," I said, taking off my hat.

"And where's young Edgerton?" she asked, getting out of the taxi.

Just then Sammy hove in sight, walking around the track. He didn't have his taxi this time, and I had to laugh. He was not going to get caught by his boss driving one of her taxis where she could catch him at it. But how did he know she might show up? And what had brought her out here, anyhow?

"Here he is, now," I said. "Takes a long time to ride out here on the car, and then walk across the grounds. He works till late, and—"

"No use your trying to fool me, Mr. Johnson," she said, laughing. "I've checked up on him, and he's been driving one of my cars—his own taxi, every morning. I found he's been turning in more than enough money to pay for the gas he uses. That's the reason why, after he talked to me yesterday afternoon, I decided I *might* be interested in your proposition. Square shooters are scarce, and it's not a bad idea to tie up with them."

"Morning, Mrs. Sullivan," grins Sam, sort of sheepish.

"Why so late?" she asks. "And where's your car?"

"I don't own a car," says Sam.

"The taxi," she explains, and smiles, shrewdly.

"Oh, why—uh," and he stalls, flushing all over.

"Never mind, I know all about it," she says. "Let's see the horse."

"We'll have him right out, ma'am," I said, and grabbing Sam I hurried to the stall. We rubbed the colt off, saddled him, and brought him out. Led him around past her, so she could look at him, and then Sam climbed aboard. He walked Freelover a piece, then jogged him a ways. Finally he let him lope along, and after while loosed him out into an easy gallop.

"Did Sam come to you about this matter, ma'am?" I said.

"Not until I sent for him," she replied. "And I didn't send for him until I'd looked him up and found out what kind of a boy he is."

"Didn't my proposition interest you any?" I said.

"Well, yes and no," she said. "Everybody likes the idea of backing a fine horse, but I don't know any more about horses than you know about taxis. Is this colt as valuable as he is handsome?"

"More so," I said.

Just then Sammy brought Freelover past us on a clean, hard run, letting him stretch and drive to suit himself. That white foreleg flashing, the colt snorting to get his head free, and Sammy laying out along his shoulders—

"Lovely, lovely," she exclaims all excited. "I'll buy—that is, I'll buy if you can answer me one question satisfactorily."

"What is it, ma'am?" I asked. "I'll do my best."

"Are you as honest as Sammy Edgerton?"

"Why, Mrs. Sullivan," I said, sparring for time. "I'd hate to answer that. But I'll say this—I wasn't crooked enough to keep from going broke."

"All right, I didn't mean to embarrass you," she said. "You tell Sam Edgerton that I buy a fourth interest—one leg, as you put it yesterday. Tell him to come to the office this afternoon, and I'll give him a check. Or you can come for it."

"Thank you very much, ma'am," I said. "You'll not regret it. This will be the best investment you ever made."

"I doubt that, but I'm satisfied to take a chance, Mr. Johnson," she said. She started for her taxi, and then hesitated. "Which leg may I have?" she asked.

"Freelover looks pretty good," said Mrs. Moore. "Do you really believe the colt will do well, Mr. Johnson?" "Ma'am, I'm sure of it," I declared. "If I wasn't so poor, I'd never have sold Sam a half interest."

"Any except that white front leg," I replied. "It's sold."

"Then I'll take the left hind leg," she smiles. "The left one for luck. A hind leg, because it's the rear system that's important. The drive, and all that."

"Who said you did not know anything about horses?" I asked.

I do not mind admitting that I went around for that check myself in the afternoon, having bought a shave and got my pants pressed first. But she was too busy to see me. Sent the check out, by her secretary, who suggested I might call again. But whether it was her idea, or the secretary's, I don't know. All I know is that things began to happen, all of a sudden.

Old Hankins Moore, who'd already barred his house to Sammy, found out that Sam was driving a taxi, and sent an ultimatum that Sam could quit his job, or suffer arrest if he was found with Bethel. When I found it out I wanted to go around and whip this old boy, but Sammy only laughed.

"He's dead set against me," he said.

"As long as the girl's for you, maybe things will work out," I said.

Then, some way, old Hankins found out Mrs. Moore and Bethel had bought a leg of Freelover from us, and that made him hot. At the same time, he learned that Mrs. Sullivan had bought a leg. As soon as he'd threatened to ship Mrs. Moore's household budget, he got hold of Mrs. Sullivan. Her taxi company banked at Moore's bank, and had a line of credit. He laid for her until she come in the bank, and then he warned her against mixing up in the racing business. Especially with me, and more especially with young Sam Edgerton.

"Bad for business people to waste their funds in racing," he said.

"I imagine you're right," she said. "You should know, judging by what I hear of your racing experiences."

THAT made him sore. So a couple days later when I was in her office, reporting on our horse, you understand, he 'phoned her that her company had a note due that day, which the bank was unable to renew.

"Because my business credit is not good, or because I am backing Sammy Edgerton in a small way?" she asked. I don't know what the old boy said, but I heard her answer. "That is all right," she said. "I'll be in the bank in thirty minutes to pay the note. At the same time, I want a statement of my company account and a statement of my personal account, so that I can transfer them to some other bank. Tomorrow I can arrange to move the account of the garage in which I hold an interest, and the account of the oil and gasoline company I manage. Good-by."

When I went to the racing stewards and asked for an apprentice license for Sammy, I kept it very dark. They let me have the license, because they knew Sam had grown up around the track with his father's stable, and they knew I would not put up a boy unless he could take care of himself.

"Colonel Bosworth told me Mr. Moore threatened to withdraw his support of racing, if they didn't cancel my license as an apprentice," Sammy told me one day.

"What did the colonel tell him?" I asked.

"That they'd got along with racing in Kentucky before Mr. Moore showed up, and that they'd still get along without him," Sammy grinned.

"Wish they'd faced him down the day his boys crowded Freelover back," I said. "Then I wouldn't be broke now. But maybe he don't want you to break your neck in a race."

"If he thought I'd do that, maybe he would not object."

You see, I didn't know whether I was going to be able to hire a top notch jockey for Freelover, or not, and I wanted to be ready to put up Sam in an emergency. Sam knows the colt and can handle him as well as anybody. I begun to feel good, but right then a thing happened which made it look like everything was ruined. Old Hankins Moore found out about our morning works, and he come out to the track. We see the old boy perched on the fence.

"We'll take him back in," I said.

"No, never mind," said Sammy. "I'll just gallop him easy."

"Afraid to show your animal, hey?" laughs Moore, sarcastic. "And your jockey?"

"Not to anybody who knows neither horses nor riding ability," I said. "But we'll make an exception in your case."

So Sam gallops Freelover around free and easy, and—the blame colt steps on a clod or something, and pulls up lame! Can you beat that? The races almost on us, and him in corking good shape. Ready to cash in for us, and he's gone lame.

"Well, sir, that's too bad," cackles old Hankins Moore, while I'm feeling Freelover's legs. I take my hands off the colt, and start for this old dude. I'll wallop him. He slides down off the fence, worried, and I'm going to swing on him, when somebody grabs my arm.

"Here, here, Del," says Sammy. "This won't do. Let's get the colt in the barn."

"Not till I've knocked his old block off," I said.

"Now, Del, cool down," says Sam. "Mr. Moore didn't mean—"

"I meant it was too bad, coming on top of all your other mistakes," says the old boy, getting bolder. Sam's still gotta hold of me. "First you waste your own money, and then other people's, and now—"

That makes me so cussed hot that I jerk loose from Sammy and make a leap for this old guy, not caring if he's the biggest banker in Louisville, Paris, or Kankakee. He stumbles back just as I reach him, and then I feel a ton on my back. It's this blamed Sammy Edgerton. He pins my arms, tight, and holds me.

"Mr. Moore, won't you go away?" yells Sam.

"I'm just going," he says, rather scared. Sam holds me till he's out of sight, and then he lets me loose, and starts laughing. I have to laugh myself.

"But here, let's look after this leg," says Sammy, and we put Freelover in the stall. Go all over him, carefully, and can't find a thing. It's the—you've guessed it. The white front leg is the one that's hurt. Freelover favors it, every step, but we can't seem to find anything wrong. We get some hot water and bathe it.

That afternoon I get a telephone call at my boarding house, to come down to Mrs. Sullivan's office. What do I find? A stockholders' meeting, representing the ownership of Freelover, called by Mrs. Sullivan. She's there, and Mrs. Moore and Bethel, and Sammy.

"I took the liberty of calling this meeting," says Mrs. Sullivan. "It seems that our horse is lame. While it was not *my* leg, I thought something should be done. If one leg is lame, it affects the others."

"That's right," says Mrs. Moore. "Whose leg is lame?"

"Miss Moore's—that is, the white foreleg," says Mrs. Sullivan. She's a wonder at taking command of a situation. I couldn't get in a word, and Sammy didn't pay much attention because he was whispering to this lovely Bethel Moore.

"Whose uh, er, limb? Mine?" exclaimed Bethel.

"Yes, but it will be all right" Mrs. Sullivan goes right on. "As soon as Sammy told me about it, I went right out there, made the colored boy help me, and I made a poultice for that white leg."

"Wha-what's that?" I asked.

"A good poultice made of lard, salt, and vinegar," she said. "The best thing in the world for a sprain. Whoever took care of this colt didn't do anything but wrap some rags around his leg. Now then," she said, "having reported that, I wish to bring up two or three other matters. I'd like to see our colt run in the Kentucky Derby! The winner will get about forty thousand dollars and we might as well have that money to divide among ourselves."

"Fine!" exclaimed Bethel. "If my uh, er, limb is all right. Freelover's white leg, I mean."

I'M SO flabbergasted with thinking about that poor colt with a salt poultice eating into his skin and the vinegar burning him, that I can hardly tell what's going on. It may be good stuff for boys, but for horseflesh—why, that colt's liable to be out there kicking the boards off his stall from the misery of that poultice.

"What do you say, Mr. Johnson?" says Mrs. Sullivan. "About the Derby?"

"The Derby?" I said. "The Derby? Oh, yeah—why, now, Mrs. Sullivan, that wouldn't be possible. You see, the colt is not eligible."

"But that could be fixed up. Surely we have enough influence—"

"I'm afraid not," I said. "It couldn't be done now, could it, Sammy?"

"Why, no, I'm afraid not, Mrs. Sullivan," says Sammy, getting up. "The rules would not permit it. He should have been nominated months and months ago. It is too late, now. But I wonder if I could be excused, I've got to, uh, see a fellow right away," and with that he winks at me. Sammy goes on out, saying good-by all around.

"But I'll tell you what we *can* do, Mrs. Sullivan," I said. "We can start him in the race *before* the Derby. That ought to be a good race for him, and with all the people betting on other horses, we could clean up on Freelover."

"Yes," says Mrs. Moore. "And it would be much less expensive, too. I understand it costs a great deal of money to enter a colt in the Derby."

"That's right," I said, promptly.

"Very well, then, that's settled," says Mrs. Sullivan. "And it brings me to another point I had in mind. Which is economy. I'm a great believer in making investments pay. Let the colt earn his way, and let us not spend any more money on him."

"But he's no taxicab," I said. "How can a colt earn money?" Made me sore, having the door to necessary expense money shut in my face that way.

"That's *your* problem, as the manager," says Mrs. Sullivan.

Well, pretty soon we adjourned this fool meeting, which was the blamedest thing I ever run across in the horse business, except that poultice, and I took it on the run. I hired one of her taxicabs, and told the driver to beat it for Douglas Park. Wanted to getta hold of that poultice. Just as we were going into the grounds, though, I come across another taxi, coming out. And it's Sammy Edgerton. I hail him and we both stop. I turn my driver loose.

"Sam, did you get that durned thing off his leg?" I asked.

"Sure did," says Sammy with a grin. "Hadn't hurt him much, though the vinegar was just beginning to burn. He was making *some* fuss about it, too. I took it off, washed his leg good with hot water, and wrapped it up again."

"Well," I said, and I must of took a long breath. "That's settled then."

"Del," says Sam. "How do you like women partners in the horse game?"

I just looked at him. This thing was running me raggeder every minute. But I couldn't help seeing it was funny, and so we had a good laugh, all by ourselves. I got in his taxi with him and rode back to town. Asked Sam if he knew how we could raise a little more money.

"We got to do something," I said. "It costs money to enter a horse in a race nowadays. And we got to hire a jock, too. We ought to have a vet look at Miss Moore's—"

"Cut the comedy, Del," growls Sammy.

"At Freelover's leg," I said. "To be sure it's O. K."

I still owed so much money in so many places I didn't have any idea where I could make a touch, and I knew Sam was just as broke as ever. But we had to do something, and pretty quick at that. Here were the races coming on, and us with a good investment but no promotion money. We needed capital to operate, and none of our legholders would loosen up. What to do?

And on top of that problem, here comes another complication. When I got out to the barn next morning, Sam had beaten me to it, and he was half mad and half laughing. Held a couple scraps of rags in his hands, and was smelling them. Stood outside the stall door, and old Freelover, with that white point on his forehead shining out in the sun, was looking through the door over his shoulder.

"What do you suppose, Del?" says Sammy. "Colt's had some more home made medical treatment!"

"No, oh, no!" I said. "What is it this time?" I said, hurrying up and grabbing one of the rags. He smelled the other one.

"Nearly as I can make out, it's bread and milk poultice."

"Oh, well, that won't hurt so much. But that cussed salt and vinegar—"

"Yes, but Freelover was eating this poultice when I came in awhile ago," says Sam, laughing. "Will it make him sick?"

"Not unless he ate some rags," I said. "What will these women do next?"

"How do you know any women did this?" he asks, grinning.

I ONLY looked at him in disgust. He knew as well as I did that Mrs. Moore had been out there, bribed the darky, and put that poultice on. But here—all these fool details are taking up too much time. What I'm getting at is the story. Working capital was our problem. We took Freelover around to a vet, and had him examine the leg, and give the colt some physic on account of the rags he might have chewed up. And we only walked him an hour that morning, instead of galloping him. When we put him up the soreness in that white leg was about gone, too, and I breathed easier, as the story writers say. Although breathing never was very hard work for me.

Sam and I went to breakfast together, after he'd put up his taxi and turned in the money he'd took in during the night. We ate, and we thought. And then we thought some more, that not costing any money in this dairy lunch.

"Well, I'm up against it," I said.

"Me, too," he said. "Guess we'll have to sell some more of Freelover."

"Bring in some more women partners? Not much," I said.

"Nope, a man, this time," he says. "You come with me, and we'll do the job right now."

"No," I said. "Who's the victim?" I didn't believe he had a prospect.

"You'll not believe me," he says. "But I propose to sell."

"Freelover ain't got any more legs," I warned him.

"Half a leg, then," he laughs. "To nobody but Mr. Moore! Come on, Del!"

This idea paralyzed me. Old man Moore would be the last man I'd ever expect to sell an interest to, or borrow money from, after what'd happened between him and us. If ever'thing else was all right, he'd never buy any Kentucky horseflesh, because he never had.

"Come on, Del," says Sam, and he grabs me by the arm, and drags me out of that dairy lunch. "Might as well get down to brass tacks."

"Brass tacks ain't near as hard as old man Moore," I said. "Or as sharp."

We had to wait till the old man was through with his mail, first. And then, when he found out who it was wanted to see him, we had to wait some more. Sam, having been up all night, as usual, almost went to sleep two or three times. Once he woke up long enough to borrow a telephone to call up Mrs. Sullivan and ask her to come over. She refused at first, but she finally agreed, and got there in plenty of time. Balked on dealing with Moore, too. Said we'd get stung, but when we asked her to dig up some more money she agreed to stand with us to try out the old banker. Finally, we got in. Old man Moore sat behind his big desk, cold as electric refrigeration.

"Well, what can I do for you in the short time I have?" he says.

"Take advantage of an offer that we have barely the time to make to you," says Sammy, pushing back a yawn.

"And what is that, may I ask?"

"We want to sell a one-eighth interest in a chestnut colt, Freelover," I said. "Out of Sweet Lover, and by Freedom. Good bred colt, lots of promise—"

"I'm not interested," snaps Mr. Moore. "If that's all—"

[*Continued on page 152*]

The Busiest Dog Doctor

Every day hundreds of dogs, cats, monkeys, ferrets, even deodorized pet skunks go through the expert hands of Dr. Raymond J. Garbutt, who performs thirty major operations a week, and whose advice is even more interesting than his varied adventures

by Boyden Sparkes

WOULD you feed your dog hard-boiled eggs? "Meats, cereals and vegetables are good for your dog," says Dr. Garbutt, "but certain things are as unfit for him as watermelon rind for a baby." First on this list he puts potatoes and picnic eggs. He explains just which other foods are dangerous, which are good, and gives various health hints, such as how to cleanse a pet of fleas. If you think healing sick animals is monotonous, read about the doctor's lively hour with a performing bear who had a sore throat, or the boxing kangaroo that he was called on to treat for athletic heart.

ALL day long Scottie crouched in a corner of the untenanted nursery, sniffing from time to time for a cherished aroma clinging to a foolish wooden duck clothed in red and yellow paint. He kept this toy between his hairy paws, exposing surprising fang menace under a curled black lip whenever he thought any one was making the least move to touch it.

Scottie was a dour little dog anyway. He had been a one-man dog, but now that man, a very small boy, was dead.

Every distant sound in the house brought his sharp ears stiffly erect with hope. Near him was a plate of untouched food. From time to time he whimpered. During the night he had expressed in shivery howls as no words might have done, the depth of his grief and longing. This was the fifth day.

"He won't eat, Doctor." The father of the little boy who had owned the dog and the wooden duck was speaking. "Some people might not understand, but Scottie grew up with Junior. He is completely tangled in our memories of the boy. It isn't the dog I'm thinking about. It's my wife. Somehow I feel that if we can get the dog to behaving normally we may save my wife from a complete breakdown, from a nervous collapse. The family physician thinks as I do."

The dog doctor took his time about approaching Scottie. When he did go to him he went in a soothing manner and was suffered by the small animal to stroke the bristly hair behind his ears and covering his throat. In a few minutes a relationship had been established that permitted the dog doctor to apply a stethoscope to ribs which sheltered a heart that was acting queerly. After he had listened the doctor wrote a prescription and gave some advice that was more important. The dog was to be exercised on a leash and he was to be tricked into eating.

The dog doctor was Raymond J. Garbutt, chief veterinarian of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. This case, which he told me about, is merely one of a long list of experiences he has had in which the welfare of some very much distracted human hinged on the life of a dog.

"But how did you trick that dog into eating?" I asked him.

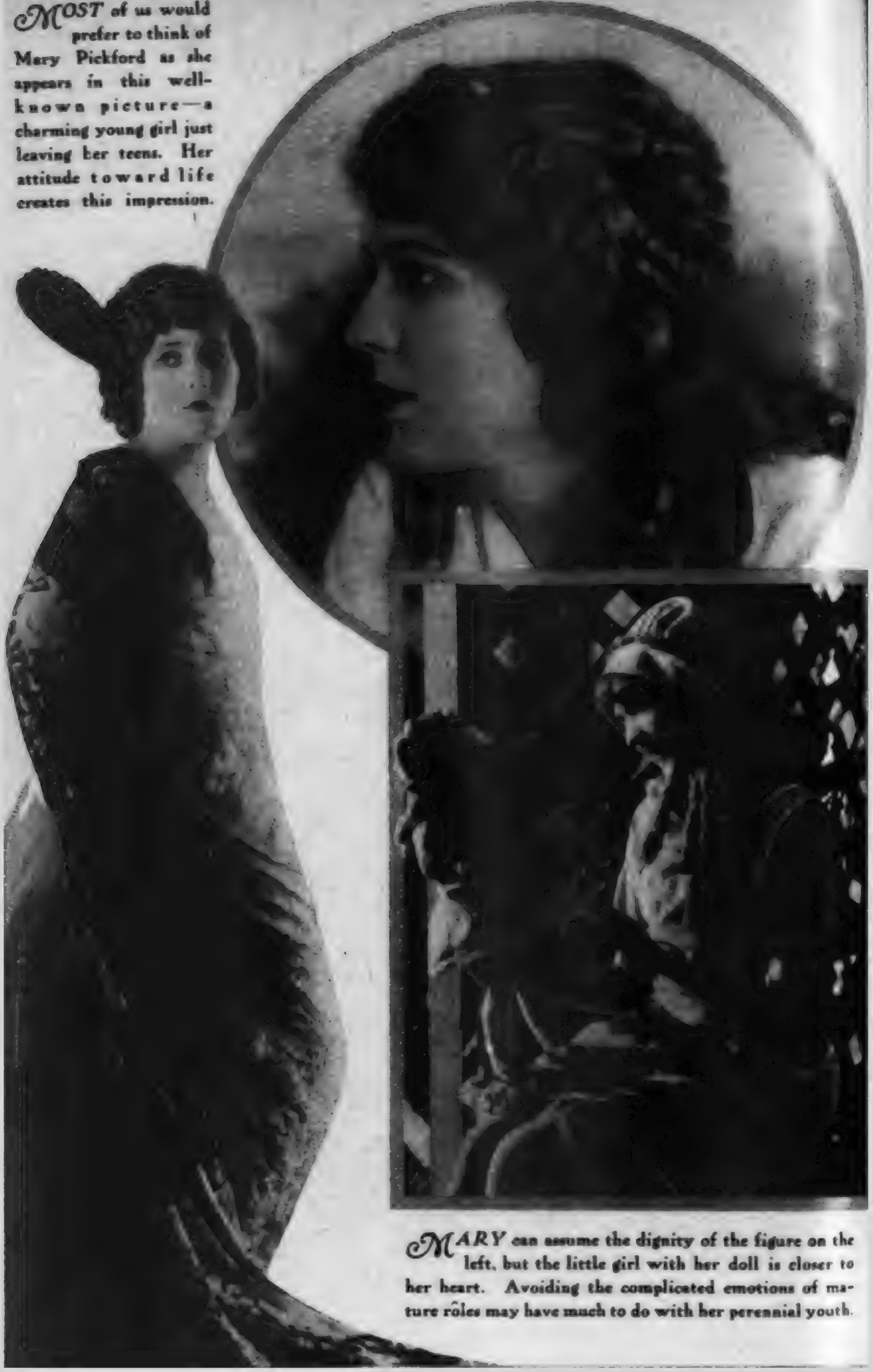
"There are," he explained, "some old instincts of the pack deeply rooted in all dogs, no matter how artificial their breeding. In ages when a pack of dogs had to get their fill of some animal pulled down in the forest, they needed to eat fast to keep the other dogs from getting their share. So, even today, almost any dog will wolf his food if he eats in the presence of another dog. In this case we got the grief stricken little Scottie to eat by bringing in a neighbor's dog and fooling him into thinking this rival was going to gobble his meal. After a few meals eaten in that spirit Scottie began to mend and accepted the caresses of his dead master's mother. Presently he ceased to be a one-man dog. Instead he became the dog of one woman."

I do not know how many dogs there are in the United States, but on Manhattan Island alone there are more than a quarter of a million licensed animals, each one an important member of a household. Some of those households are East Side tenements; some are twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year apartments on Park Avenue; some are sinister establishments

[*Continued on page 146*]

WHETHER it is some one's pet collie with the rheumatism, who needs violet ray treatments for his kidneys, puppies with distemper, or one of the dogs on whom man depends for life and death service, Doctor Garbutt, Chief Veterinarian of the A. S. P. C. A. cares for them in a great hospital as carefully and skillfully as if they were human beings. Below he is shown with Roy Shannon and Roy's heroic dog team which helped to carry the diphtheria serum to Nome on that epic race against death in the North.

MOST of us would prefer to think of Mary Pickford as she appears in this well-known picture—a charming young girl just leaving her teens. Her attitude toward life creates this impression.



MARY can assume the dignity of the figure on the left, but the little girl with her doll is closer to her heart. Avoiding the complicated emotions of mature rôles may have much to do with her perennial youth.

How Mary Pickford *Stays* Young

The most talked of woman in the world, at thirty-three, tells how she retains the looks and charm and enthusiasm of a girl in her teens. The secret, she says, is in her mental attitude

by Athene Farnsworth

"IT IS not the flight of years that makes one old," says Mary Pickford. "Crying over spilt milk and crossing one's bridges before getting to them are two of the most active allies of old age." Miss Pickford believes that properly directed thinking is a powerful aid to remaining young indefinitely. She tells of the habits she has cultivated to enable her constantly to think, act, and feel youthful, and she believes that every one can apply her method.

IN AN old story lies the key to understanding the gift of everlasting youth that Mary Pickford seems to have had from some kindly gods who overlooked the rest of us. It is the favorite story of the little star of the films who typifies youth, not alone in appearance, but in spirit and point of view, who is invariably welcomed by children as one of themselves, and who hasn't visibly aged a day in the past fifteen years before the ruthless eye of the camera. Mary was discussing her philosophy that thought is the potential beauty builder, the center of control over age.

"We should never, never count our birthdays," she cautioned with a shrug. "It is not the flight of years that makes one old, but the counting of them and the worrying that accompanies each year. I believe there is a serious lesson to be learned from that old story about the young girl who lived the same day for some fifty odd years. Surely, every one remembers it!"

She recounted the tale of the young girl who was just seventeen on the day her lover was coming to marry her. She dressed herself for the gala occasion and was happy as a lark. News came that her lover was dead. The shock unbalanced her, but, instead of grieving, she remembered but one thing each morning when she awoke—"This is the festive day, and I must be happy and beautiful for the coming of my lover!" The poor girl lived on for nearly half a century, but they tell us that she continued to look practically the same youthful bride-to-be as on the fateful day. The years had left no mark.

"The story has always interested me," Mary explained. "Of course, it relates a pitiful tragedy, and a case of arrested development, but if happiness and anticipation can accomplish such a miracle in an abnormal case, surely there is food for thought for the normal individual."

Surely it has provided food for thought for Mary Pickford, who convincingly asserts that you need grow old no sooner than you wish if you preserve the right mental attitude. Under analysis, her fascinating theories seem not only simple and practical but within the reach of every individual. And always, in support of them, is the picture of this smiling young woman of thirty-three who can pass for a child of twelve with naturalness and ease, though her own childhood was cut short by the necessity of supporting a family.

In and out of costume—as hostess, as leader in Hollywood activities, being interviewed, and "on the set"—under all conditions, she seems the personification of charming youth. I found that she frankly admitted her distaste for the mature rôles and asked her why.

She replied with a smile, "I was forced to live far beyond my years when just a child, now I have reversed the order, and I intend to remain young indefinitely. This would be more difficult if I were to spend my days interpreting the complicated emotional reactions of older women. I am a firm believer in the 'mental age'."

We were having tea in her studio bungalow, an attractive, homey little cottage built right in the midst of medieval castles, turrets, and minarets—all the fascinating paraphernalia of a motion-picture studio lot.

Mary, herself, in a smart silk sport frock, looked like a charming miss of eighteen, or perhaps twenty—a little too demure and unsophisticated to come under the usual interpretation of the term "flapper," though a mischievous twinkle lurked in her eyes hinting at latent possibilities along that line. Zorro, a perky, wire-haired terrier, was curled up on her feet, or on mine, as occasion seemed to demand.

Miss Pickford believes that our understanding of the influence of mind over matter is still practically in embryo. Even so, her own personal experiences lead her to believe that one may attain just the age, size, and weight one desires if one holds fast to that idea.

"Of course, you have to make allowances for inheritance and racial characteristics," she conceded, "yet, the results one might obtain can scarcely be estimated if living and thinking are planned accordingly."

Mary Pickford is not thoroughly in sympathy with the theory of "beautiful but dumb." She claims that one who is dumb may be beautiful for a time, or may seem beautiful to some people, but if mentality is lacking, it will soon show in the features, and the charm of attractive externals will be fleeting indeed. She believes that attitude of mind is one of the most powerful factors in the molding of beauty, and this doesn't imply merely beauty of character. As she puts it: "We hear romancers speak of the Fountain of Youth. It is intriguing," she laughed, "and it would be wonderful if all we had to do were to sip at its brink—no effort at all. But, to my mind, these old theories are not very sound. This fountain, to me, was neither essentially nor necessarily a physical draught, but more likely, the cultivation and acquisition of a state of mind.

Mary's Fountain of Youth

"THINK youth, act youth, feel youth, and you are youth!"

Mary's eyes sparkled in her enthusiasm, and if the proof of the pudding is in the eating, Mary gives a remarkable demonstration.

"I believe that thinking influences expression, coloring, even the contours of your face and form, and actual weight," she continued. "I know because I've tried it. I have observed the results of mental attitudes in people about me for a good many years, but I just wanted to experiment a little. I was more underweight than I usually permit myself to get, and I had been worrying, a thing I seldom do.

"So, I decided to correct both defects. I went to my mirror and planned to see myself plump again. To help out the thinking process a little, I blew out my cheeks again and again, thus visualizing the condition I desired. I kept this up for two weeks, always keeping in mind that I was steadily gaining, and when I stepped on the scales at the end of that time, I had actually put on five pounds. I'll admit, I was just a wee bit surprised, so I tried it out the other way around. You may rest assured that I was thoroughly convinced of the truth of my theory, when I thought off those same five pounds.

"Oh, I know there are a lot of skeptics," she laughed, but I have just one suggestion—try it —in all sincerity, and see what happens.

"To a far greater extent than we realize, we are our own sculptors. Who can deny that passions and unkind thoughts show in the lines and expressions of our faces? Yes, and in our figures. Drooping shoulders are not an evidence of happiness and enthusiasm. Nervous mannerisms betray mental disturbances. And, these are all the forerunners of age, possibly premature age.

"A double chin is a sign of laziness and indulgence, or a lack of pride in one's personal appearance—even in a young person, not, as we are prone to believe, an evidence of age."

These ideas provoke the question—is not laziness mental? Likewise, pride? And wrinkles—she cited any number of instances where she had seen little children with deep furrows in their foreheads and lines about their mouths. She believes that with these proofs before us, we can not but agree that age is more than a matter of years. Unhappy home conditions, worry and lack of proper food and care have placed their marks on youngsters just as surely as they etch their warnings on the faces and forms of those grown old.

There is nothing more tragic than the sight of an old, old young person, nor anything more interesting and inspiring than an old person who looks twenty years younger than his birthdays, and who can still be the life of the party. The former is usually cynical, sophisticated, hard; the latter, mellowed, understanding, enthusiastic—one who can still smile both with and at life.

Mary continued her analysis. "Crying over spilt milk and crossing one's bridges before getting to them are two of the most active allies of old age, and both so unnecessary. I have found that young people seldom have either of these vices until they start getting old, so I love to be with them.

"I'd advise any one who hopes for youth for many years to come, to have constant association with young people, to study their psychological reactions, to sympathize with their joys and prejudices. Cultivate their enthusiasm and freshness of point of view, then you'll be young though ninety, and will look at least thirty years younger than your actual age. Then indeed, if you have kept up the physical side, you are a conqueror!"

An interesting sidelight on Mary's understanding of her own mind is her avoidance of any disagreeable criticism. She even has her mail censored with that in view. Would one

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

From Little Lord Fauntleroy and his angelic expression to Little Annie Rooney about to lay a boy friend out cold, Mary Pickford loves to portray children anywhere between eleven and seventeen years, but she frankly admits her distaste for the more mature rôles. "I was forced to live beyond my years when I was just a child," she explains, "and now I have reversed the usual order."

call that mental protection? Mental protection, however, which does not shun, in fact welcomes constructive suggestions. This little philosopher insists that, as far as possible, we should all avoid bitterness and its accompanying reactions, both physical and mental.

"Appreciation and gratitude keep our natures soft—that is, pliable and optimistic," she explained. "We are happy, so our steps become buoyant, our heads go up and our shoulders back—age slips away. There is no obstacle which cannot be overcome, and this impression and feeling of youth and power in one's self will create the impression in others."

According to Mary, healthy thoughts build healthy bodies, and she has little sympathy for the individual who blames someone else, or Fortune, for any difficulties that may arise.

"Never, and I have had as much excuse as anyone, never have I exploited trouble or failure. And to this I credit much of my success. I have found that it is the spirit that counts, and that fun can be had wherever you are. I had to learn that when a wee tot, and I found that there was quite as much fun in walking when I couldn't afford a car, or, for that matter, a bus fare, and that there was a great deal more health.

Do I dare suggest that the automobile is another subtle ally of Age?" Her eyes twinkled and we both laughed.

No one but will appreciate the barb in that question. I wonder how many miles per day on foot each automobile owner would average?

"This bungalow helps me to maintain my mental age," she continued, "and I mean by that, just the age I feel and want to be," and she glanced about the bright room with its harmonious and simple though artistic furnishings. "Here," she explained, "I can come and relax, forget my work and my surroundings for a few moments, and be myself. I can play with Zorro, talk to my canaries, be whatever I wish until it is time to return to the set or a business conference. Then I can go back to my responsibilities with a new vision, and a fresh supply of energy and enthusiasm. Even after a hard day—sometimes twelve or more hours of concentrated effort—I feel few of the influences of fatigue, which, if not offset in some such manner, age one more than is realized until too late." Her hazel eyes were very serious.

"Some people find work drudgery because they do not know how to save themselves, how to make the most of the few moments of leisure. Of course, everyone can't have a bungalow near her work," she smiled, "but neither did I until recently. Nevertheless, I always had a mental refuge. I created one in my imagination even in the days when my surroundings were bleak walls and my chaise longue a packing trunk. That is the difficulty—we don't make the most of our minds, and we let externals prey upon us until things material have us at their mercy."

In studying her child rôles, Mary re-creates childhood in her imagination, and relives situations according to her experience. Always, she studies the children about her, and lives and breathes the spirit of real youth. She is so realistic in her efforts to act and understand as a child would act and understand, that invariably children themselves accept her as one of them. Her little niece has never called her "Aunt," always just "Mary," thinking she is near her own age.

Mary says that if you will convince yourself that you *are* a little girl, you will soon feel like one. She admits that her petite size helps some, her curls some more, though even those cannot deceive a child in most instances. But with Mary it has been her experience always to have youngsters everywhere come up and speak to her and want her to play with them. They recognize a kindred spirit. She is the real thing in their estimation.

Regaining the Childhood She Lost

THIS famous girl is instinctively trying to live a childhood that poverty made her forfeit at a time when she should have enjoyed its carefree days. Unexpressed desires are now coming to the surface. She could not spend her childhood then, could not experience its thrills and joys. So now she is developing the undeveloped and will probably continue to do so indefinitely.

The average person lives through childhood and early youth, then is through with them and begins to get old, but Mary has set her clock back.

Children are a veritable passion with Mary Pickford, and she makes some startling comments on the manner in which most grown-ups misunderstand them. She has a remarkable insight into the heart of a child, believing that baby talk is worse than absurd, and that children mistrust and loathe patronage.

"When children are by themselves they pretend all manner of things, from pirates to Dodo birds, but when with other people, normal youngsters will be perfectly natural and unaffected. It is the grown-ups who create self-consciousness in them," she insisted. "I have found that the surest way to the heart of a child is to *include* him or her. They like to think of themselves as entities, and how it hurts their youthful pride to remind them of their immaturity."

Mary believes that we frequently underestimate children, and even more often misunderstand their actions and motives. To her naughtiness is the most natural thing in the world, and she would be thoroughly uneasy about a youngster who never indulged in pranks of one sort or another.

From her own experiences she draws her conclusions that a desire for sympathy is inborn and tells how she used to faint, when a kiddie, just for effect. "I suppose this pose was partly for sympathy and partly as a display of imagination. At any rate, Mother always 'played up' to the part required of her, and I felt sure of her abounding affection and understanding. These faints were always highly dramatic, and this sense seemed to have been developed at a very early age. It is this sense, somewhat overdeveloped, to be sure, which is frequently responsible for prevarication in children. Parents should not deal too harshly with such youngsters when they create astounding tales and situations. They are likely to be just as real to the child as if he had actually lived through some fantastic experience."

Mary feels sure that if parents could only understand the latent possibilities that such children possess and guide and cultivate this youthful imagination many remarkable talents that are now crushed or thwarted in childhood might be developed. "Surely, any intelligent parent should be able to discriminate between vicious untruths and fanciful tale creation." To Mary, the loss or deadening of the imagination is a sure sign of on-creeping age.

She loves to watch children and to play with them. All ages appeal to her, but she prefers to interpret the rôles in stories of young people from about eleven to seventeen years. As a result of her devotion to children she has perfected her understanding of their psychology.—"Love something, and you may excel in it!" is the underlying principle of her art and life.

"When my chaise longue was a packing trunk, and my surroundings were bleak walls," says Mary Pickford, "I always had a mental refuge." That is one of the things which she is sure has helped to keep her young. Now she has a physical refuge, too, where she can make the most of her moments of leisure, relax in the sunshine and fresh air, and stay outdoors as much as possible.

Mary Pickford has tried various mature parts, but she feels that she is best fitted for her first love. She doesn't understand the grown-up mind as well as that of a child, she admits. Then too, grown-up clothes are hampering; their complicated emotional scenes depress her and are difficult to shake off even in her bungalow. So she argues: "Why do things which you know will age you, especially if avoidance is your wish?"

Aside from her professional life, Mary has various plans and ambitions with regard to children. She has adopted her little niece and namesake, but still she feels that there should be more children about. "A house is not a house without kiddies. I shall never forget a living picture I once viewed. Nothing so unusual, I suppose, just children asleep in the moonlight, but their little faces in the pale radiance reminded me of lilacs in the spring, and I shall always treasure that exquisite memory. I should love a home in the country where I could keep about twelve children. I should prefer to concentrate on giving these kiddies a chance in life from start to finish instead of spreading my money among various charities. I could then live always with youth, and grow in watching them develop."

Mary has had this plan for some little time, and her enthusiasm grows as she perfects it. She believes that the personal touch, the association in such a service would be a benefit to her as well as to the youngsters. She believes that it is this lack of contact with an older person which is one of the chief causes for youthful delinquency.

"Children believe in me and trust me. They come up and talk to me as if they had known me always. Some day, I am going to collect children instead of paintings." There was just a touch of wistfulness in her expression. Evidently, an exacting profession has its drawbacks. "I shouldn't expect gratitude, and I shouldn't be hurt when my youngsters didn't need me any more. I'd collect some more," she laughed.

As you might suppose, Mary Pickford has thought very deeply on one grown-up subject—success. She believes that concentration is the first essential to success in any direction.

"Life is too short to flitter away our days and years. We must specialize."

Mary is a specialist, and if her position is any criterion of success, it would be well to heed her suggestions. She is probably the most talked of woman in the world, has made a fortune through her own effort, works from eight to eighteen hours a day—and yet with it all, has lost none of her youthful charm, her enthusiasm, and her sympathetic understanding.

Mary has few hobbies. She loves animals—dogs and horses, especially. But, her heart and life are bound up in the interests of youth, and as long as such is the case, she believes that youth will be hers.

"Think youth, and you will be young. Love life, and life will love you."

By
Samuel Scoville, Jr.

White

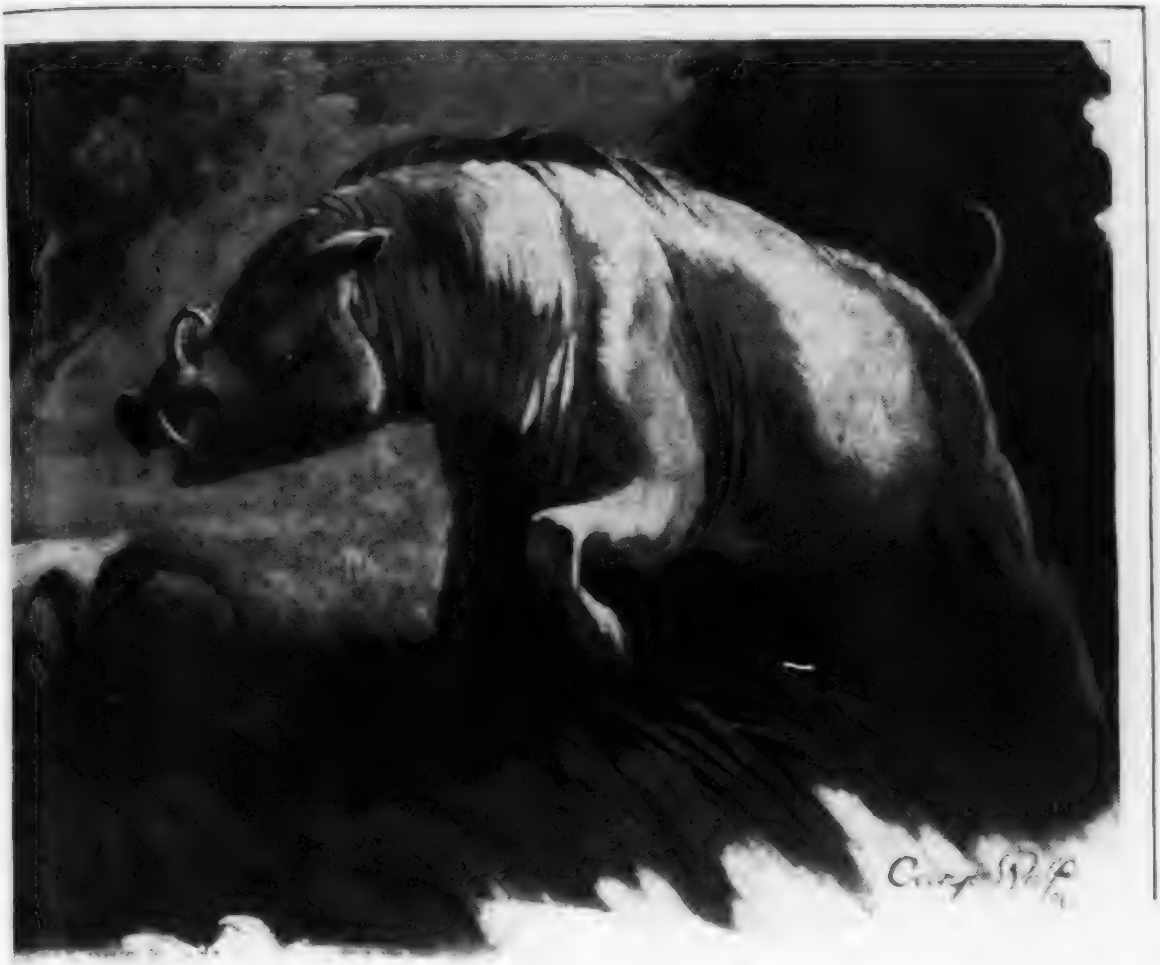
The white terror of the

THE tiny, nuzzling pigling was one of ten, for his mother, a grizzled old babirussa, the wild-pig of the Maikal Jungle, was no believer in birth-control.

In the cold of a winter morning, when even in Malay-Land the leaves are covered with hoar-frost, the old babirussa knew that her time was at hand. Rooting up masses of long flag-grass, she arranged it in the center of a rattan thicket, with the roots inwards, where it made a circular heap which looked like a gigantic daisy. Then, burrowing beneath the grass, she pried the whole mass upward into a rude hut walled and guarded by the fierce, curved thorns of the tangled vines.

There the old pig took refuge and there the tenth pigling was born the day before the rains began. Last and least of the litter, he was pinky-white instead of being gray or brown like the rest. Moreover, from the moment that he opened his sharp, twinkling little eyes he showed himself to be wiser, braver, and quicker than any of the others. His wisdom and his courage he came by naturally, for the wild-pig is the second bravest and the third wisest of all the beasts of the jungle. Only the honey-ratel is braver and only the elephant and the surly, grumbling sloth-bear are wiser. As for the pigling's alertness, that was all his own, for although every wild-pig is a flash on his feet few of them indeed ever learn to think and act as quickly as did the white babirussa of the Maikal Jungle.

From the day they were born, the wary old babirussa, their mother, began to teach her little



Babirussa

Illustrated by
George L. Wolf

jungle proves his mettle

pigs those lessons in which all of the wild-folk who would live out their lives must be perfect. They learned to lie still as stones in their snug nest and to keep on lying still no matter what happened without, until their mother's low grunt signaled that all was well. That sound was pitched below the range of human ears, just as the squeak of some of the bats is above, but the little babirussa could hear it from an incredible distance.

Sometimes, after the dark had fallen like black velvet across the scented jungle, the little pigs, curled up in a warm round ball beneath the grass roof, would hear a noise like a blunt saw going through tough wood, as that spotted death, the leopard, complained of the hunger which drove him through the night. More rarely came the ghastly, long-drawn-out moan of a hunting tiger. At the ominous sounds, the children of the wild hidden in the grass, huddled closer together as some instinct, deep as life itself, warned them that death was passing by.

Then came the day when, in spite of many hungry little squeals, the protesting babirussa family were weaned and, leaving the dim safety of their nest, for the first time ventured into the world without. To them it seemed a place of distances and dangers. Instead of a low thatch of grass, high overhead was a green canopy of waving boughs through which showed patches of sapphire sky and fleecy clouds. As they moved into the jungle there suddenly sounded close beside them a hooting yell which made them cluster close around their mother, until, in some way unknown to humans, she made them know that the screamer was only the argus pheasant which, in spite of its loud voice, is not dangerous to little pigs.

A moment later, they learned the second lesson of the jungle—that death is always lurking not far away. From the tawny grass in front of the little procession sounded a sudden hiss, clear and cold as ice, and up through the long stems was thrust the sinister body of a great serpent. Gray as death and black as night, the grim snake swayed before them in the sunlight. To the little babirussa there seemed nothing especially dangerous in the slim, graceful figure which flickered before them. It was not so with that wary veteran, their mother. She knew too well that no young pig could face the lidless eyes of that deadliest of all serpents, a king cobra, and live. As for herself, she had learned long ago that her tough hide lined with a thick layer of fat made her safe from the fangs of any of the poison people.

As the snake reared its deadly crest a full four feet above the ground, the old babirussa with a swing of her great head sent the little pigs, who were pressing forward, tumbling head over heels behind her. Then, with lowered muzzle she moved toward the swaying, menacing figure. The slender body of the cobra flattened just below the deadly head until it was as thin and hard as ridged steel, while the murky, fatal eyes glittered like black fire. Suddenly, the serpent with the swift stroke of its kind lashed forward and downward. Even such professional snake-killers as the mongoose and the musihond, built and balanced for speed, can barely escape the stroke of a full-grown cobra when once within range. The babirussa did not even try. Thrusting her snout deep into the grass, with every bristle erect, she received the lunge of the snake on the ridge of hide which lay between her shoulders. As the two hollow, double-fangs of the serpent pierced the wild-pig's flesh, four tiny jets of pale gold venom were injected beneath the babirussa's skin. Every drop was the very essence of death for any mammal, large or small, which lives on earth, if once it touched a nerve-end. When that happened the venom traveled through the nervous system paralyzing one nerve center after another until it reached those which control the heart and lungs—whereupon the stricken animal died.

ALWAYS, theretofore, that system of attack had worked most satisfactorily—for the cobra. It failed, however, with the babirussa, principally because a wild-pig has no nerves, at least none that can be easily reached. They are all safely buried deep beneath layers of thick hide and solid fat.

Before the cobra could flash back into position for another stroke the jaws of the babirussa closed inexorably upon its steely body. Again and again the furious, hissing head of the snake struck. Then the sharp teeth of the babirussa cut through scaled skin and whipcord muscle nor relaxed their grip until the grim head was severed from the fifteen-foot body.

Holding down the headless, writhing snake with her sharp hoofs the old pig stripped off the tough skin exposing the solid white meat beneath and, for the first solid food, her litter fed full upon the body of the deadliest of all known creatures.

The next lesson of life and death was learned by the wild piglings at a far higher price than the first. Then they had been taught to be watchful at the expense of a few bruises, but the lesson of instant, unreasoning obedience was to be learned only at the price of death itself.

During the weeks which had followed the encounter with the king cobra, they had taken on weight and wisdom with the suddenness of all wild things growing under the forcing sun of the tropics. Toward the end of a day of terrible heat they followed the old babirussa down a well-trodden path which led to the water, as the sun sank in a haze of rose and old-copper. The river was filmed with pale gold and smudged at the farther bank with green where the jungle touched the water. As the thirsty troop reached the sloping bank there was neither sight nor sound nor scent of danger and the whole litter raced down the sloping bank, grunting and squealing, to drink deep of the cool water below. Just before she reached the river the wide-spread nostrils of the old babarusa caught the scent of musk and her sharp eyes saw two flattened knobs like knots on a piece of driftwood begin to float slowly toward the shore. At the first whiff of that danger scent, at the first sight of those black spots, the old pig gave the staccato squeal which means "come back" in babirussa language. At the signal every pigling came to a stand-still save two. Largest and strongest of the litter, the dappled leaders hesitated for a moment and then moved on, evidently resolved to have one drink whatever happened. The others turned all together and trotted reluctantly, but obediently back to their mother.

Just as they reached her a dreadful thing happened. Before their eyes the still water was lashed into foam by the sudden rush of a twenty-foot crocodile which had swum silently across the river with only the horny ridges over its evil, yellow eyes showing above the surface. His black, ridged tail with its saw-edge of sharp spines drove him through the water like the screw of a propeller and, although his black body was as big around as a horse and his legs short and bent, yet he squattered up the bank with a rush that few animals could have escaped. Squealing with terror, the two little pigs scampered toward their mother just ahead of the grim jaws that gaped hard on their heels.

Seeing that he could not overtake the fugitives, the great saurian made use of that last deadly trick of his kin which has caught many an animal apparently safe. Whirling sidewise, his long, ridged tail swept like a scythe across the path of the pigs and hurled them high into the air to drop with a splash into the water. Almost before they struck, the crocodile was back in the river—and the little babirussa never came to the surface.

After that last lesson in obedience the babirussa mother showed her little family how to wage the unending battle against hunger which is the doom of all wild-folk. No animal, save man himself, has such a long bill-of-fare as the babirussa. Fish, flesh, and fowl, as well as snakes, insects, roots, plants, and fruit of many kinds make up the menu of the wild-pig. Moreover, as the little pigs had already found, their grim, old mother dared to provide for them such food as no other beast of the jungle would venture to even approach.

A few days after her encounter with the crocodile, as the eight piglings moved through the jungle in the silence which their leader had taught them was the price of food, the old babirussa suddenly stopped and sniffed the air carefully. Her matchless nostrils told her that a dead buffalo lay hidden under a near-by bush. They told her, too, of a tiger-taint in the air which would have warned away any other beast save the imperturbable babirussa. The wild-pig, however, has no nerves and few fears. That one first hid her litter carefully in the safe depths of a thorn thicket and then began an investigation to find out whether the tiger had gone to cover near his kill. With a loud grunt she suddenly bounded out into the open near the bush where the carcass of the dead buffalo lay concealed and instantly leaped back into safety beneath the curved thorns of an acacia-thicket, evidently planning to draw the tiger out if he were in hiding near-by. Three times she repeated the manœuvre with no sign nor sound from the striped killer. Convinced at last that the coast was clear, she called her litter from out of the cover where they lay hidden. Slowly and methodically, after the custom of their kind, the nine pigs fed full upon that dead buffalo until its ribs lay bare.

When the tiger returned that night, to his rage and astonishment, he found that most of the meat upon which he had counted for a second meal had disappeared and only a multitude of little hoof-prints in the soft ground remained to show what manner of animal had dared to rob him of his kill.

MONTHS later came the day of the jungle fire when the young babirussa met for the first—and last—time the great boar of the Maikal Jungle who had sired them. How the fire started no one can tell. Perhaps it was from the fire of some wandering hunter or perhaps the sheer heat of the tropical sun kindled a patch of jungle grass, scorched until it was like tinder. All that the young babirussa knew was that suddenly in mid-morning through the heart of the jungle rushed a wall of fire crackling and hissing and moaning through the tree-tops. Instantly the roads and paths and secret trails of the wood were crowded with a great throng of jungle-dwellers hastening to the bare, safe heights beyond the marshes. In northern countries the fugitives would have hurried to the river and crossed in safety to the farther bank, but those who dwell in the Maikal Jungle knew all too well that the flames themselves were safer than the haunted depths of that stream.

The first to come were the feebler folk. Hornless little mouse-deer, hardly eight inches in height, slipped silently by; gray flying squirrels launched themselves from the upper branches, their bodies so flattened that they looked like slates skimming through the air. After them came a rush of langoors through the tree-tops, large, handsome monkeys with gray coats and black faces, while along the ground below rushed troops of spotted chital deer with branching antlers, little barking deer, rattling their teeth as they ran; black nilgai antelope, and a score of other species. A crowd of jackals, wolves, leopards, foxes, and caracals, those red cats of the inner jungle, mingled with them in the truce which the fire had laid upon the jungle.

Convoyed by that experienced veteran, their mother, who had lived through many a jungle-fire, the babirussa family followed a series of concealed trails to a safe hiding place beyond the marsh in the thorny fastnesses of a great thicket, where they could see up and down one of the main trails which led from the jungle to the hills beyond.

Among the lesser breeds came a magnificent babirussa boar with a pair of ten-inch tusks showing like white kreeses on either side of his bristling jowls. As he moved along with the throng of frightened animals hurrying toward the hill-top, he jostled against a giant red wolf nearly as large as his gray brother of the north. Accustomed to see all hooved animals flee before him, the red hunter turned on the wild-pig with a snarl, his white teeth snapping together like a steel-trap. The babirussa seemed merely to give a little shake of his head, yet the next moment the wolf was gasping out his life in the thicket, his throat gashed clear across by the terrible swordsmanship of that grim leader of the babirussa.

Then, as the beast started up the slope, the hurrying throng of fugitives ahead of him suddenly broke and scattered, crowding into the thickets and crashing through the bushes, leaving the trail open, as gliding down it with the curious pacing motion of his kind came an enormous tiger. His coat of the brightest orange streaked and striped with jet gleamed like flame in the sunlight and his great paws made not the shadow of a sound as he moved along the trail. His face was deeply creased and wrinkled like that of an old, old man, and had that expression of cruelty and ruthless power which makes a tiger so terrible to look upon. As he moved he carried his huge head close to the ground, while his lurid, green-shadowed eyes seemed to take no note of the beasts about him but to be fixed upon the distant hills. The boar alone refused to yield an inch to the newcomer, but with an air of sullen defiance, held to the middle of the path. It showed as nothing else could have done the stubborn courage of the babirussa that he dared, even during the truce of a jungle-fire, to walk side by side with a tiger. On and upward along the trail the strange pair moved through the trees, the fire-gold eyes of the tiger glancing sidewise into the little red eyes of the babirussa whose long tusks at times almost touched the other's terrible jaws.

Suddenly the path was barred even to such a combination as a tiger and a babirussa. Aroused by the rush of fleeing animals, a bull elephant, who had been sleeping out the hot hours on the hillside, thrust his black bulk and his vast pointed tusks across the trail.

WHEN all is said and done, the elephant, when he chooses to assert his royal rights, is the king of all the beasts on earth. The smell of smoke, the fear and rush of the fleeing herds and the crackling of the flames had aroused and enraged the great brute. As he moved forward his little piggish eyes gleamed red as those of the babirussa and he trumpeted shrilly with uplifted trunk. At the sound the tiger stopped in his tracks, took one look at the dark colossus towering above him and with a grating snarl turned off and vanished in the thicket. Not so the babirussa. His surly nature had been slowly aroused by the flight, the fire, his encounter with the wolf and the presence of his most hated foe, the tiger. It takes much to raise the cool blood of a babirussa to a fighting heat, but when that does happen the boar goes bearsark and runs amuck. Odds mean nothing to him nor does his own life count in comparison with the death of his adversary.

Giving the curious double grunt which with a babirussa means killing, he charged. It was an incredible duel. The vast pachyderm which blocked the boar's path weighed all of ten tons and stood ten feet high. The boar weighed perhaps four hundred pounds and measured a scant five feet from the tip of his curly tail to the end of his turned-up nose. Weight and height and bulk and wounds or danger or death had ceased to mean anything to him. As if shot from a cannon he charged and before the vast beast before him could move had driven one keen tusk after another clear through the tough skin of the elephant's foreleg at the height of his knee. The razor edges ripped through the thick hide as if it had been paper and in an instant blood was streaming from the double slashes which they made. Trumpeting shrilly the elephant tried to stamp upon his diminutive opponent first with one foot and then with the other, but the babirussa was too lightning-fast on his feet to be caught, and countered with a deep gash on the elephant's other foreleg. Curling up his sensitive trunk out of harm's way the black mountain then tried to drive his six-foot tusks through the boar, but the latter, keeping close to the elephant's body, pivoted so rapidly that he escaped every thrust while he slashed and slashed with his curved tusks until the wrinkled black columns of the elephant's forelegs ran red with blood. Maddened by the pain, the pachyderm's brain, only surpassed by that of man himself, instantly devised another method of attack against which even the speed of the babirussa would not avail. Thrusting forward his mountainous bulk, as his maddened antagonist again rushed inside of the thrust of his tusks, the elephant suddenly kneeled. For the boar it was like trying to dodge a falling wall; there was no space near him which was not covered by the impact of the elephant's vast legs, and with the blood-curdling scream with which a babirussa always meets death, the life of the old leader passed out.

Three months after the jungle-fire, the sword which hangs ever over the heads of the wild-folk, small and great, fell once more upon the wild-pig family. The old babirussa no longer brought her litter down to the river to drink. There were too many deaths lurking there to make it safe for little pigs even in broad daylight. Instead she led them by devious trails far into the very heart of the jungle, where deep-set in a mist of green trees and tangled, trailing vines, lay a pool of dark-blue water like a sapphire set in jade. There the nine came at the end of a hot afternoon as the pool showed all saffron and purple beneath the setting sun smouldering in the west. That day, as always, the old pig circled the pool before she allowed her litter to approach it. There was no sign nor sound of danger, and, spreading out like a fan, the thirsty little animals drank deep of the cool water.

Beyond them a great bed of plumed papyrus swayed beneath a little breeze that stirred the upper branches of the jungle. A bed of water-lilies showed like stars against the cobalt blue. As they drank, there was a little movement among the reeds, hardly more than the wind would make and against the white background of the lilies a strip of blended yellows and browns and blacks showed dimly. Then, slowly as the minute-hand of a clock, up from under the still water rose a sinister, triangular head with lidless, vertical, red eyes. A second later, sudden as the release of a coiled spring, the blue water foamed white as, through the air like a hurled lance, shot the flat head and sinuous steel-strong body of a ular-sawa, the regal python, largest and most powerful of all serpents.

BEFORE the pig nearest to the snake had time to even raise his head, the curved, flat teeth of the python had pierced his plump body and he was wrapped in a double coil like a steel cable.

At his terrified squeal, the old babirussa rushed down the slope with a speed that was marvelous for an animal of her weight. Although she lacked the terrible weapons of her mate, yet she slashed the serpent with such lightning-like strokes that the python's skin hung in tatters for a full yard of its length, while long rags of bloody flesh showed how deep her smaller tusks had penetrated.

The regal snake hissed fiercely and, releasing the limp body of the little pig, tried to snare the furious babirussa in the fatal net of its shifting coils. The great pig's body was so squat and broad, however, and she moved so rapidly that the python was never able to encircle her, while always she ripped her tusks through the mottled skin and deep into the steel-like muscles that lay beneath.

Suddenly, the serpent seemed to realize that it was fighting a losing battle, and like the flick of a gigantic whiplash, shot up the bank and disappeared in a dense thicket beyond.

The old pig nuzzled the little body which the python had released, but every bone in it was crushed and broken and she hastened to lead away the seven that were still left to her.

As the months went on the white babirussa learned one lesson after another in the lore of the jungle. Then, too, he suddenly began to grow as if to make up for lost time and when, as yearlings, the seven separated henceforth to live apart from each other and their mother, he was the largest and the wisest of them all.

Perhaps it was on account of his color; perhaps it was some hermit complex in his nature which kept the white pig, as the year went by, solitary even when he had grown to be of a size and bulk that equaled that brave old battler, his father. He was never present at the spring fights when the various sounders met at some maidan, those curious open circles found here and there in the center of the jungle, where the boars fought with each other for their choice of mates.

Then, when he was five years old and had reached his full growth and strength, there came a night in spring when the sky was all primrose and pale gold with the dark trees inked against its luster in blotches of midnight-green, while the vines overhanging the river made strange shadows of lavender in the sepia water. It was very still as if the night and the sky and the brooding trees were all waiting for something to happen. Suddenly a glow showed in the east like the dawn and the edge of the full moon peered over the rim of the world. Pale as a bubble it wheeled above the horizon and as it rose deepened to raw gold, while its light fell like snow upon the jungle.

In a moment the air was full of voices. Strange contralto frog-notes throbbed and beat through the darkness; a bell-bird awoke and its lovely notes chimed among the trees, while a troop of gibbon monkeys gave their bubbling, ringing call, the joy-note of the jungle, as they swung through the branches. The thickets were full of whispers and calls and the sound of wild-folk feet hurrying here and there on the errands of spring.

Moon-flowers slowly opened their cream-colored petals and flooded the jungle with waves of fragrance, while little puffs of perfume drifted down from the clove-black tree-trunks. The jungle was full of fragrance and music as the wild-folk came forth into the magic of the moonlight to live and love and perchance to die in this, their day, even as we humans in ours.

In the hidden depths of the inner jungle where not even the native hunters ever penetrated, all of the wandering band of the babirussa gathered at a great maidan and the boars fought a series of duels with clashing tusks while a throng of the females ringed the clearing around. The air was full of grunts of defiance and squeals of pain as couple after couple met in the round arena and fought muzzle to muzzle with sudden pivotings and parries, slashing at each other's faces until the air was filled with the clatter of their curved tusks and the near-by trees were crowded with troops of langoor monkeys who came hurrying from all parts of the jungle to watch the battle.

Pair after pair fought until one boar or the other, cut and slashed and blinded with blood, dropped out of the ring, leaving the victor to be challenged by some fresh fighter.

Suddenly in the very midst of one of the fiercest of the contests there was the sound of trampling hoofs and into the open, towering above all the others, rushed the white babirussa. Not since the leader of the wild-pigs of the Maikal Jungle had gone down before the elephant, had such a contestant showed himself at a spring meeting. His smooth coat glistened white in the moonlight and in spite of his bulk he moved about the circle as swiftly as the youngest boar there.

Then, even as the contestants turned to look at the newcomer, while the langoors in the trees overhead chattered and coughed with excitement, all the other sounds of the jungle were suddenly blotted out by the roar of a male tiger. Usually a tiger moans or caterwauls. Sometimes he grunts like a pig and during the mating season he has a strange belling note like the smabhar stag. Only rarely does he give the full-throated roar of his clan. When he does it is appalling, a crash of sound, yet with a murderous snarl running through it.

Outlined against the full moon, the tiger stood upon a high bank at the edge of the maidan as if framed in gold with every stripe silhouetted in onyx-black against the orange-copper of his coat. His long, ringed tail switched back and forth ominously and as he stared down upon the babirussa grouped below he seemed the embodiment of ruthless cruelty. In the moonlight the great beast's eyes burned green like incandescent emeralds and there was in their dreadful depths all the blood-lust and the malignant ferocity which has made the tiger the demon of the jungle.

Once again the very ground seemed to shake with his roar. The langoors vanished like shadows from the tree-tops and the ring of wild-pig around the maidan dissolved like a cloud-wreath as they sought the safety of the nearest thickets. Only the white babirussa and a few of the largest and bravest of the boars turned sullenly to face the great cat. Before the echoes of his dread voice had died away the great beast charged. One moment he had been standing, a grim, motionless figure in the moonlight. The next instant he was rushing down the slope a miracle of beauty and force and fear. Faster than a racehorse, yet he moved with a smooth, effortless, pacing motion. His long body seemed hidden behind his monstrous head, while from his gaping jaws came a snarling growl and his parted teeth gleamed in the moonlight.

For an instant the little group of wild-pig faced the furious beast. Then, just as he was almost upon them they broke and scattered and fled—save one. The white babirussa held his ground, his little red eyes gleaming like garnets, and lowered his head to get more play for the swing of his long tusks. No paladin or knight-errant ever entered the lists against a deadlier foe or showed a courage which flamed against more dreadful odds than did the wild-pig that night.

THE tiger was a monster of his kind. Eleven feet long, he would have turned the scales at six hundred pounds, while the babirussa was not half his opponent's weight or length. Moreover, the tiger was armed with claws like steel sickles and such teeth as have not been surpassed since the saber-toothed tiger departed this earth and for his weight is the swiftest of all the killers with a strength which enables him to kill a full-grown buffalo with a blow of his paw and carry off the huge carcass in his jaws as a cat would carry a mouse.

Against such a deadly combination of speed and strength, the great boar opposed a body built of steel and whip-cord and bound in the very best quality of pig-skin with the bristles on. Furthermore, with a firm footing, such as the surface of the maidan, there is no animal on earth of his weight quicker on his feet than a babirussa boar. On either side of the white babirussa's grim jowls were ten-inch tusks whetted to a razor-like edge and coming to a point keen as that of a rapier. Driven by the tough muscles of the great pig's neck and shoulders they could make wounds as ghastly as those inflicted by the curved Rukri knives of the Ghurkas or the wavy-edged serpent kreeses of Malay fighters. Moreover, against the mad rage of the striped killer the wild-boar interposed a cold fury quite as dangerous.

Ten feet away from where the babirussa stood balanced like a boxer, the great cat hurled himself through the air. There are few animals indeed who can avoid the spring of a charging tiger. The babirussa is one of those few. Even as the long, lithe body hung above him, a flaming orange in the white moonlight and the sickled paws were drawn back to deliver the terrible raking stroke on which a tiger depends, the babirussa darted forward and to one side and threw up his head. Instantly the yellow-lake of the tiger's skin below the ribs was dappled with crimson. Snarling terribly the striped killer struck a blow which if it had landed squarely would have ripped the life out of even the steel-strong body of the babirussa. Once again the latter's speed saved him. Pivoting on all four feet he swung away from the stroke and although the curved claws tore bloody furrows in his white skin they inflicted no disabling wound.

Then began a battle great and grim. Again the tiger sprang from close at hand and that time managed to alight upon the boar's sloping body intending, to sink his fangs deep into the other's throat and at the same time break his neck by pulling back the great pig's head. Such tactics succeed with a buffalo, but the tiger only tried it once with the babirussa. The wild-pig's neck was so short and thick that it was impossible to obtain a grip upon it and although the tiger's claws ripped deep into the pig's flesh he was not able to maintain his hold on the sloping, slippery, pivoting body. As he slipped off the babirussa came within an inch of winning the battle then and there. With a high-pitched squeal of rage the white pig tore himself loose from the tiger's grip and countered with a double slash of his dagger-like tusks which ripped deep into the great cat's

[*Continued on page 163*]

The *Best* Letter I *Ever* Read

Our own readers supplied these treasured letters from their personal correspondence. These are real letters, inspired by love and friendship, pain and pleasure, and all the human motives that move people to expression

A FEW months ago EVERYBODY'S Magazine offered prizes for "The Best Letter I Ever Read." From the hundreds of offerings received it was difficult to select the prize-winners because there were so many of about equal merit. A selection of some of the most interesting ones here accompanies the prize-winners. So many of the letters were of an intimate, personal nature that names, addresses, and other means of identification were eliminated before publication.

A SINGULAR presentiment prompted this letter from an American soldier who wrote to his wife from the Argonne just before the action in which he lost his life. The letter was awarded the first prize.

"My Dear:

We have our orders to attack at midnight tonight and somehow I have a feeling, the queerest, surest little hunch, that when I go over the top this time it will be to meet the shell that bears my name! Always before I have shook with a fear that was larger than I; but this time I am not afraid; I am just convinced it will be so. And, in this half hour left to me, under the cold white silence of the scornful stars, I want to try to tell you, dearest of dears, how much I love you and what your love has meant to me.

"All my life I've been right happy and contented; not because I was rich in money, or famous in the eyes of men. Rather, mine has been the philosophy of the little boy who cried—'The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings!'

"Always I have loved people and things—the taste and the color of life. And the perfection of happiness, the most that could come to any mortal man, was mine in the glory that we called our love. It was perfect, wasn't it? Those first sweet months together that so slowly and yet so quickly became years. There were only five of them, the years I mean, but they've been a precious rosary to me. And the times I've counted that rosary over, here in these vile trenches, or back behind the lines in a poor muddy little village! All about me there is the carnage of hate that men call war, but within my heart there has been this blessed peace, because I've had these dear memories of you.

"I have a picture or two of you, scattered around through my few belongings. I hardly ever look at them. When I want to see you, I shut my eyes and there you are, darling, as I saw you that last awful morning, with your sweet, sweet smile, and your dear eyes, misty, but bravely fighting back the tears.

"You were always such a darling little sport, honey; so brave and sweet in our poverty. Then when things turned better for us, you were just as fine a wife. Always and without exception you were just what I wanted you to be, the personification of all my vague ideals and dreams. They said when we married, all the old wiseacres, shaking their old heads pessimistically, we were too young—and alas, too poor—to marry. I am glad we dared to disobey and sought our happiness and found it in Eden.

"Our love was so splendid; it was as though all the things that had meant so much to me before you came were lumped together in one group; all the little things that had been the big things of my life before were there on the one side, and, on the other side, there was just—you!

"My half hour is about up and the thoughts crowd together, honey. What can I say except good-by, and I won't say that. There are a thousand, thousand little things that I should say, perhaps; but Bob Miller at the bank will look after things for you, and I am glad there will be money enough, my darling, to take care of you always. And be kind—as though you were ever anything else—to those poor Duttons —both the boys killed at the same time, it is a pity! There are ever so many little Duttons, too, I think, between the one and the other—Charles left four and George William three, I think. But one must close—even most reluctantly—and there is a stir—faint and far away—but we're getting ready.

"Thank you, dear, for your love. It made me so happy always. And there must be a God somewhere in this queer disordered mass of things. It's to Him I commit the care of you, my darling little wife, for the rest of your days. And, no matter how late the day, no matter what may come between, on that Dim Shore I'll be waiting, with outstretched arms, for you."

A FEW years after the following letter was written, the man who received it committed suicide in a hotel room in a city far distant from his former home. The letter was the only means of identification found on him. His former wife, the writer of the letter, received the body and gave it proper burial. The letter was awarded second prize.

"DEAR JIM:

Your letter received this morning and, like a blow, it stunned me. Over and over I have read it—unable, unwilling, to believe this thing of you. It came as the children were going out to school, and it was almost time for them to return before I could get my wits together and think what, for the children's sake, was best for me to do. And then, because I must, because it brought me to my knees, I prayed. With the door locked I prayed in that room that has been ours for fourteen years, by that bed where our five children were born. I prayed, and, somehow, courage was given to me, and composure to meet the children on their return from school; and somehow, too, I have just gone through the pretense of eating luncheon with them and answering their perplexing questions.

"I know, Jim, that it would be useless for me to strive at this late day to reason with you, for, as you say, you have 'threshed it all out and there is no other way,' and, of course, I realize that in order for you to marry this girl that has bewitched you, you must first get rid of me.

"I shall make it as easy for you as the law will permit, and, as you request, I shall see lawyer B—— tomorrow and have him start divorce proceedings against you on the grounds of desertion. It is frightful—shameful! I shall in some way go through with it, for, no doubt, my standing between you and this—this woman has made you hate me.

"Perhaps I am somewhat to blame. I *have* given much of my time and strength to what you call 'unimportant things,' and I know that since you have made money you have urged me to dress better and to keep more help, but somehow, during our long, lean years before the war I had become accustomed to doing things for you and the children, and I have been quite satisfied to keep on doing them—but let that pass.

"This may be the last letter that you'll have from me, for I have no wish to trouble you. You have provided generously for me and for the children's future, and, as you and I go down the years upon our new and separate paths, I want you to know and to remember that even this thing that you have forced upon me cannot shatter the love for you that is in my heart.

"We are no longer young, Jim, you are forty-seven, and next May I'll be forty-two, but, for all of your years, you are still a boy to me—a sort of older brother to our sons, and I shall always see you—not as the rich and rakish middle-aged man that your new wife and new friends shall see—I shall see you as you were at heart, as even now you wish to be, and as only I knew you before prosperity turned your head, and before you swapped your family for a little painted girl, young enough to be your daughter. But I forgive you, for I know well that inside of our heads we all carry a lot of the animal, a lot of the child, and that, sometimes, one or the other of these controls us.

"I shall always speak kindly of you to the children, and later, after things are settled, I shall tell them that you have gone away on business, but, of course, eventually, I shall have to tell them the truth. Tonight, and every night, while I hear their prayers, they will ask God to bless Daddy.

"That is all I can think to say, Jim, except that, divorce or no divorce, you are still my husband and the father of my children, and I love you. Your own, ELLA."

TWENTY years ago a rejected suitor received this note from a young woman whose subsequent history is unknown to us. The situation is so uncommon and the letter so genuine that it was awarded third prize.

"MY DEAR GEORGE:

There is so much I must tell you in so few words, and words themselves are such obtuse things that they are jostling foolishly in my mind and taunting me with their inadequacy! Besides I am most helpless of all because I know that the thing I must tell you will take from your heart for a while some of its debonair gayety and leave you troubled and hurt.

"I wish you had not spoken last night, George! It was stupid of me not to have seen before that you loved me. We had been friends so long and the companionship seemed so thoroughly complete to me that I had intended to carry the memory of it on into the future where you could not follow me. In my prayers for you it was to have been kept real and lasting. And it will be, George, and with added fervor now because through our friendship I will have caused you to suffer!

"It's only this—I leave next month to join the religious order of the Sisters of Charity.

"I can only state bluntly the bare fact because that is all you will comprehend. Your religion is different from mine and your nature also is different.

"You know the light-hearted joyousness of the world; I know the light-hearted joyousness of the spirit that goes deeper and grows with detachment from the things upon which your joyousness depends. Perhaps we are like far-separated little worlds—passing, touching for a time and going on, rarely, if ever, understood. And the things that build up life in one world may tear it down in another. The things that seem like renunciation to one may be the price paid for greater values by another. It is not that I love less the things that you love; it is only that I love the things that I love *more!*

"The sacrifice of certain pleasures can sometimes give greater joy than those pleasures themselves, when they are renounced for love. It is not that your love seems cheap in my eyes; it is that God's love seems priceless. It is not that the dear earthly pleasures that you offered me are without value; it is simply that they are of such great value that I find them worthy to place as a burnt-offering at the feet of God.

"When you hear our friends say that I have wasted my beauty, frail as it is, or my life, short as it is, try to smile a little with me, George! Try to realize that to a few of us is given the gift to see more plainly the reality of eternity, and to love God not because our reason tells us there *is* one, but because our hearts have felt His presence!

"I am returning your books. The last one you lent me—Walter Pater's Translation of the Priceless Letters—I most thoroughly enjoyed. Thank you again for it.

"I prefer that you will not try to see me again. It is painful to say good-by. Did not some one once say that it was like dying a little?

"May the best that you ask of life be given you, and may you give to it the best that is in you!

"That, dear George, is the prayer of your lasting friend.

"MARGIE."

THE STENOG'S FAREWELL

DEAR MR. BOSS:
I'm sorry—but this is to say
That I resign and won't be back;
For I have left the marts of toil
To wash-da-dish and sweep-da-shack.

Down all the ages girls have wed
And many a boss was left to rave;
Stonehatchet's fair stenog, no doubt,
Dreamed of a cozy little cave.

And Mr. Pharaoh doubtless found
That round in June, or maybe May,
His best stenog would like enough
Powder her nose—and go her way.

It matters not how good the job,
How kind the boss (I had a Prince!)
For some one wrote the Wedding March—
And girls have marched it ever since.

So Mr. Perkins, pretty please,
Don't be too cross with little me;
But wish me godspeed on my trip
On Matrimony's stormy sea!

—YOUR SORRY-TO-LEAVE-YOU STENOG.

ANY one who has been through the exasperating experience graphically pictured in the following letter will appreciate the outraged feelings that prompted the writer of it to point his pen with sarcasm.

"GENTLEMEN:

Referring to my repeated insults that you come out and give my gas meter the once over.

"When a householder's gas bill amounts one month to $1.43 and jumps to $3.40 the month following, despite the fact that in the interim his wife has been at the seacoast and himself boarded elsewhere, it strikes him as odd. It strikes him in the solar plexus besides. His intelligence refuses to accept this phenomenon as strictly according to Hoyle. His good old Scotch ancestry, which make a virtue of thrift, entitles him to a holler.

"Gentlemen, there is a leak in my gas meter, which, in turn, by the law of sympathetic reflection, causes a leak in my exchequer. Now I am the very last person to deny that approximately $3.40 worth of stinking gas may have gone to Hades through this meter during the month of July. But it did not all go up in smoke, for a goodly two-thirds (conservative estimate) escaped to asphyxiate hibernating bedbugs and peregrinating cockroaches between the sheeting walls of my domicile.

"With your permission, gentlemen, when I need a roach destroyer, I will continue to employ the good old reliable insect powders, so long manufactured for 3½ cents per pound and dispensed over the counters for 75 cents per ounce to those needing a germicide.

"No, gentlemen, I am equable-minded, and I feel no horror at the spectacle of the profits of the Gas Company. I only experience a horror when a percentage of these profits is gouged from me unfairly. Yes, sirs, unfairly! You are forcing me to pay for gas which I don't use.

"Unfortunately, I am not mechanically enough inclined to expertly diagnose the diabolical mechanism inside your ding-foozled machines and discover what makes the hands sneak around the dial when the stove is cold and the wife is contemplating cold-slaw, cracked crab's claws, and whale steaks at the beach, one hundred miles away. But the gods have given me a vocabulary and the grace to use it, and I can (and hereby DO) voice my resentment against your persistent, unreasonable, and even criminal indifference to this spendthrift meter and to your immoral greed for revenues in gas.

"Gentlemen, this is the fourth time I have called your attention to this vital matter. Believe me when I say that your meter has a chronic dose of jazz. A less refined eye than mine might observe in it a predilection toward jazz. And jazz, I need not inform you, according to the latest revised terpsichorean code, is contrary to morals and ethics.

"My God! Sirs, Christmas is approaching and do you persist in your cruel practice of robbing me openhanded as hithertofore, I can perceive that my little daughter will get nothing in her stocking from Santa except gas receipts and holes.

"Please, therefore, kindly send out your Second Vice President and have him take a shamed look at a diseased and immoral meter.

"RESPECTFULLY AND INDIGNANTLY YOURS."

Wild Life in a Backyard

THE letter that follows was written to a hospital patient by a woman friend and neighbor. In an intimate, chatty way, the writer manages to introduce a friendly atmosphere of good cheer without once mentioning anything serious or disturbing.

"DEAR OLD GIRL:

Your new address is, I understand, On the Road to Recovery. May you reach that destination quickly, for we miss you greatly. No one to tell our worries to, no one to give us sympathy. One thing, dear old Gladys Gwendolyn Montmorency Blood, you never did dish out advice when there was one order for sympathy. When we are hurt we want to be soothed, not bitten, but what's t'matter wit' every one nowadays? They never feel so much like giving you a push as when you're down and want a boost. Oh, if the world knew the value of a morning smile! You know how a smile will buoy one up like a tonic . . . and a frown or a cold nod send one down to the place that is a synonym for heat, and very popular with those who preach and those who are preached at.

"Cameo, Davey, Julie and the kiddies are all happy. They have acquired two puppies which look full grown now. Goodness knows what they will look like when they reach man's estate . . . probably a wolf. They have eaten everything, including Julie's straw hat. Perhaps they thought it was some kind of breakfast food, who knows! Davey, as usual, pretends that she is going to annihilate the whole bunch of pets . . . and then she kisses them all and plans a Christmas tree for them!

"Your redbirds come around every day. You suspected, of course, that I was a bit jealous of your neighbor and Joey? . . . well, not now. I coax your birds over in my yard with Southern-cooked rice, birdseed and delicious bread. You should see the drinking fountain I made of an old tin cover. A blackbird mistook it for a bathtub, flew up on the line, where he wiped himself, his feet rather, on a clean sheet, picked himself instead of his company, and had a fine time.

"Mr. Redbird will not associate with the sparrows. He stays up in the tree until they have gone. It was very funny to see him, one day, after the sparrows had gone, enjoying his kingly possession of the backyard. Then came Mrs. Redbird, fat as butter. As she squatted down to eat up everything in sight, a band of sparrows swooped down, whereat Mr. Redbird withdrew to the privacy of the tree. Did Mrs. Redbird leave? I'll tell the world she did not. The sparrows edged nearer and nearer and Mrs. Redbird pecked once at a sparrow and three times at the seed and crumbs. She never stopped working, never gave up her territory, and I believe every one of that little band of sparrows got a peck from her . . . and do you know that she held on, *concentrated*, and edged and edged until the sparrows took flight. And where was her dear husband all this time? Exclusive old bird, still up the tree, but when she had cleared the way, he came down and helped clear up the remainder of the good things that had been left for the birds.

"One afternoon last week, bread was out, and birdies had nothing, so I made some griddle cakes. You should have seen them inspect the results of my art. Warily they approached, cocked one eye on the cakes, twittered back

and forth, waiting for some other little bird to-sample 'em. Finally one did, and of course the rest followed. I was deeply grateful to that pioneer bird for his confidence, but I do not believe griddle cakes are very popular with my birds—*my* birds—until *you* come into your own.

"Little Joey climbs all over the screen door of your neighbor, and of course I wouldn't make trouble for the world or break up friendships . . . but she is trying to entice him into her house! You understand this is told you with the best motive in the world . . . you should know what's going on while you're away! You understand, too, that I'm not jealous and that it is in no wicked spirit that I tell you.

POLLY SYLLABUS."

BACK in 1856 a young Irish immigrant wrote this description of his overland journey to what was then a wild frontier settlement in Minnesota. The letter is still treasured by his descendants.

"DEAR FATHER:

I take my pen in hand to let you know that I am now six feet tall in my stockings. The girls have written, of course, about our being six weeks in crossing—six weeks on the Old *Tuscarora;* no land in sight, the storms we encountered after landing, our trip across the mountains in Pennsylvania on foot and our adventures in woods—with bear, deer, wild turkeys, and even wildcats. I learned to name nearly all the trees, also to be a good shot. We visited in Hundington—Shirleysburg, Black Log Valley—later Pittsburgh—and La Salle. The Illinois Central was just laid. After two years we came out to Minnesota. Our wagon was sixteen feet long—made of eighteen-inch boards, canvas top over bows. This was lined with fine cloth to keep out rain.

"Slam and Bang were young oxen on the beam. Two milch cows dried up, as the journey was too hard for them. We had to buy what little milk we got. Two big oxen, Tom and Jerry, were in lead.

"On back of the wagon Bigham had a crate of thirteen chickens—also a crate of turkeys, two gobblers and two hens. We carried a stove, table, six chairs, and two beds. These had to be set out at night to make room for the beds—and Mary baked bread three times by the roadside in the two weeks we were coming out.

"We passed through Galena, Illinois, and Keokuk, Iowa; crossing Turkey River on a ferry. The thirsty cattle lunged to one side and nearly upset the old raft. Finally we reached Posselum, or Kellog, as it was later named. Here we encountered the Zumbro River—a treacherous stream. It froze over the night we came—and next day broke up into floating slush and ice.

"John sent the women over in a skiff—put me on Jerry's back and undertook to drive through. My ox went crazy; was determined to turn around in the middle of the stream—so Bigham had to jump out into the river up to his waist, barely keeping the wagon from tipping. Just as we got to the opposite bank the chain broke. What with the quick sand bottom, the ice, and stubborn cattle, we had a terrible time. We made a wooden toggle and barely got out before the quicksand swallowed us up. Wet and half frozen, Bigham walked until his icy clothes dried.

"It was nearly night when we reached Christy's Cabin, four miles from Lake City. The log structure was not finished—but we were half frozen—hungry—tired and a little homesick—most any shelter looked good to us.

"This was the twentieth of December. On the 22nd, thirteen inches of snow fell—added to frequently until the fourteenth of March, with no thaw. Then came a thin crust, through which the deer broke as they traveled. It caused them such difficulty in getting food that many perished.

"Next spring we planted corn, fourteen acres of potatoes, and some wheat. Gophers got our corn, so Bigham sowed seven bushels of buckwheat—got a fine crop. One Sunday morning the noise of prairie hens tempted me to get out the old Harper's Ferry musket, come down from the Revolution. Many's the time it's kicked me black and blue. As I crawled along, somehow the old flint-lock went off and I got the whole charge of buckshot in my hand. I knew I shouldn't be breaking the Sabbath, so was satisfied to go home and not repeat the deal.

"Many's the morning I could be traced from my bed to the ladder, over the attic floor, in snow which sifted in as the northwesters howled over that bleak prairie. My feet were chilled and frosted most of the time in cowhide boots. Good place to toughen boys, this Minnesota.

"Indians are plenty. Braves ride ponies, squaws carry the loads, drag a loaded pony along by a rope, poles fastened across the pony's back—and poles dragging other crossed poles—carrying everything from pots and pans to papooses.

"People have moved in around us. You see it's three years since I left home, just twelve years old. You'd hardly know me now, the way I handle the breaking plow and flale out wheat. I can beat them easy with the cradle.

"There's a family of Conants here. They've got a fine rosy cheeked girl. She's the new schoolma'am. She boards at home and they say she gets the whole thirteen dollars a month salary.

"Mary, John, and the babies are well. I like it here fine but it's a good ways to Moren Shore, Moren Mountain, and the Isle of Man, across the Channel.

"Nancy worked a while for a woman in Germany Valley, Pennsylvania, who kept a great shiny globe on her sitting-room shelf. One day before Thanksgiving she sent Nancy to get the yellow thing to make pies. They call it a pumkin.

"I'm going to keep my promise to my dying mother, to grow up a good man and meet her in Heaven. YOUR LOVING SON."

Shocked by Synthetic Triplets

EVERY one knows the proud father who acts as if he were the world's first parent. This letter from a woman relation of such a father describes a practical joke such as only could have been perpetrated on a pathetically vulnerable victim.

"DEAR DOROTHY:

Well, the Ramsey's baby arrived—a little girl. George wanted a boy, to perpetuate his name, he said, but he is apparently contented. I must tell you of the joke we played on him.

"You know, of course, that the Ramseys have been married over twenty years. Violet has always loved and wanted babies. Although she has never said so, I have always had a sneaking idea that George felt the same way and has been a regular dog in the manger about other people's children. He certainly has said the meanest things about every one of us who happened to have over two children, and when Gracie had the twins he surely did some knocking; said the lower forms of life propagated so much faster than the higher; mentioned the large families of all the poor people (poor ignorant, he said) he knows, asked us if we ever heard of an educated woman having triplets.

"When Alice Roosevelt decided to have a family, he sneered about that, said statistics had proven that the children of older parents were invariably weaklings and professed to be amazed at 'Nick.' So when we heard the stork was to fly his way after almost twenty-five years of married life, we made up our minds to pay him back if we could. We hoped every one of us that stork would leave at least a pair of twins.

"Why that man went the limit! No newlywed, no matter how silly and young he might be, ever brought home such truck as he did, and everything suitable for a boy. He very nearly bought a bicycle he happened to see. Vi told me in confidence he planned to have his son born in the old family home. We tried to keep Vi here in Buffalo because of the hospitals and nurses, but she did as George wanted her to.

"They were so sure it would be a boy, that they bought only one pink baby blanket, but Geo. said if it did happen to be a girl, she should have a sensible name like Faith (his grandmother's name), no silly, romantic names like Violet and Gracia for his daughter.

"Well, Gracia and a nurse from Dr. Mack's sanatorium went with them, and things turned out very well. They kept Geo. away, so he didn't interfere much. When the baby came, Gracia wrapped it in the *pink* blanket and brought her out to her father and she said, 'Salute your daughter Faith.' George was thunderstruck but said nothing except to look at the baby curiously. It started to cry, so she took it away, then she wrapped it in a blue blanket and brought it back, saying, 'Now kiss your daughter Hope.' She said poor George looked so stunned her nerve almost failed her but she managed to bring it back once more in a big white blanket, saying, 'and this is your daughter Charity.' 'Good God!' said George, 'are there any more?' 'No,' replied Grace. 'You've seen them all.' 'Well,' said Geo., 'this seems to be the smallest of the lot' (the big shawl did that). 'Yes,' Gracia said, 'that's why I called her Charity.' Well, to cut the story short, although I haven't half told it, after the first shock was over, that man began strutting about like a mother hen. He was tickled pink over his daughters and began sending telegrams to every one 'Three bouncing gals, can you beat it?' Gracia had to send him in to Violet to have it straightened out and she says he was wild and hasn't spoken to her since! Well, he knows how it feels to be the father of triplets, anyway. With love, ROSE.

"P.S.—They called the baby Pansy because her eyes are purple. Geo. says 'did you ever?' "

A RELUCTANT renunciation based on one of those painful decisions such as all of us have to face at one time or another is reflected in these heart-felt words from a woman to a man whom she evidently respects, admires, and loves—but cannot marry.

"MY DEAREST:

It is a night of cold, dazzling beauty. In the radiance of the street lamps, snow gleams and sparkles like heaped-up jewels of priceless worth. Above, the stars twinkle, gold against the purple velvet of night. The earth is so cold and frozen. One wonders if soft south winds will ever come again to caress the beauty of blossoming trees. If birds will trill love notes to listening mates—if a benign moon will smile once more on young lovers drifting down a limpid stream.

"Life itself, David, is much like the seasons. There are times of joyful happiness, times of bleak and barren emptiness when we must hold tight and remember that all things pass.

"And now before I say any more, dearest, hold fast to the thought that I love you; love you with pride because I respect and admire you; love you with something of the maternal, for I would shield you from all evil; love you fiercely with a prayer on my lips that you reach the very peak of successful manhood. Now you'll understand why I'm saying good-bye.

"You're not the sort of man who turns his back on duty—if you were, I shouldn't love you. I'm not a woman who finds despising herself a pleasant emotion. David, I know your marriage to have been a very youthful and impulsive one with keen disapointments—even so I cannot feel that those circumstances absolve you from duty.

"Geraldine has not yet learned the lessons of Life, dear. Who, given the choice of a ride on upholstered cushions to the top of a hill, would willingly choose to go on foot, trudging over sharp stones, fighting the cutting sleet, the stinging rains? Circumstances forced me to trudge, David, and I learned so many things from the other toiling wayfarers. My heart learned compassion for humanity's frailties. We are, each and every one of us, poor victims of a process we do not understand. So be gentle with Geraldine and your reward will come, darling.

"I'm going to miss you, for we have so many things in common; our love for children, books, and the open road. I loved our long walks, our talks before the open fire, your songs. But I suppose all gallant hearts must wear their scars and they'll be shielding beautiful, cherished memories. When the gray moments do come, I'll close my eyes and picture you striding by my side. The dear, whimsical smile will be playing about your lips, you'll look down on me with that amused, tender look of old and you'll remove the little old briar pipe and once again I'll hear you drawl:

"'Well, Lady, you do get queer slants on things but I've found that Time most always proves you right.'

"Until the 'walls of my heart crumble and molder in dust away' I shall treasure our friendship and that God will keep you and bless you is the wish of your pal. ALICE."

ONE can picture the state of mind of the weary correspondent who despaired of the red tape involved in making an adjustment with the railroad claims department and took his pen in hand to unburden his troubled mind.

"DEAR SIR:

"Received your esteemed favor of the 10th inst. in re unused ticket No. 7,027, faced ½ purchased, Toledo, Ohio, destination Canton, Ohio, and returned to you for refund on the 12th ult. in which you desire information as to why ticket was not used for transportation.

"On July 14th, 1920, my wife, Mrs. Charles E. Thompson (née Maria T. Printy), expressed a desire to visit one of her sisters who married a man named DeBord, engaged in the general contracting and building business in Canton, Ohio, and doing extraordinarily well for a man so young.

"On the morning of July 18 the bell of one of the telephones in my office rang and 'My master's voice' came over the wire. She demanded that I purchase two one-half fare tickets and one full fare ticket to Canton, Ohio. I rushed to the Pennsylvania Station and bought two one-half fare tickets and one full fare ticket to Canton, Ohio.

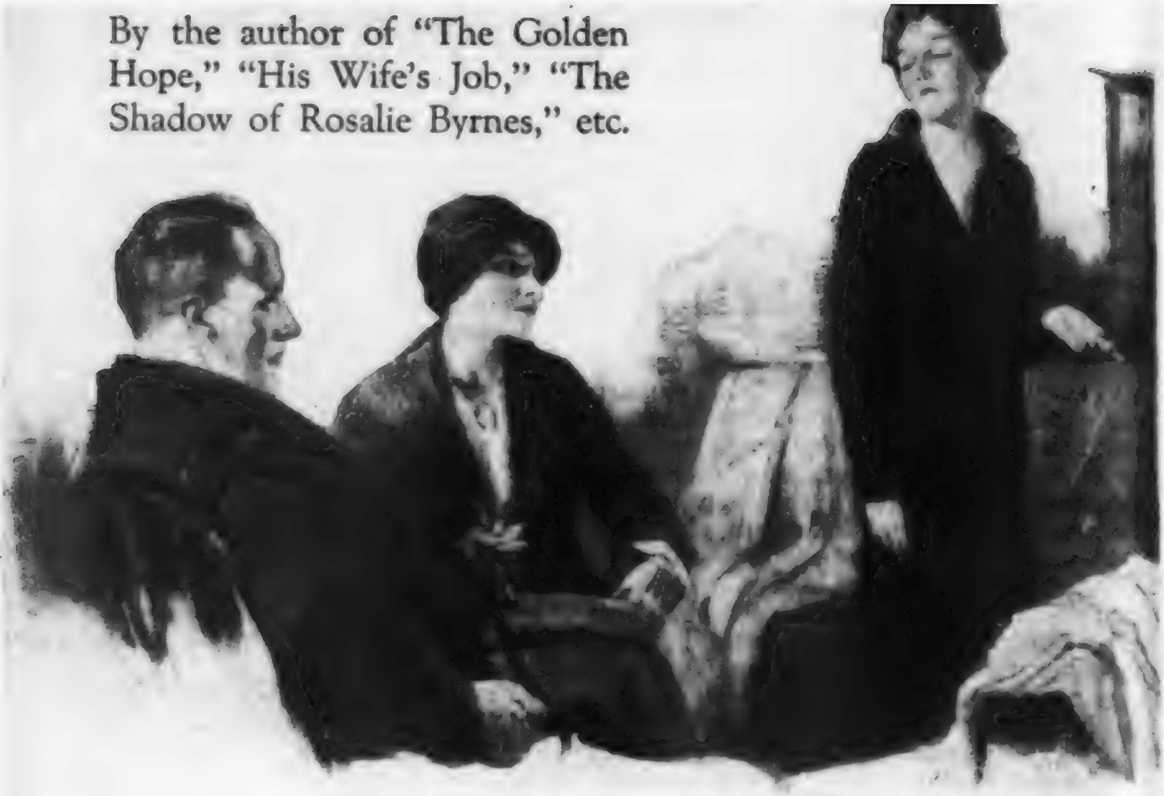
"On the morning of July 19 my wife, after having spent a sleepless night, revolving in her mind a twelve-month accumulation of news she had to tell her sister, ultimately succeeded in keeping our youngest child's face clean long enough to slip into a traveling suit—bought for the trip, price $135; very chic. You know how it is—'Couldn't travel without new clothes—nothing to wear'—all that sort of thing. But she did not keep a close watch on our eldest child, who, while Mrs. T—— was draping the suit, had clambered into a porch swing and skidded off same on face.

"A decision was rendered that the trip to Canton would be made without him, owing to the number of splinters that had parked in his face and the disreputable looking condition of his wearing apparel. Inasmuch as that ticket of your issue, No. 7,027, etc., was bought to insure his passage to Canton, and was not used by him for the reasons stated above, same was returned to you for refund.

"Trusting that the information herein contained will assist you in making an adjustment, I am,

"VERY TRULY YOURS."

By the author of "The Golden Hope," "His Wife's Job," "The Shadow of Rosalie Byrnes," etc.



A stream of lovely things flowed in and out of the room. Kyra wanted to say

Illustrated by
Stockton Mulford

A Princess

An exiled Russian beauty

PART TWO

"TO THE Princess Kyra and her golden American!" Captain Austen and old Colonel Sanikin sprang to their feet with raised glasses as Count Nicholas proposed the toast. Kyra looked with a tremulous smile at her cousin, Princess Julie. Kyra was American born, but her half-Russian father had come to the embassy in St. Petersburg where he was killed, fighting under Wrangel. Then Kyra had gone to live with Julie in the Kamnieff place outside Petrograd until the family fortunes were reversed and the two girls, together with Julie's husband, Ivan, fled to Constantinople. There Kyra found work as cigaret girl in the *Red Sarafan*, while Julie, despite her husband's wishes, acted as hostess in the cabaret, indiscriminating in her choice of companions. Such were the unkind fortunes of the Kamnieff family when a letter from Remy Sazonoff, one of Julie's former admirers, offered hope of relief. From the letter they learned that Remy, who wished nothing more than the cozy existence of a barnacle, had been having tea in a London hotel when he saw a young American millionaire, Michael Corcoran, deeply engrossed in a magazine article dealing with the misfortunes of the Princess Julie. Through some error, Kyra's photograph had been substituted for that of her royal cousin, but of this Remy said nothing to the American. Was it possible, Corcoran asked, infatuated with the photograph, that one so beautiful, and of royal blood, should be forced

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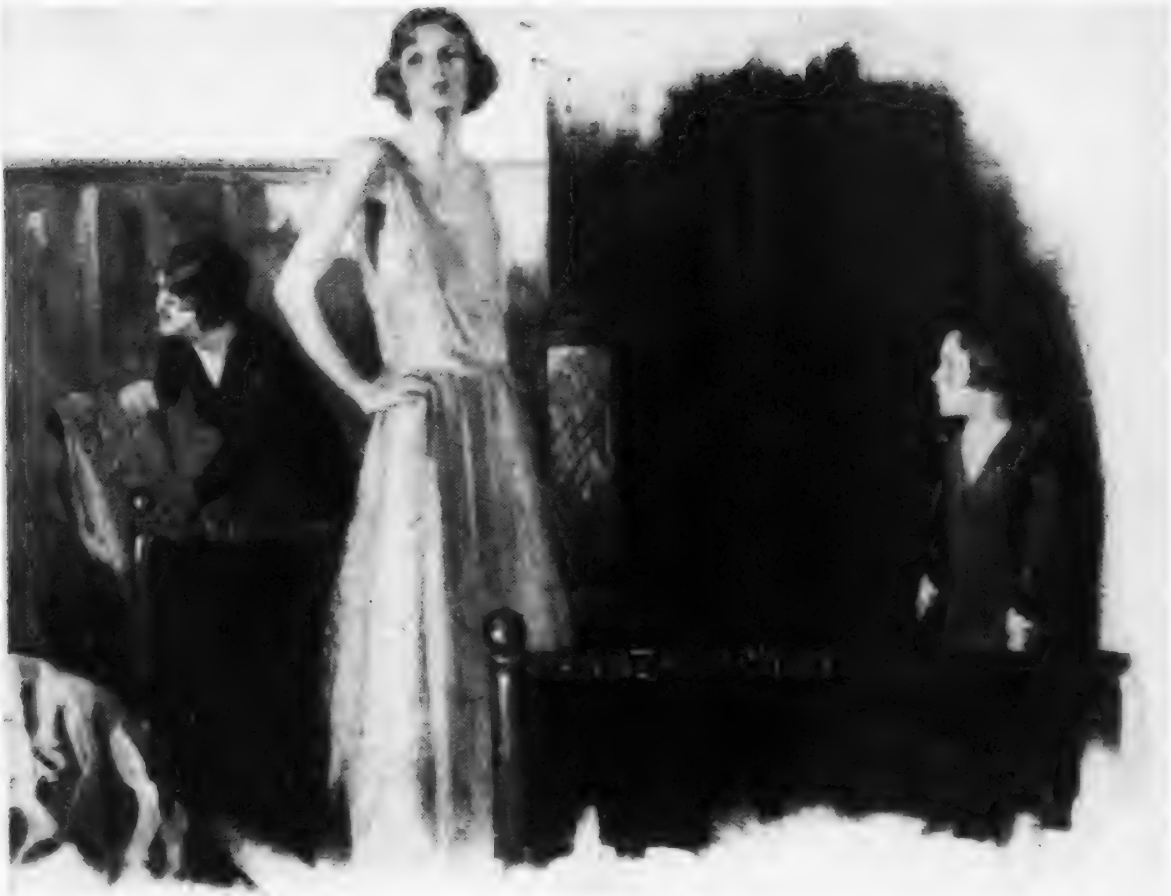


she did not like them. But this was expecting too much of human stoicism.

in Distress

By Grace Sartwell Mason

becomes a magnet for romance

to sell cigarets in a Turkish cabaret? It was. The American was deeply touched; he would like to succor such a one—and Remy was sure that he could arrange a meeting. But Julie was married, and the American had not fallen in love with her, anyway. Therefore, Kyra must masquerade as her royal cousin and go to London. She hesitated, for it was a distasteful business, but she must save Julie from the sordid fate that would be hers in the *Red Sarafan.* For her she would do anything. She promises to go.

This month's instalment

OUT of a clear saffron evening the coast of England slowly drew nearer. Leaning on the rail Kyra watched it with a hungry eagerness. At the first dim outline on the horizon there had stirred within her an intense emotion, astonishing to her in its warmth.

She had wept bitterly at leaving Julie and Ivan, Stepan Alexis and the others, whom she had so long regarded as all she had in the world and very near to her. But this coast that was drawing nearer to her was her country. All her Anglo-Saxon blood stirred warmly. How many dreams she had had of coming back to this, her blood heritage, but how far from her expectations was this first visit. A shiver of nervousness ran through her slender body under the worn furs.

"I'm a fool to mind," she told herself firmly. "I'm coming as a beggar and like a beggar I should look. Keep your mind on one thing, Kyra, you are not to please yourself but to get help for Julie. It is all the better—as Count Boursky says—to look ragged."

Her lips curled, but she could not train a sorrowful glance at her feet. One of the things about poverty that annoyed her intensely was having to wear coarse shoes that did not fit that slender, high-arched foot. She was frankly vain about her feet.

As she went down the gangplank clutching her bag and looking about for Remy Sazonoff, she suffered a momentary conviction that she could never carry through what she had come to do. She was too ill and weary and alone. The long journey, the last weeks in Constantinople when she waited for the Englishman and Count Boursky to secure a passport—and her fear that Saidan would hear of her venture and somehow manage to stop her—all these difficulties had been a strain that she felt now when she was about to step onto English soil.

She wavered to a pause and winked back the mist that had come over her eyes. Julie had described Remy Sazonoff for her; slender, of medium height, with bright dark eyes. He would be very á la mode in every detail, no matter what his circumstances, Julie had declared, and he would be looking here and there, very quickly and smilingly, for most things to Remy Sazonoff were amusing.

After a rather nervous moment her heart gave a leap, for a sprightly voice behind her spoke her name.

She turned and looked up at a youngish man in an English greatcoat which failed to hide the fact that he was a Russian who had spent most of his life on the Paris boulevards. He bent over her, gave a smart bow from the waist, motioned to a porter to take her bag, and all the time his smiling dark eyes were taking her in.

"My dear compatriot, how jolly to have you here. You see, I am very English in my adjectives? I hope you are not exhausted from the journey. In the train it will be warmer and we shall have tea."

With a good deal of amiable chatter in French and English about her journey and about friends she had left in Constantinople, he led the way to the train and into a first-class carriage. The guard stationed himself outside the door and firmly deflected away from it the clamoring horde.

"How wonderful," she murmured. "You must possess some magic, Monsieur Remy, to secure a carriage like this to yourself."

"It isn't my magic, but our American's. Magic is Mr. Michael Corcoran's specialty. He waves a golden wand and—"

The porter appeared at the door laden with a large hamper, rugs, and a cushion.

"You see?" Remy Sazonoff showed his white teeth merrily. "The golden wand at work. Porter, a table and some boiling water. We'll have tea at once."

As Sazonoff placed the cushion at her back and the rug over her knees for the spring evening was chilly, she told herself perversely that with a name like Michael Corcoran the American was probably masterful and ostentatious. A robust man with a thick waist and heavy hands. But she admitted, as the tea hamper was unpacked, that he waved his golden wand not unskilfully.

She glanced from the bright table to the English fields, giving themselves up so peacefully to the soft twilight. And when her glance came back, she caught Sazonoff's eyes being withdrawn from her face, with an air of approval and relief.

She looked across the table at him smilingly. "You were afraid I wasn't going to do."

"Do?"

"Don't pretend. You know what I mean—that I wasn't going to—to give satisfaction. Well, do you think I shall?"

Her eyes were full of mockery and she saw his respond to it sparkingly. She knew now that he had been afraid she wasn't going to be clever enough—she must have looked forlorn standing there at the gangplank. But she would show them all she was clever enough for anything. She had learned a good deal from Julie.

"You will do," he nodded, "if you follow my advice."

"And that is?"

"Very simple. Be your charming self, and—study our man."

THE color deepened in her face. "Our" man. They were linked already in this ambiguous business, she and Remy Sazonoff. "What sort of person is he, this Mr. Michael Corcoran? Tell me, first of all, exactly what—" she hesitated, looking out of the window at the gathering darkness—"what does he expect of me?"

Sazonoff helped himself to fruit. A certain vagueness had come into his smile, as if he felt his way. "First of all, he expects a princess, as you may have guessed from all this—" his gesture took in the bright table.

"Ah, me! And will nothing less do him?"

"Absolutely nothing less. He is an extraordinary man, that Corcoran. He had no sense of class apparently, but he is extremely sensitive to a title. Ah, don't frown. We in our way are snobs, too, perhaps. Me, the common people depress beyond words! But this snobbery of our American isn't quite so simple as the usual kind. For instance, I offered him a little duchess who is in the most dire want and only just around the corner. But, no, only a princess would satisfy him."

"I think you are trying to be droll," she sighed.

"No, no, I am merely trying to make it clear to you that for some freak of sentiment or ambition our American has an obsession about princesses. He wishes to know a princess, nothing else will do him."

"Then it was not my picture—"

"Ah, but it was, I assure you. It was the combination of the two—the title and your beauty. Added to that the pathos of your situation—you see?"

"I see that Mr. Michael Corcoran is extremely sentimental. The rest, I suppose I shall soon find out for myself."

Remy Sazonoff rose hastily, with an air of ill-concealed relief at this end of her questioning. He rang for the porter to pack up the tea-things and suggested that with her permission he would withdraw for a cigaret and allow her to rest a bit.

"Please let us understand each other first," she insisted. "There is only one thing I want from this friend of yours; money enough to establish Julie safely in Paris. For myself I can work. There must be something I can do in London—"

"I would know you are an American," he smiled. "Work. It is not a charming word in my ears."

"But I am in earnest. Please believe me."

"Of course you are." His tone was playful but his eyes were not. After a moment's pause he added lightly. "Whatever your own independence I think you must remember that the Princess Julie has not the same ideas. She requires a great deal like a lovely orchid that must have its proper setting."

"I know," she sighed.

"And, if you will permit me to be vulgarly practical, also remember that our estimable Corcoran could buy half the orchids in the world and scarcely pinch his pocket."

"I will keep it in mind," she said dryly.

She leaned back in the corner of the carriage and stared out at the first stars that were beginning to prick through the dusk. Would life again be straightforward, normal, and clean? She closed her eyes and with a sense of weary distaste for existence. She asked herself what sort of person was Remy Sazonoff? She had met his type before among Julie's friends, charming, quick-witted—and never by any chance to be trusted.

"If things go wrong he won't stand by you," she thought. "Well, then, they must go right."

IN HIS sitting-room in the gilded hotel to which Remy Sazonoff had lured him from that sad caravansary in Russel Square, Mr. Michael Corcoran dined nervously, glancing repeatedly at the clock on the mantel or cocking an unhappy eye at the procession of waiters bearing away the dishes he scarcely touched. He never did this sort of thing, infinitely preferring one of the democratic if dingy restaurants he had discovered in Soho. But his new friend, Sazonoff, had suggested that it might be well to remain this evening within reach of the telephone in case the princess should decide to see him.

He said the last part of this sentence over to himself gingerly, staring down into his coffee cup— "In case the princess—" His eyes became dreamy. "The princess—the princess—"

"I don't suppose," he said aloud, "the Lord ever made a bigger fool than me. I shouldn't wonder if when He turned me out He was satisfied and called it a day. He said to Himself; whatever I may do in the way of fools from now on, this is the peak—er—what say?"

The elderly waiter—a sort of general of waiters had been thought appropriate for this guest who had taken a royal suite to himself—who was watchfully waiting at the sidetable, had made a choking sound. The lonely diner now turned around and looked at him. "I don't mind saying it, whatever it is. By the way, what is your name?"

"Pilcher, sir. Is there anything more I can get for you, sir?"

"No, thanks, Pilcher."

There he stood for a long time, in the dark, staring out at the lights of Piccadilly and jingling together in his pocket several things that clinked. He felt quite wretched and clammy, for he knew that the chances were he was about to suffer the loss of something he had carried about with him from childhood, a dream that had no right to have remained with him until thirty-two.

"I should have chucked it overboard long ago," he thought. "But since I didn't, why did I have to go and put it to the test? With care it might have lasted me the rest of my life. But now, if it's smashed to bits, I'll never be able to piece it together. And what a darned footless business life will be—no point to it, no reason for keeping on with it."

With a harried gesture he hastened across the room, unlocked a drawer and from under a heap of handkerchiefs and ties drew out a small blue leather case. Out of it looked the hopeless eyes and the valiant smile of a young girl against a rough background of whitewashed wall.

"I've done some gambling in my time," he muttered, "but what I staked I could win back. This time if I lose—"

He jumped wildly, thrust the case back into the drawer, which he locked, and strode into the other room, for the telephone was ringing.

HE TURNED away from the instrument a moment later with a nervous smile, gave a dazed glance at the clock and groaned. Three-quarters of an hour to get through. Then panic seized him. It was not too late now to save himself from disillusionment. It would be a matter of only calling Sazonoff back, of writing a check, of bolting on the next boat for America.

Then he saw again the eyes and the smile of the girl in the picture—courage rebuking a fainting soul. No, he had started this thing, he could not add the least affront to what that girl had already been through. But he wished that the Lord had not made him quite so complete a fool.

He seized his hat and coat and going out into the cold spring night he walked several times around a small square, under the trees that were just beginning to burst into leaf. Then he joined Remy Sazonoff in the lounge of the exceedingly distinguished hotel which had seemed to him the proper habitat for a princess. He understood that the staider royalty often lived there. He had ordered the best small suite in the hotel for his guest.

Sazonoff explained as they were borne upward in the solemn lift that he had left the princess to dine alone in her own rooms, as the journey had wearied her. "And by the way, Corcoran, the princess dislikes her title. She is very democratic. She prefers to be addressed simply as Miss Kyra Kamnieff. It is her only eccentricity, but I think, if you don't mind—"

Corcoran looked first disappointed, then relieved. "Well, that's off my mind."

The functionary who had preceded them tapped at a door, opened it and announced their names, mispronouncing both. Corcoran watched the back of Remy Sazonoff disappearing so casually through the door while his own feet lagged and shuffled, and then reluctantly crept over the threshold.

He found himself in an enormous, solemn room. At the farthermost end a black marble mantel almost extinguished a small fire. And standing with her back to it was a slender figure. The black velvet of her dress merged into the black marble behind her, so that the whiteness of her face stood out startlingly. The firelight and the light from the candles on a round table near-by struck upward on her bare arms and shoulders. In the vast spaces of the overpowering room she looked fragile and terrified, waiting there, with her great eyes fixed on the door.

As Michael Corcoran came slowly down the long room he was thinking: "She's been through hell. Got to drive that look out of her face."

She bowed, a regal bow in miniature. There was a long cascade of filmy old lace that hung from one bare shoulder to the hem of her frock. The lace had been Julie's inspiration, to hide certain threadbare spots in the made-over frock. This new way of doing her hair, too, had been Julie's idea—high on her head, like a wave breaking just over the crown and drawn in a soft ripple over the tops of her ears.

Remy Sazonoff kissed her fingertips with ceremony, he presented Mr. Michael Corcoran, who looked frightfully embarrassed and bowed low. He could not possibly guess from her composed face that just before he had stepped across the threshold she had closed her eyes tightly and prayed: "Oh, God, make him kind, make him at least kind."

She looked at him intently. She saw that he was not so old as she had expected, nor was he thick-waisted and ostentatious. In fact, he was lean and slightly melancholy and hesitant. A tall man, moving with a light, loose ease in spite of his momentary embarrassment. A man with a kind, rather anxious smile.

But his eyes— She withdrew her gaze hastily, aware that she had never seen eyes so cool and clear. Surely he was able to discern that before him was a mere make-believe princess, frightened out of her wits? She had not at all expected to find bent upon herself a look so shrewdly penetrating.

His face was brown, as if permanently tanned by a good many years in the open, and she saw that around his gray eyes was a network of tiny wrinkles, which made him look as if any instant a quizzical smile might break the gravity of his expression.

Amid the scurry of these impressions she was scarcely aware that Sazonoff had spoken of her as the Princess Kyra. When it finally dawned upon her that at last she was definitely committed to a deception, she blushed and then hastily caught at her self-control.

"Thank you, yes, I had a comfortable journey," she replied to Corcoran's question. "You will let me give you coffee?"

She saw the American's face brighten. Had he expected her to speak Russian in a harsh voice? Certainly some secret satisfaction had become his at the first sound of her voice. It shone in his unguarded eyes for an instant, a rapt pleasure.

On a small table in front of the fire a massive silver coffee service reflected back the lights of an impressive chandelier. In some constraint, coffee was poured and handed.

FORTUNATELY no situation had ever yet found Remy Sazonoff without words. He talked with wit and animation of the old days in Moscow and Petrograd, he drew from Kyra some account of their strange life in Constantinople with its mingling of the absurd and the tragic. He recounted droll stories of the Russian refugee colony that had settled in Soho.

In a pause of the sprightly monolog she saw that the American was staring gloomily at a forbidding armoire in time-blackened oak that reared itself almost to the ceiling.

"It is a very nice piece of carving, isn't it?" she essayed politely.

"It's awful! If it had some jet things dangling down the front of it, it would be exactly like my Aunt Cordelia."

His gaze made an unhappy inspection of the drawing-room which had been done up in the most solemn manner of the mid-Victorians. Heavy maroon curtains hung from gold-encrusted valances over the tall, narrow windows, the Turkey carpet was a sullen red, all the tables and chairs, the tall cupboards and the escritoire were impressively ugly and substantial. "It's beyond words," he groaned. "I told them to give you the best in the house. I had no idea it would have this hark-from-the-tomb air. Something's got to be done about it."

She was touched by the sincerity of his discomfort. "Oh, but please, you can't possibly know how wonderful it all seems to me! To be again among nice, homely things that have always been in the same place, that always will be there. To be warm and clean— Oh, you should see the bathroom. Enormous towels, dozens of them, and a hot-towel rack, and hot water at a touch. Oh!"

"Does it really mean so much to you—just common comfort?" He stared at her, frowning at the thought of what she must have gone without for years.

"Of course! You do not suppose we have been living with plenty of such things as fires and bathrooms, and hot water and silver sandwich boxes and first-class railway carriages, do you?"

She laughed and went on to tell him about their rooms in Pera, on a dingy courtyard where, when their Turkish landlord had been having a convivial party, it was unsafe to pass in and out or even to keep the windows open. Where water had to be fetched in heavy jars and food cooked over a pan of charcoal—when there was food to cook. Rooms which were unbearably hot in summer and deadly cold in winter. Full of a droll mixture of old bits of past grandeur which her cousin Julie, not being able to live without, had somehow managed to drag along with her in their flights—crystal and gold scent bottles, pieces of old brocade, motheaten sables, miniatures of Julie done by great artists, old silver boxes, all mixed in with dried fish for supper, cracked water pitchers, a bag of charcoal, clothes drying on a line and the lurid paper-bound novels Ivan read incessantly.

"And of course cigarets and playing cards and perfume for Julie's hands—oh, and Ivan's dog, and Julie's gold-fish."

She laughed tenderly at the recollection of these uncomfortable rooms. As she looked at the neat fire under the high black marble mantel, at the tall sweep of brocades at the windows, she could not believe that she was in England, in London, safe for a few days, at least.

"Life is very curious, isn't it?" she sighed.

Corcoran looked as if he thought life was extremely satisfactory, just as that moment. For he was listening not so much to the words of the Princess Kyra as to that soundless rhythm which is personality. He knew all at once—nothing that happened later ever changed this first impression—that behind anything she might say or do would remain a quality of beauty and warmth which would enwrap with its steadfast tenderness the fortunate person who once won her heart and soul.

And he knew that he meant to be that person, if trying could do it.

He rose to take his leave, for he noticed with a new sharpening of all his faculties that she drooped her head a little as if she were weary or distrait. Had she everything she needed, he asked, and if not, would she remember that the hotel and all it contained was at her disposal?

"You have been so kind," she murmured, "I haven't thanked you—"

"Don't do it, ever," he begged.

He bent over her hand and then abruptly bolted, while Remy Sazonoff made his more leisurely farewell.

"Everything goes splendidly," Sazonoff murmured. "He likes you. And no wonder. I had no idea this afternoon, that you were so beautiful."

She looked at him thoughtfully and coldly. What was there about him she did not like? With all his bright exterior there was no warmth, and sometimes there crept into his intonation a faint impudence not quite marked enough to be insolence. When she had seen the door close upon him she turned with a sense of relief to the thought of Michael Corcoran. Odd that he gave her so distinct a sense of safety; for those few moments just now she had actually forgotten to be anything but herself.

"God is good to me," she said to her own reflection in a long mirror.

A maid tapped at the door, but she refused her services. She felt disinclined to have those English servants see the extreme shabbiness of her small stock of clothes.

She was weary from the excitements of the long day but she had to examine minutely again all the details of her bedroom and its stately bath. She spread out her limited wardrobe and looked it over despairingly. It looked sadly shabby in these luxurious surroundings. Julie had helped her and they had done their best with it, but her two or three frocks and their accessories were a patch work of cheap new, and expensive old, things. The dress she had worn tonight was made from an old one of Julie's.

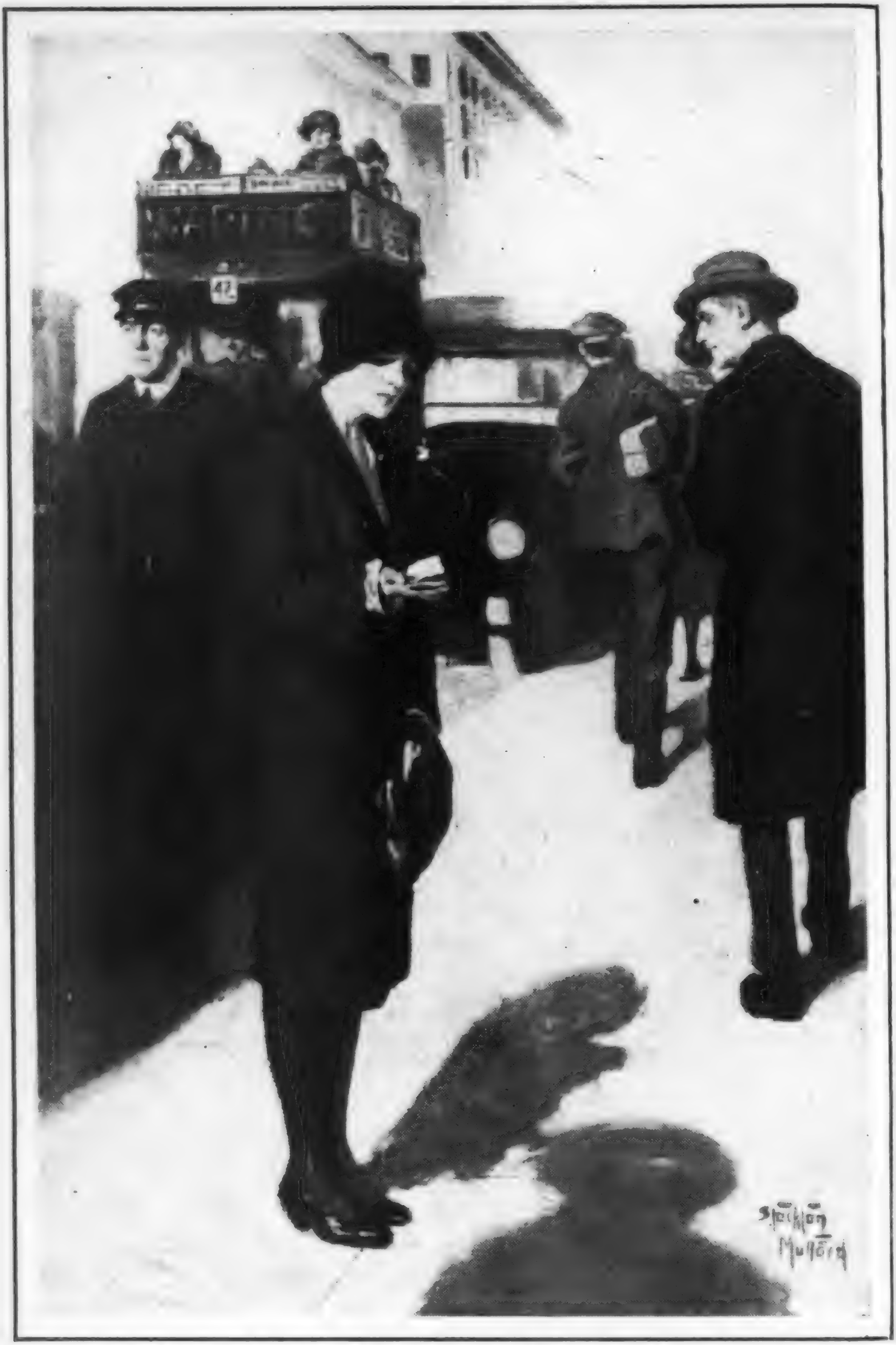
"I shall look ridiculous," she sighed.

Then she dismissed this painful thought. After all, the important thing was to find out as soon as possible just what Mr. Michael Corcoran would do for Julie.

After that—

"One step at a time," she said.

AS SHE undressed she unfastened from around her neck a thin gold chain with a small locket. This she placed among her toilet articles beside the photograph in a worn leather frame of a woman with a frank and tender mouth—her mother.


42
Stockton Mulford

"Will you take this—" he put into her hand a crackly banknote—"and amuse yourself buying something frivolous?" And he was off. Kyra stood looking down at the banknote in her hand.

In the little locket was the profile of a young man, a romantic profile, full of fire. She touched it with a tender fingertip. "Good-night, my Cyril. Don't think I shall forget—whatever comes to me."

It was the middle of the next forenoon before she awoke to a sound like distant surf on some mighty beach. "London!" she thought, amazed, to find she had not dreamed it. She sprang out of her bed and pushed aside the window draperies. An exceedingly pale sunlight and a fresh spring breeze came in. London in May, and a day or two in which to play at being happy, fortunate and secure.

She felt already gay and adventurous as if in sleep she had thrown off her perplexities. Opening the door to her regal sitting-room she saw that some one had placed on one of the severe tables a great bowl of spring flowers, daffodils and narcissus and long sprays of acacia.

A maid came in, bringing her morning tea and a note. It was plain that she was painfully uncertain as to the correct form of address. She had heard a rumor that this young lady was a Russian princess, but with these foreigners, one never knew. Kyra came to her rescue by explaining she was to be called Miss Kamnieff.

The maid explained that the gentleman who had brought the flowers had said that she was not to be disturbed, but if she was awake she was to be given this note. It was from Corcoran. He had scrawled a line across the hotel stationery: "If you care to get out of this mausoleum for breakfast, I know a place that is quite human."

The maid said, yes, the gentleman was waiting below, and Kyra sent down word that she would join Mr. Corcoran in half an hour.

She eyed her street frock disapprovingly. It did not match this spring day opening so kindly, nor her mood which was gay. But she pinned a daffodil to her furs and made sure that the small hat sat at its most becoming angle.

As she stepped from the lift she saw her patron, her benefactor—she found it difficult to decide just how to think of him—deep in conversation with an impressive individual who was evidently the manager or *maître d'hotel*. Corcoran was watching out for her and as soon as she appeared, he came forward, looking at her somewhat anxiously, as if he had expected in the light of noon-day to find her changed. But as she smiled up at him and assured him that the rooms, the service, her sleep had all been perfect, his face cleared.

"I was afraid some of those infernal cupboards might have fallen on you in the night," he declared. "I shall never trust the one that looks like Aunt Cordelia."

The morning was entrancing, by some special favor of the gods it was neither foggy nor rainy. As they emerged from the door of the hotel a chauffeur came forward and led the way to a small, very smart, town car.

"How smart," she cried. "Is it yours?"

"I hope you'll regard it as yours."

She cast an astounded glance about her as she sank back upon the fawn-colored cushions. The car was new and glittering, there were silver-topped fittings, card cases, memo books, vases, and scent bottles.

"You have only just bought it?" she accused him.

"Only yesterday," he admitted happily. "I thought you might like using it."

Her face revealed her confusion before this prodigal gesture, and the satisfaction died out of his eyes. "You don't like it? You think this sort of thing is ostentatious and silly, perhaps?"

She met his rueful gaze severely. "You must remember that I've just come from a part of the world that is starving and in chaos. But it isn't that, altogether—"

"Then, if you don't mind, let's not discuss it until after breakfast? I find that one is always inclined to split hairs before breakfast. And, anyhow, here we are. There's nothing elegant about this restaurant, but there's one waiter that's a real human being. He's got two fine kids. I had supper one Sunday night with them—you know, bloater and crumpets and jam."

He led the way up a flight of stairs into a room charming with old chintzes and an open fire. One lone man read *The Times* at the back of the room, but otherwise they had the place to themselves. In front of the fire two high-backed settees shielded a round table laid for two. A middle-aged waiter, his face wreathed in smiles, came forward. She suspected that he and her host had already been in conference over the flowers and fruit on the table.

"This is my friend Jimpson," said Corcoran. "He's saved me from suicide many a morning."

Jimpson bowed from the waist his best bow. "It's a bad thing breakfasting alone, Miss. Will you sit on this side of the table, miss, in the sun?"

"In what passes for the sun, Jimpson," said Corcoran.

AFTER a three-cornered consultation the meal was ordered and Jimpson hastened away. Kyra leaned back in her chair with a sigh of pleasure. The room was really delightfully bright and quiet, and the fire talked to itself.

"It must be great fun possessing a magic wand," she observed.

"If there's something you want, yes. It's no good otherwise, is it?"

"But surely there are always things one wants, fearfully."

"I don't know about that," he sighed. "It seems to me that as soon as I got what you call a magic wand, there was nothing I wanted. Of course, it's different now," he added simply.

She looked across the table at him, puzzled. But before she could ask him why things were different now, Jimpson came back, bearing the golden omelette, the sausages, the muffins and the marmalade, and the rack of toast which Corcoran had said would do to be going on with. Jimpson also, with a look of fearful doubt, lit a spirit lamp and made coffee under Corcoran's direction.

"They made something over here with a stone pot and a little powdered coffee on which they pour not quite boiling water," Corcoran explained. "They then set it on the hob and when it is lukewarm and very muddy they serve it. It's first-cousin to cocoa and also distantly related to coffee. It wouldn't do for this breakfast at all. Thanks, Jimpson, that will do. I'll make a noise if there's anything else."

Jimpson withdrew to the end of the room and eventually melted away through the service door. The breakfast progressed through mutual interest in the coffee, which proved to be excellent, to that happiest stage of any meal, mutual interest in each other.

Behind their first polite questions each was aware that there waited the important question, the only one really interesting, "What are you? What are you going to mean to me?"

Michael Corcoran studied the face of the girl opposite him and decided that she was as lovely in the pale sunlight as she had been the night before. She was happier, too. It touched him deeply to see how she responded to gracious surroundings, to all the small attentions that other girls take for granted.

And she for her part watched him and listened intently to every intonation of his voice. He had a quiet drawl, which, she imagined, might become crisp on occasion. His eyes, she discovered, were gray with hazel streaks, observant eyes, and not easy to read. His thin strong hands were those of a well-bred man.

"He has never been very happy," she thought, and felt nearer to him.

Breakfast was finished, Corcoran was lighting a cigaret and she met his eyes across the table. "I think we must continue that discussion begun on the car," she said. "We must understand each other, mustn't we? I find that there is danger with all this kindness, of my forgetting why I came here."

"Need you remember?" he spoke quickly.

"I'm afraid I must. I must not forget what I left behind me, either, for that is my reason for being here."

"You mean you've come for aid for some one you've left behind you?" he asked quietly.

She felt a quick gratitude to him for his directness. She perceived that his thought was to save her embarrassment, and she smiled at him with a sudden friendliness. "Did you think I had come only for myself?" she asked gently.

Corcoran carefully flicked his cigaret ash into the fire. His embarrassed profile told her that he had believed exactly that. Then unexpectedly he said, "As soon as I saw you, though, I knew I was mistaken."

She blushed faintly, remembering what had been her own expectations. "Myself, I was mistaken, too. I thought you— Please, I think it will make everything easier if you tell me exactly why you did this extraordinary thing? Why you were willing to send money for me, a stranger, to come here? Why you offered to help me, a person whom you knew nothing about?"

She realized that this was not the way Julie would have managed it. Julie would have wound him up in the silken net of her beauty first of all, her appeal would have been from a woman to a man.

But from the first moment of seeing him, Kyra knew that she wanted first of all to understand him and to have him understand her. She could have pretended anything that was expedient where Remy Sazonoff was concerned; but she had no desire to be anything but frank with this Michael Corcoran.

"Suppose you tell me first," he interrupted her thoughts, "why, by all that is reckless, you came? If you had turned out to be another sort of girl, I wouldn't need to ask. But you—how did you have the courage? Or was it just—the most supreme innocence?"

Her face hardened. "I wasn't innocence. A girl can't live through what I have and keep much more than a wisp of a belief in the chivalry of men. No! I came because it was my only chance to get help for my cousin, Julie, whom I love."

He considered this a moment in silence, his gaze fixed on her half defiant face. "And you?" he asked finally. "What do you want for yourself?"

"I want a chance to work, to support myself. It seemed to me that here or in America surely I could find something to do—"

"I see," he interrupted. "And your cousin Julie, doesn't she want a chance to work, to support herself?"

SHE regarded him with genuine astonishment. Such an outrageous and absurd idea had plainly never occurred to her. With eager eyes and her face alight she began to explain to him the difference between herself and her cousin Julie. She sketched for him Julie's position in the old order that had gone down to ruin, her beauty, her dependence on the fine surroundings she had been used to, her temperament which demanded luxury and security.

"You see, she cannot stand the monotony of poverty. For me, it does not matter so much.

I was so young when everything I had went to smash. But Julie—" she paused, struggling to find words that would make him see Julie as she did—"Julie has had such a pretty life, it breaks my heart to see her in any other."

"I see," he said again, in a low tone. "Julie has had such a pretty life— And so you want to give it back to her?"

"Oh, if I could," she said under her breath.

He sat for some time in silence until she became frightened, for it was impossible to guess what he was thinking. His face had softened, it was full of a sort of pitying wonder, but his eyes were clear and shrewd.

"How does it happen that you speak English so well?" he asked finally.

"Because I am three-quarters English—and American," she cried, off guard. "My grandmother was an English girl who married Alexei Kamnieff, in the diplomatic service. Their only child was my father. While he was at Oxford he fell in love with my mother, who was an American girl studying singing in London. All the Kamnieffs rose up against my poor father, and he and my mother went to America where they lived three years. I was born there. But the Kamnieff clan became reconciled to my father and secured for him a position at the embassy in Petrograd—then St. Petersburg. That is how we all got caught in the final crash."

She went on to tell him about the death of her parents and the refuge she had found with the Kamnieffs, and about the final disasters that nearly wiped out this great family. "You see," she finished, "I am a sort of girl without a country."

His face was full of pity. "Do you know, it occurs to me it is high time you had a pretty life, yourself? You must have been very young when things went to smash?"

"I was sixteen when my mother died and I went to live with my cousins."

"And since then you've not had any of the things a girl loves and ought to have? Isn't that so?"

"Ah, yes, but that is true of all of us, of Julie especially. And what should I have done without her? I can never forget how she took me home with her the night my mother died, how she held me in her arms all night. I think she saved my reason. Don't you see—".

"Yes, yes, I understand," he said gently. "Don't think I shall forget. But just now I am thinking of you. I knew the moment I saw you that you had been through hell. Well, I can't stand that expression in your eyes. I want to wipe it out as quick as I can. And so I'm going to ask you just for a few days to make believe and to help me make believe."

"If I haven't forgotten how," she sighed.

"I'll teach you. Don't you remember when you were a child and you used to find a nice quiet spot and then say 'Just supposin' I could fly' or 'Just supposin' I had three wishes—' You know, that sort of thing—"

"Yes, I know," she smiled.

"Good! Then let's go. Here we have a week, let us say. Let's pack it full of all the things you haven't had since you were sixteen, just as if it were a game. Let's start in by supposing. Suppose you had five wishes. Close your eyes and think what would number one be? And don't go wishing something for some one else, either.

She obediently closed her eyes, leaning her head against the settle-back, which gave him an excellent opportunity to draw a notebook and pencil from his pocket.

"I think," she said dreamily, "I should wish first of all for affection—"

"Affection," he wrote in the notebook, gravely.

"Second—don't think me silly—for fun, just foolish, light-hearted sort of fun. Dancing, you know, and idle afternoons under trees, and theaters with supper afterward, and shop windows and the London my father used to tell me about."

"Splendid. Go on."

"Um—m—let me see— Yes, I will—I will—"

She gave a rapturous wriggle. "I wish for a new frock, brand new, all crispy and shining with newness. Very smart it must be. While I'm about it I may as well wish for a hat and gloves to go with it. And splendid lovely shoes that fit my feet."

He made an absent-minded sound, for he was writing absorbedly in the notebook. "Next?"

SHE was quiet for some moments, her eyes fixed intently on some distant horizon. "And I wish for Julie all the—"

"That's against the rules," he interrupted. "You were to wish only for yourself."

"Ah, please, just one little wish for Julie. Only that she may be happy and—safe."

"Very well." He wrote a word in the notebook. "Next?"

Her face took on the expression it wore when at night she looked at the picture of the young man with the romantic profile, an expression dreamy and tender. She shook her head. "If you don't mind, I want to keep the next wish to myself."

"Then it's something I—no one could get for you?"

"No one, not even you with your magic wand. Oh, I'm sorry."

For he looked sadly taken aback. Obeying a swift impulse she leaned across the table and touched his hand gently. "Don't mind. It's just something I've grown into the habit of wishing, and I should be very lonely without it. Only, I can't talk about it."

"Then you need not." He stood up briskly and looked over the settle-back for the waiter.

"Now that we've made our wishes, the next thing is—"

"But you haven't made any."

HE STOOD looking down at her quizzically. "You're wrong there. I made mine all of twenty-five years ago, and last night at nine o'clock it came true. You see, I wished that some day I might meet a princess."

A shadow passed over her face, which became a little cold and withdrawn. She was sorry that this note had been introduced into their whimsy. It brought her down to sordid earth, and made this man seem less likable, that a title could mean so much to him.

Aware of the change in her expression he said quickly: "I won't call you princess; I know you don't like it. So that needn't worry you. The next thing," he went on, "is to fare forth and make your wishes come true."

She raised a protesting hand at this. "No, please. It was only a game. Let's forget it."

But he was firm. He explained, as Jimpson went away for change, that a wish once launched into the blue immediately began to assume form and purpose. It could not be recalled. Indeed, he was of the opinion that a wish recalled was likely, as it tumbled out of the blue, to descend bang upon some one's head with disastrous consequences.

Under cover of this pleasant nonsense he led the way back to where the smart little car waited for them. After conferring apart with the intelligent chauffeur for a moment, Corcoran seated himself beside her with an expectant expression. "This is going to be one jolly afternoon," he remarked happily.

Half bewildered, she felt the enticement of the bright afternoon, the well-dressed crowds, the shop windows full of frocks and jewels, boots, traveling bags, perfumes, flowers. Her eyes widened and her face grew vivid with pleasure. She was in a state of intoxication in which she felt as if anything might happen. When the car stopped in front of a shop in Bond Street she stepped dizzily out.

With a masterful hand at her elbow Corcoran propelled her past a bowing doorman into the presence of a young woman who would have abashed any human being less exalted than was Michael Corcoran in that moment. This person swam forward from the far end of a pearl-gray room with a languid movement.

"Show us," Corcoran consulted with utmost calm the notebook—"frocks. Something crispy and shining. Very smart. For the street."

The long nose of the goddess moved imperceptibly as if it sniffed for bank notes. Her eyes appraised the careless clothing and the cool gray eyes of the gentleman, the shabby frock and the distinguished loveliness of the lady before her. She hesitated. But a God-given instinct for the real thing saved her from a bad blunder. She assented with a blank gesture and led the way up a velvet stair.

Kyra plucked at her companion's arm behind the back of the ascending goddess. "No no! No!" Her mouth puckered and formed the word silently, accompanied by a panic-stricken shaking of her head.

"Come on! Do you want to disgrace me?" he said in a whisper. "Don't let me down before that creature. She scares me."

Afterward there was plenty of time to ask herself how she could have been so weak, so abandoned to the enticements of that place. But in that moment she could only dazedly follow on. She could not clap her hands over her ears and run out into the street. That would have made her friend ridiculous. "I can say I do not like any of the things she shows us," she thought desperately.

But this was expecting too much of human stoicism. She was exceedingly sensitive to color and to beauty of line, she had instinctive good taste which had been denied expression all these years of her hungry girlhood. She could not keep her eyes from shining when a particularly perfect frock was displayed before her. She could shake her head and murmur, "Thank you, no, I don't think that will do—" but her eyes betrayed her.

And Corcoran would say: "Put that one aside, please." When the chairs were covered with street frocks thus selected, Corcoran firmly demanded to be shown gowns for the evening, wraps to cover them. His face had become the lighted countenance of one who at last arrives at the gratification of his heart's desire. A fine frenzy of enjoyment possessed him.

It stimulated even the goddess, who called in more saleswomen, more mannikins. A stream of lovely things flowed in the room, fluttered through the air and dripped from chairs.

As if partially appeased, Corcoran finally stood up. He wrote on his card, he ordered the things they had selected sent to the princess at her hotel. The eyes of the goddess glistened, her voice purred at the word. Surely, everything would be sent at once and an attendant with them to assist in trying on and making the final selection.

THEY left the shop in silence, Corcoran inclined to prance. In the street his princess faced him sternly. "What have you done?" she cried, and wrung her hands together. "You shouldn't have let me be tempted like that. I never can repay you—"

"Repay me? My dear child, I'm still in your debt for one of the few happy days of my life."

"But don't you see—I can't— It's impossible that I should accept—"

"Wait, please, before you say anything more. Look at my side of it. Here am I, probably the most solitary man in all London. Through a sheer fluke of luck I am also a rich man. What I bought for you in that shop is not proportionately one-half as much as you did when you shared a meal with some fellow refugee."

"Ah, but this is all different. I am a girl and you are—"

"A man you never saw before until last night. Look at me—you must have learned something about men in Constantinople—don't you know I am at least decent?"

Standing in the doorway she looked up at him gravely and intently. Then she nodded her head. "I know that you are decent. I think you are more than that—the kindest person I have ever known."

He looked vastly relieved. "Then if I am all that, don't I deserve to be happy just for one day in my own way?"

"Does it make you so happy to buy things for me?" Her eyes regarded him wonderingly. "Why?"

"Because it's something I've wanted to do, it's something I've dreamed of doing for years. Are you going to spoil my day of days?"

She shook her head and then she smiled. "I've never known or imagined any one like you. I don't understand you—I suppose you're romantic—but strangely enough I believe in the rightness of what you do. And I—no, I don't want to spoil your day of days—"

"Then trust me," he cried. "And the next shop we enter, don't look as if you suspected me of dark designs. Look complacent and greedy. You can't look complacent and greedy? Come, let me see you try—"

Suddenly laughter, that best aid to the perplexed, seized her. They found a mirror in the next window and stood in front of it while Kyra practiced an expression of complacent avarice and Corcoran tried for a brotherly boredom.

Gaily they began to wander from shop window to shop window, while a perplexed chauffeur dogged them.

"Boots," cried Corcoran. "For years I've had a secret hankering to buy some one a pair of black satin slippers with buckles. Is that bad taste? Or how about those cunning ones in brown?"

"Oh! Oh!" she breathed in ecstasy. "I believe—yes they are! American. My poor little mother was always talking about American boots, poor dear."

"Then in we go. Your mother's daughter is going to have all the American shoes her heart desires."

When they came out they were followed by a clerk carrying boxes, and on the slender feet of Kyra were the black satin slippers with buckles. She glanced at the reflection in each window they passed with childlike satisfaction. They saw the boxes stowed in the car and then they went for tea to a place in Piccadilly which Kyra chose because of the marvelous cakes in the window and the sign that read "American Ices."

"Do you know you haven't told me anything about yourself, yet?" she said over their second ice.

"All that will keep. What I want to know is what I am to call you. Princess is forbidden. Miss Kamnieff is too prim, the two words don't go together, do you think?"

"If you think Kyra is a pretty name you may call me that."

"You honestly don't mind—Kyra. My name is, you know, Michael."

"Yes I know. I like that name."

"Then it won't be difficult for you to say it?"

"Oh, no—Michael."

They came out of the tea shop into the primrose glow of late afternoon. He indicated with a wave of his hand the many shops up and down Piccadilly which they had not yet visited. "I have an errand to attend to, if you don't mind. Will you take this—" he put into her hand a crackly bank note— "and amuse yourself buying something frivolous, while I am gone? I'll call for you here in half an hour. No, no, I'm a very busy man. I haven't time to stand here listening to objections—my dear Kyra—" And he was off around the corner.

She stood looking down at the bank note in her hand with a sober face. Had she gone a trifle off her head? She had accepted with the sort of giddy inconsequence one accepts things that are evolved by magic. Michael Corcoran had simply waved a hand and ordered things sent to her hotel, just as when she was a child she had said, "I'll take a pound of this and ten of that and a wagon-load of the other."

Then she went into a shop and bought French handmade lingerie. "For one week I am going to pretend," she thought. "I'm going to take what is offered to me. For, after this week, who knows what may happen to me? I've had nothing, nothing for years. Now, for a few days I'm going to forget. I'm going to be like other girls for a little while. I'm going to be Cinderella until the clock strikes twelve."

WHEN Corcoran left her a little later at the door of her hotel, it was arranged that they should dine together at the gayest place he could find.

Followed by an attendant laden with her boxes, she went up to her rooms. She entered her sitting-room absently, for the afternoon had given her a great deal to think about. Then she started back in confusion. This charming room was not the gloomy Victorian drawing-room she had left that morning. Gone were the sad maroon-colored brocades at the windows, the red Turkey carpet, the solid British chairs. Gone, even was the threatening armoire that looked like Corcoran's Aunt

[*Continued on page 172*]

A Master Craftsman Bigger Than His Job

Ambrose Swasey as a young machinist's apprentice delighted in the accuracy of precision tools. "Ambrose of the Kindly Heart" has since won fame and fortune as a builder of delicate astronomical instruments and a builder of fine men

by Edna Yost

METALS have a fascinating story when looked at through the eyes of an Ambrose Swasey. The remarkable but coldly mechanical accuracy of his machines that measure one-thousandth of an inch is balanced by the human side of such problems as determining the point at which a "tired" elevator cable will snap or an ocean liner's propeller will break. Study such as this is only one interest of a distinguished, self-taught engineer who believes that no science is important unless it contributes something to the great science of learning how to live.

ONE evening in April 1924 a distinguished group of technical men had gathered in the austere auditorium of the Engineering Societies Building in New York City. The occasion was a momentous one. The John Fritz Medal, highest honor of the engineering profession in this country, was to be awarded that night to the man whose achievements in applied science had won it for him.

In the audience graybeards of science mingled indiscriminately with their younger colleagues while men and women to whom the scientific world was a closed book looked on, possibly with amazement, at the medals and decorations covering the breasts of some of these coldly dignified figures. On the rostrum were men who could speak with the authority so dear and necessary in the technical world. In language oftentimes over the head of the average man they told how Ambrose Swasey of Cleveland, a New Hampshire country boy who had started as a machinist's apprentice, had become a master designer and manufacturer of instruments and machines of precision, and easily the leader of his generation as a designer of mountings for astronomical telescopes.

They told how, in 1914, this eminent engineer and telescope builder had set aside the first of his gifts which established the Engineering Foundation, the only foundation devoted to engineering purposes; and how he had, with a sublime faith, twice increased his original gift until it now totaled a half million dollars.

The climax of this colorful evening was reached with the presentation of the medal. A reverent hush stilled the distinguished audience as the master of ceremonies, medal in hand, called Ambrose Swasey to the center of the platform and spoke the words which conferred this supreme honor upon him.

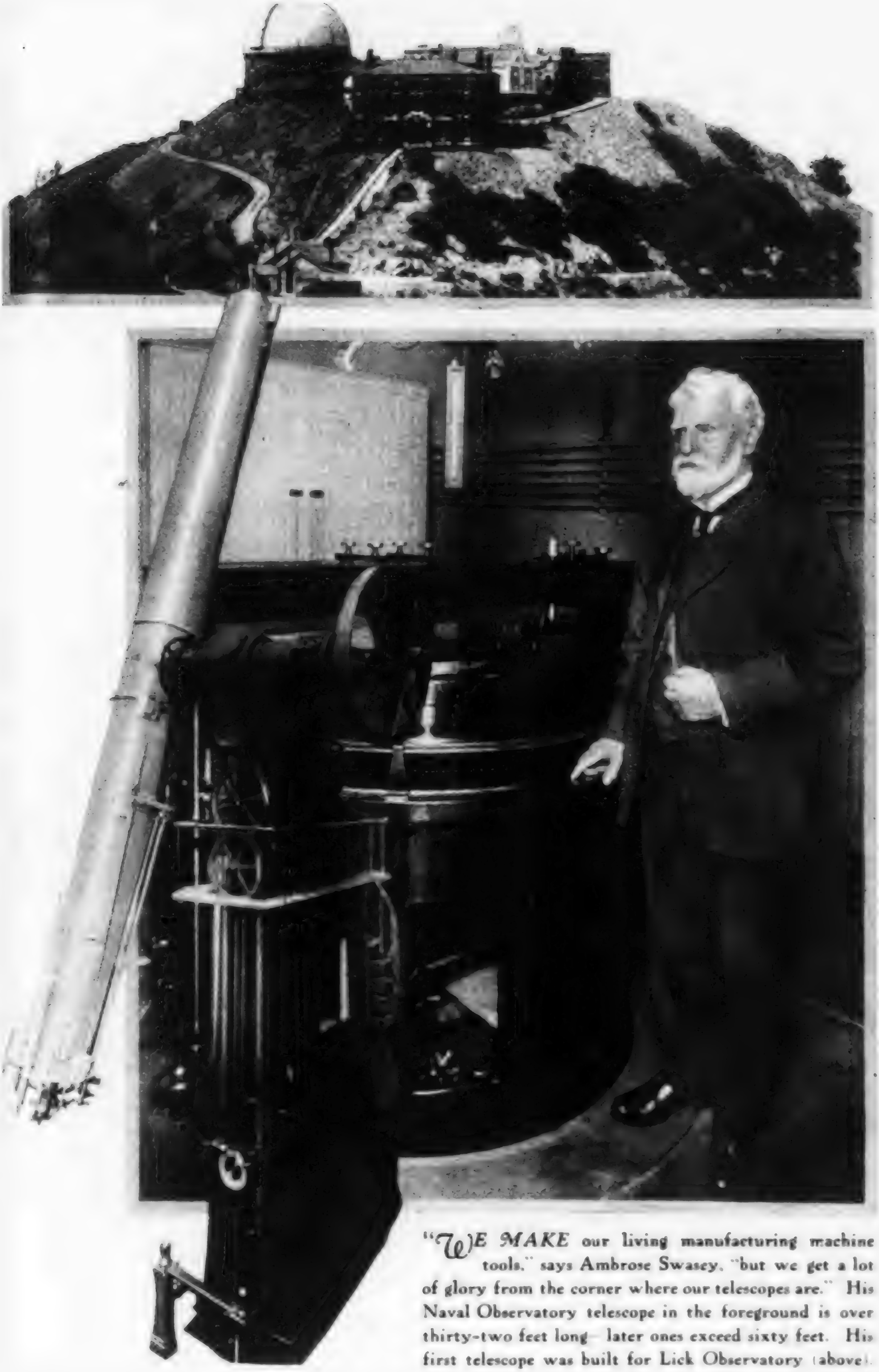
"Ambrose of the Kindly Heart," said he, "in token of the appreciation, friendship and love of many men, and by vote of a board composed of eminently discreet judges of human nature as well as of scientific and industrial achievement, I bid you rise and receive the John Fritz Medal."

In one terse phrase he had epitomized the man! Ambrose of the Kindly Heart! That's Swasey!

He himself considers what he has done in helping young men to develop themselves of far more importance than his work in the development of the machine-tool business. "They call this the age of metal and machinery," says Swasey, "but the time will never come when the world will not need fine men more than it needs fine machinery." This comes from a man who was never able to enjoy a college education himself, and whose hard won scientific knowledge has come from a painstaking study of books and men.

Ambrose Swasey was born in 1846 in Exeter, New Hampshire. The old homestead is called Fort Rock Farm, and if we may judge by its name, its soil is probably typical of the kind

[*Continued on page 164*]



"WE MAKE our living manufacturing machine tools," says Ambrose Swasey, "but we get a lot of glory from the corner where our telescopes are." His Naval Observatory telescope in the foreground is over thirty-two feet long—later ones exceed sixty feet. His first telescope was built for Lick Observatory (above).

ONE of the reasons for Bill Vogt's healthy grin is the thirty-two-pound muskallonge he caught on the St. Croix River with a 5½-ounce fly-rod (one of the few times it was ever done), so completely exhausting the inland shark in a five-minute scrap that Bill could easily lift him into the boat with one hand.

VOGT'S flip cast shoots his line forty feet straight from the bank in cases where the rod must be poked between overhanging branches. At the left he holds a husky swimmer on a 5½-ounce casting rod.

A Cowboy of the Fishing Rod

William C. Vogt is a master angler who prefers to throw fish back into the water. With a five-foot rod and a cotton line he performs wonders of casting skill and dexterity

by Jay Murphy

HUGE game fish have little chance against a wizard of the rod who can snap a pipe out of a man's mouth with a fly-line at seventy-five feet, tow a strong swimmer ashore against his will, flip the ashes from a cigar, or snare a butterfly without hurting it. These are some of the spectacular stunts performed by a man who first took to the outdoors because of frail health.

THE most extravagant fish stories pale into insignificance beside the exploits of one champion stunt caster and expert angler. Partly through them he has developed himself from a puny crippled boy into a superb physical specimen.

On July 29, 1922, at Lake Harriet, Minneapolis, this master of the rod and reel gave what is probably the most amazing exhibition in the history of the ancient sport of fishing. William C. Vogt was the man, and he proposed, after a demonstration of trick fly-casting, to land three expert swimmers one after the other, with nothing to aid him except the usual rod and reel. For his final exploit he would attempt to master Leroy Taylor, champion canoeist of the Northwest, by means of a fly-tackle attached to the bow of the canoe.

For a week prior to these sensational tests, the Twin City newspapers had favored the exhibition with illustrated front-page publicity. The result was that by the time the appointed day arrived, the affair had engendered much incredulity. Some eight thousand doubting Thomases were massed on pavilion, shore, and lake. Several had journeyed from as far as Watertown, South Dakota, because they were curious to see "that nut," as they termed Vogt.

Although the opposing swimmers had been engaged in studying the psychology and fighting tactics of Mr. Micropterus Salmoides, sometimes known as the black bass, and other aggressive gilled species, in order to have a better chance of breaking Vogt's rods, Bill mapped out a program that gave his opponents every advantage. He used no automatic brakes, drags nor level winding devices on his reels. Only a level enameled line of a breaking strength of not more than forty pounds and an ordinary six-foot gut leader were selected by him. Before the unorthodox feats were attempted, a most painstaking examination to thwart chicanery was conducted by the committee of judges. Vogt's lines were severed to guard against false centers, such as steel and copper, while his rods were minutely inspected to the same end. The swimmers, in turn, were subjected to a rigid scrutiny to convince the vast gallery that they were not supplied with concealed knives nor other sharp implements with which to part the lines under water.

After a series of artful casts into the center of ripples made by stones thrown to distances as great as two hundred feet by John McLaughlin, pitcher of a champion boys' team of Minneapolis, Vogt proceeded with the main part of a program which dumfounded all the skeptics present.

A 75-foot, Size D line, of 28-pound test, attached to a single-action trout reel, was tied to a belt about the waist of Ben Martin, a professional swimmer from the Minneapolis Athletic Club, who weighed 143½ pounds. Using a fly-rod of split bamboo, 9½ feet long and of 6-ounce weight, Bill succeeded in exhausting this human fish in 6½ minutes, 3½ minutes before the time limit prescribed by the officials. This odd triumph was all the more noteworthy in view of the fact that on a similar occasion this contestant had promptly snapped three lines of another leading angler. On that occasion the line had been attached to a harness around the swimmer's head, which gave the fisherman a distinct advantage. In the struggle against Vogt, Martin could offer far more opposition because the line was hitched to his mid-section. As a matter of fact, this marked the first time a swimmer was ever landed in this particuliar way.

George O'Herrin, another expert swimmer, who tipped the beam at 155 pounds, was the next to try conclusions with Vogt. The conditions here prescribed that the swimmer was to break either the line or the rod in seven minutes. For this event Bill changed to a 5½-foot split bamboo casting-rod, strung with a forty-pound test line. After fearful resistance, O'Herrin won the tilt in one minute and fifty seconds. In a second lively trial a fly-rod was used, and when the bell officially ended the conflict, the swimmer was still vainly struggling.

A Hot Box in the Reel

A THIRD antagonist, one Ahern, broke the line in one minute and twenty seconds. This line, however, was later found by the officials to be defective, for though supposed to have been forty-pound test, it yielded when but twenty-four pounds' pressure was asked of it.

Though by this time Vogt's hands were painfully lacerated and bleeding, he immediately scored another superlative victory by besting the champion canoeist, Taylor in 7½ minutes. In this closing demonstration Bill manipulated a 6-ounce fly-rod against the canoeist.

In one of these events friction, caused by the swimmer's rapid progress, heated the line to such an extent that the angler's thumb was badly burned by the dry line. Vogt applied so much pressure on the reel handle that it was twisted all out of shape, thus snapping the thread. Another of the swimmers employed such violent rushes and powerful breast strokes that, with Bill's heavy pressure against these determined onslaughts, the reel got so hot it swelled the pinions and stopped the revolutions of the spool. This reel, borrowed from a Minneapolis dealer for the occasion, was of a popular strong make. When Vogt returned it, however, it was found impossible to pry it apart. Consequently, the retailer shipped it back to the manufacturer, who reported that repair was out of the question because the intense heat had actually melted the frame together.

Some years ago, from a float in one of the ponds of Central Park, New York City, Vogt had entertained the blasé New Yorkers with similar astonishing feats of the casting-rod. Two well-set-up young men happened to be rowing a 12-foot boat around the lake. Bill beckoned them over to him and tied the bait end of his slender line to the bow of the craft. He then instructed one oarsman to pull away from him as hard as he could. The rower smiled pityingly as he surveyed the frail line, but began stroking away with a will. When the boat was some thirty feet from the raft, Vogt began to play his queer burden as if it had been a tarpon. Dexterously the boat was swung in a half circle. The youth at the oars thereupon threw all his strength on the port oar in an effort to bring the craft back into its course. Bill maintained a taut line, regulating the pull on it in such a fashion that the line's complete strength was afforded without breaking. After he allowed the craft to be brought around, Vogt began to jump the line so that it relaxed while the blades were in the water and tightened while they were feathering. By this wrinkle he contrived to keep the boat standing motionless despite the oarsman's frantic attempts to move it. For almost a half hour Bill had the craft at the mercy of his odd angling genius, keeping it still or turning it, as he elected. The line with which this marvelous spectacle was accomplished was factory-tested to withstand a weight of twelve pounds only, yet Vogt had employed it to control a hundred-pound boat loaded with three hundred human pounds. "A man in a canoe," he explained, "is easier to handle because he has less time to recover, and if forced to turn his craft has to shift the paddle."

After freeing the nonplussed pair, he told the oarsman to row about eighty feet from him and asked the other man to hold out a pencil horizontally. Vogt then deftly cast a light plug so that it passed just over the extended target, when, with a twist of the wrist, he halted the weight in such a manner that it spun around the slender stick.

"That's all very well," remarked a hard-boiled bystander, "but does your accuracy help you in actual fishing?"

Bill had been reeling in the plug. When it reached him, he jerked the weight from the line and threw it as far out on the water as he could. When it was some hundred feet away, with his long, steady, overhand cast, he started an ordinary dowagiac minnow, with its five hooks, which he had fastened to the end of the line, toward the barely visible plug, dancing in the ripples. The minnow struck just four inches beyond the object as Vogt stiffened his wrist and snapped the dowagiac backward. The hooks closed around the bald plug, and all were drawn ashore. "Let me die," breathed a veteran bait-caster who hadn't missed a casting tournament in ten years, "I have seen Naples!"

Another spectator, however, thought he had hit upon a task which would embarrass the angler. Seventy-five feet from the float and about ten from the park shore a boulder protruded above the water. Two feet above it were the bending branches of a tree. "Suppose," put in the taskmaster, "that you saw a bass ripple just over and beyond that rock. What would you do?" "I'd cast over the rock and under the branches," was the reply. As an emphatic illustration, Vogt drew back the rod to his right side and let fly. The wooden bait never lifted more than ten feet above the lake, skimmed a foot over the boulder, missed the overhanging boughs by the same margin and landed in the pond six feet beyond the rock. "I guess I would have got that bass," grinned Bill. "A wonderful eye!" exclaimed the taskmaster. "It's very little of the eye," corrected the angler, "it's the hand. As far as sight is concerned, I have cast blindfolded, hooked a seven-pound wall-eyed pike and landed him. Once I get fish on my line, my hands tell me where they are and what they are about.

"That side stroke by which I was able to cast between the rock and the branches is one of the most useful things a fisherman can learn. It enables him to get under trees and boulders and to cast beneath bridges into the exact spot desired. A good way to perfect yourself is to float small berry baskets under the far side of a bridge and try to cast into them. But the most important part of this method is to give a snap at the end of the cast so as to hook the basket. The same stroke, repeated in real fishing, will often reward you with a bass. So far as accuracy is concerned, I never expect to be accurate at more than 175 feet. Of course most real angling is done at less than a hundred."

A moment later Vogt cast and his line, apparently by accident, became tangled in the branch of a tree some twenty feet distant. The thread formed a regular cat's cradle and the bait dangled just above the water. Bill selected another outfit and cast into the tree, making another and similar snarl. He maneuvered at this line until the wooden minnow hung close beside the other bait. He then detached the lines from the reels so that the near ends could be free. Thereupon he took another line with a plug on the end and cast it so that it twined around the captive baits. Next he promptly freed the lines and drew all the tackle to the float. This feat possessed all the art of a magician's work.

THESE rare accomplishments, however, are a long way from being Vogt's most exclusive angling masterpieces. He can do more with a five-foot rod and an artificial minnow than was ever seen in an official national tournament. He can cast a wooden or metal minnow farther than any one would ever dream it could be sent. He can give a bone on the end of a cotton line to a dog and so play the hound that it cannot get away. He can reel in fast enough to keep a taut line on any bass that ever rushed. If any man can grasp the end of his line and break it by jerking or let it go loose so rapidly

Human fish are landed by Bill Vogt just like trout or bass. He can handle swimmers, canoeists, and oarsmen in boats carrying 300 pounds. Here is a champion canoeist hooked in the bow by a fly-tackle, who fought hard, but was landed with a six-ounce fly rod and 40-pound breaking test line in less than eight minutes.

that Bill cannot keep the thread taut, he will present the victor with his outfit.

Employing a fly-rod and a small practice plug, Vogt has, at a distance of seventy-five feet, removed a pipe from a man's mouth by casting the weight a few inches beyond the objective and giving a twist that ensnares the pipe. At a hundred and fifty feet, with a line similarly equipped, he has shattered any number of clay pipes held in the same position. He has stood seventy-five feet from a person whose bare arm was held horizontally, cast a wooden plug equipped with nine hooks over the outstretched member and removed the paraphernalia without leaving even a scratch. At the same distance he has flicked the ashes from cigar or cigaret held between a man's lips and cut a peeled banana with a fly-line.

In Richmond, Virginia, before a big crowd, he registered a remarkable victory over two riflemen. With wooden blocks, two inches square, bobbing uncertainly in the water at distances ranging from fifty to a hundred and fifty feet as targets, one rifleman scored but seven hits against Bill's eight with casting line and plug, while the other also failed with six to Vogt's seven. Into a cup, six inches in diameter, he has, at eighty feet, deposited a half-ounce weight. One of his most thrilling stunts is to give a canoeist a forty-foot start, and with a six-ounce rod, equipped with a common trout hook and simple household thread, cast into a handkerchief around the paddler's neck and play the canoeist until his arms tire, when Vogt triumphantly draws him shoreward. With only a dollar rod, a three-dollar reel, a half-ounce plug and a twelve-pound test line, he has cast in the neighborhood of two hundred and forty feet, doubtless a world's mark.

Moreover, this outdoor genius has even caught woodchucks, beavers, muskrats, porcupines, gophers, coons, squirrels, gulls, woodpeckers, quail, bitterns, wild duck, mud hens, and soft-shelled turtles both with fly and bait-casting tackle.

"I consider my best catch of this sort a black duck that rose out of some weeds about a hundred feet distant," he said. "When the duck had reached a height of about fifty feet, I cast my spoon over it, one hook catching under the wing, and landed the fowl in about three minutes. Then I gave the bird its freedom.

Lassoing a Man's Wrists

"OF ALL the wild things I have caught," he defended, "all but one were released. I do not kill them, as some people imagine. I merely cast over them, make a quick strike and wrap my line around them kind of lasso-like. It is done by the same system that I have used to tie a man's hands behind his back by casting over his wrists."

Among the turtles native to this country, the so-called soft-shelled variety, delicious for food purposes, is the most difficult to capture. For years fishermen have been devising methods to capture them, but it remained for the resourceful Vogt to contrive the impossible.

With Ben Martin, Bill set out with bait-casting rods and lines equipped with half-ounce weights, five inches above which were treble hooks. Vogt's idea was to operate from the shore, drop the plugs over the quarry's back, make a quick strike into a leg and pull the prize to land. After a few hours' trial, during which several thousand casts were made, the pair lost faith in this method.

Jumping into a boat, they tried rushing up on the game, but the turtles disappeared with dazzling speed. Bill executed some masterful casts, dropping the plug almost on the backs of the turtles, but they ducked too fast for him to get his hooks into action.

Vogt was about to quit, when he noticed that these specimens generally swim with just the tip of the nose sticking above the water to the eyes. When the plug splashed, they almost invariably plunged forward and downward. Consequently, Bill figured that by casting a foot in front of them, he had the best chance of hooking one. This he proceeded to do, and was promptly rewarded by hooking a big turtle about sixty feet distant.

The turtle disappeared in about forty feet of water, Vogt's 5½-foot, 5-ounce bamboo rod resembling a bent pin in the process. After a few minutes of furious struggle, a mass of bubbles appeared on the surface of the lake and Sir Turtle came up for more air. He must have got many cubic inches of it, because this time he remained down about ten minutes. When he arose, Bill managed to draw him to the side of the boat and landed him by getting a good grip on a hind leg.

Beaching the craft, Martin tossed the turtle over his back and started briskly away. He had only taken a few strides, however, when he suddenly jumped and emitted an agonized yell. The turtle scrambled away, with Martin in hot pursuit. After a couple of yards he succeeded in recapturing it.

When Vogt examined Martin's back, he found that some two square inches were missing and that the flesh around the wound looked as though it had just come out of a vice of thousands of pounds' pressure. After Martin was patched up, they continued to the boathouse, where the turtle scaled twenty-nine pounds.

Frequently thereafter they found it no job at all to catch a dozen in one morning in waters where they were fairly thick. The first step is to cast so that the line crosses over the back of the turtle. Then it must be drawn skilfully toward you and over a leg, or flapper, so that the hook will engage and can be set. "The first hundred turtles are the hardest," laughs Vogt. "You will find that the soft-shelled turtle can

In these three successive phases of his perfectly timed bait cast, Bill Vogt, like a crack baseball pitcher, uses every muscle of his powerful body right down to his toes. His line here soared up two hundred feet above the water, snaring one of a flock of ducks.

accommodate with a battle as stiff as any ever furnished by a thirty-pound muskalonge."

Vogt's skill in playing huge game fish with light tackle impresses even veteran anglers as almost uncanny. Casting a line of twelve-pound test, strung with small spoon and single hook, from a 3¾-ounce split-bamboo rod, five feet long, he once landed a thirty-pound muskalonge in less than five minutes. So consummate was his art on this occasion that the giant musky was practically *hors de combat* from the start. At no time in the remarkably brief struggle was the fish able to dart more than forty feet from the reel. At the finish this popularly styled inland shark was completely exhausted and helplessly flapping on its great side. Controlling the rod with his right hand and thrusting the left under a gill, Bill lifted the finny gladiator into the boat as if it had been of inconsequential size. Later in the same season, on the St. Croix River, near Osceola, Wisconsin, he subdued another of this family weighing two pounds more, in eighteen minutes. The fish in this encounter plunged into thirty feet of water that was swift and full of snags. A 5½-ounce fly-rod and a line testing only eight pounds were the main equipment in this fight.

On a memorable excursion up the St. Lawrence River, he caught a sixteen-pound great northern pike with a fly-rod and ordinary cotton sewing thread after a tussle that lasted three-quarters of an hour.

Bill is not only skilful in playing big game fish with light tackle, but his ability to catch a large quantity in a specified time passes all angling understanding. He angled one stream near Glacier Park, Montana, every day for three months, employing the same flies, and landed the statutory limit of trout each day. His best catch in this region for a four-hour stretch with a No. 12 fly was six trout, three Easter Brooks, one of which scaled 6¼ pounds, and the same number of cutthroat, aggregating a total weight of 29½ pounds. This represented two hours' fishing on consecutive evenings.

Vogt never uses more than one fly at a time. However, he modestly disclaims all credit for some of his classics of the rod.

"It's the poor fish that gets rattled," he contends. It's like driving an automobile; all I do is steer. The advantage in playing the finny tribe is so much in my favor that I often feel terribly ashamed of myself."

Bill is the only angler who has mastered the overhand and the underhand flip, in making the cast, manipulating the rod much as a bow drives an arrow. This exclusive expertness extends to the roll cast, too. His accuracy with the fly-rod is actually rifle-like.

IF YOU would return from a fishing trip with full creel, here are some pearls of casting wisdom from this genius. "Using a bait-casting outfit, with a thirty to fifty-pound test line," he divulged, "I palm the reel in my left hand and press the index-finger against the front of the line. This leaves my right hand free to attend to the business of spinning the reel in case a fish gives me some line. It is the only method. When a man has learned to handle his reel this way, no fish can break it, and he can reel in fast enough to maintain a taut line on any fish that ever rushed. I use no drags, clicks nor any other automatic devices," continued Vogt; "simply do my own thumbing and winding. I have let all manner of strong men don gloves, mittens, or wrap handkerchiefs around their hands, so that they won't get cut. Then I have allowed them to step back from fifty to a hundred feet and tug or jerk as hard as they could, but none has been able to turn the handle or move the spool an inch. The line breaks before that point.

"My system of bait-casting differs from the orthodox style in this way: the rank and file of casters use only the power of their arms, shoulders and back, but I bring into action all the muscles right down to my toes. I cast just about as most pitchers throw the ball. When I bring the rod back of my head to start the cast, I raise my left leg until it is parallel with the ground. As the cast proceeds, I lower the left leg and raise the right one rearward. I thrust the left arm out straight to balance the right. Thus I am able to put full force into the effort. Every part of me acts in unison to apply all my strength to the end of one arm. The termination of the cast finds me in the same position as a pitcher the moment the ball is half-way to the plate. I am bent midway over, forward; my right arm is stretched out straight ahead, my left sticks out straight sidewise and the right leg is off the earth. That posture leaves me ready to strike the fish if he should take instant hold of the bait. If he should rush ahead with it, I am prepared to take up the slack with the length of the right arm and the arc of the rod's circle. Of course such a full body swing cannot be used in a rowboat, but I do most of my fishing from the shore."

Vogt's particular system is so effective that he can take a bait-casting rod and a 2½-pound test line, or No. 60 thread, and defy countless persons to snap the line by sudden jerks, pulls or going slack. He has done this to prove that large fish can be landed on very light lines, if properly played—that there's no defence for playing two or three-pound bass for a half hour with a young tree as a rod and a clothes-rope for a line, any more than there is for a huntsman using a machine gun on ducks.

How Vogt Protects the Fish

VOGT is not a killer, as some people think, and does not fish purely for sport. His outdoor creed is that fish should be protected the same as song birds. To exemplify how unfair it is to permit anyone to fish over spawning beds, some years ago, before a critical jury of sportsmen and newspaper representatives to the number of eighty, at Providence Forge, Virginia, he caught with surface bait a hundred and fifty-nine bass in nine hours and fifteen minutes. In three days he caught five hundred and sixty-one of the large-mouthed variety, the heaviest of which was 12½ pounds. As a result, a law against such wholesale slaughter was written into the statute books of that State.

"During the breeding season, bass will fight and strike at almost anything to protect their eggs and young. There are countless two-legged pirates throughout the world who take advantage of them at this vital time, leaving millions of eggs and small fry at the mercy of other fish. I once observed a sunfish not over four inches long who was on her spawning nest when two large-mouthed bass approached, minding their own business. One of the bass passed within a foot of the tiny sunfish's nest. The sunfish, fearful of interference, backed slightly off her bed, plunged recklessly forward at the larger bass, which weighed not less than five pounds, and bit him in the tail.

"When little fish fight so valiantly to protect their spawn and young, I think they should be given the privilege the Almighty intended. Those who deliberately slaughter fish in their spawning grounds commit a very cowardly wrong and should be prohibited by ordinance. Destroying songsters and the game variety on their nests would be condemned as wanton procedure. Why not similar destruction of fish? The fighting and striking habits of bass are such that with the many contrivances invented by man to defeat them, they will soon be extinct in many waters. Barbless hooks, casting clubs and fish conservation bodies do much to elevate and preserve the sport, yet all these, with a thousand hatcheries, are not sufficient to save the bass."

Years of mature field observation in every state have convinced this tireless crusader that the only way to protect our fish is to accord them the same square deal we insist upon for our birds. That means, primarily, protection against being taken from their spawning beds. This can only be attained by passing measures to stop all spring fishing in fresh water until mid-June and even the beginning of July in extreme northern parts of the country. Steps of this nature will not only be merciful to the fish but will result in better fishing conditions and more fish every year.

When the outrages of Vogt's early days are considered, one is surprised at his constructive sentiments and lack of bitterness toward society. Reared in a backwoods log cabin, he enjoyed none of the normal, golden boyhood that should be the birthright of every Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer of reality. Compelled by an unspeakable stepfather to seek his rest on a corn-husk mattress and a bed of rough planks in the attic, where owls roosted and other wild things made their nests, he often awoke to find himself covered with snow, and had to take refuge under the fodder of the cattle-bin to save himself from freezing to death. Frequently, to ward off starvation, he ate raw corn from the stable feed-box. Virtually used as a beast of burden, it was not long before he suffered a rupture and broken limbs.

The crowning indignity came at ten, when sheep shears were driven into his spine.

Fleeing finally from this hard bondage, he faced the world with only a knowledge of the fourth reader and a thumbed old Bible. Though tall, he weighed but a hundred and twenty-nine pounds, so he knew, if he were to continue to live, he would have to build up his emaciated and abused body. Accordingly, with a pack on his back, he tramped up and down the continent for years thereafter, and lived a vigorous outdoor existence.

Among his other outstanding feats of that period was the ascent of Mt. Shasta, 14,444 feet high, without an hour's preparation and no experience in climbing lofty mountains. Some dozen seasoned climbers started on the venture, but only Vogt and two others reached the towering summit. In four months he covered on foot 3,600 miles of Pacific Coast States and in two years drove a team of horses over nine thousand miles of Adirondack trails. He enjoyed the hospitality of any number of world figures during those itinerant days, including Luther Burbank, the plant wizard; Mrs. Denney, the lone survivor of the Whitman massacre; Major Moorehouse, who was with Custer in his fatal fight; General Miles; Old Chief Joseph, and Villa.

With empty pockets and nothing but an extra pair of socks, he left the Golden Gate and trudged to Portland, Oregon, a distance of 1,500 miles. Some days he averaged forty miles. On one occasion he had to split wood for two hours to earn his dinner. He did every kind of hard labor imaginable on this trip. The best pay he received was two dollars a day working with a Mexican pick-and-shovel outfit. He pitched hay at $1.10 for an eleven-hour shift.

He hunted mountain lions, wild hogs, bobcats, rattlesnakes and many other forms of mettlesome game. He caught all sorts of fish and saw geese, ducks, swans and sea lions until he wearied of the spectacle. On the Government Trail on the south fork of the Trinity River he met nothing but Indians. In Arizona he toiled in a copper mine 1,300 feet underground. He also herded Angora goats. On the Apache Indian Reservation, on the Gila River, he saw the braves eat rattlesnakes, and the famed Gila monster. At Yuma, Arizona, he made his home with the Kiowas and several other Indian bands. Today, as a result of all his arduous experience and sacrifice, Vogt's huge frame is protected with supple, vital muscle.

The outdoors has been such a great boon to him, that Vogt has often visited drug dens and other haunts of iniquity to persuade addicts and other human derelicts to accompany him on excursions into the open places.

At one time he lived for weeks among the several hundred hoboes quartered at a notorious flophouse in Portland, Oregon. His good influence among his wretched fellow lodgers saved several from suicide. On other occasions Bill has collected wagonloads of clothes for the inmates of orphan asylums and has spent many more hours making things pleasant for the homeless youngsters. Convicts, too, have profited by the beneficence of this kindly man who has known such crushing handicap himself.

From early boyhood he had a passion for angling, frequently traveling miles out of his way to watch some expert of the rod and reel. Between exhibitions he was continually trying to perfect himself in the art. If water was unavailable for this purpose he would substitute a bare plug for a hook and practice in fields and woods, ensnaring squirrels, chipmunks and other wild animals. In one season alone he wore out seventy new lines. On no few occasions the lines cut his fingers so badly as to necessitate bandaging, yet he stuck to his hobby with injured hands.

Fly-Casting in Vaudeville

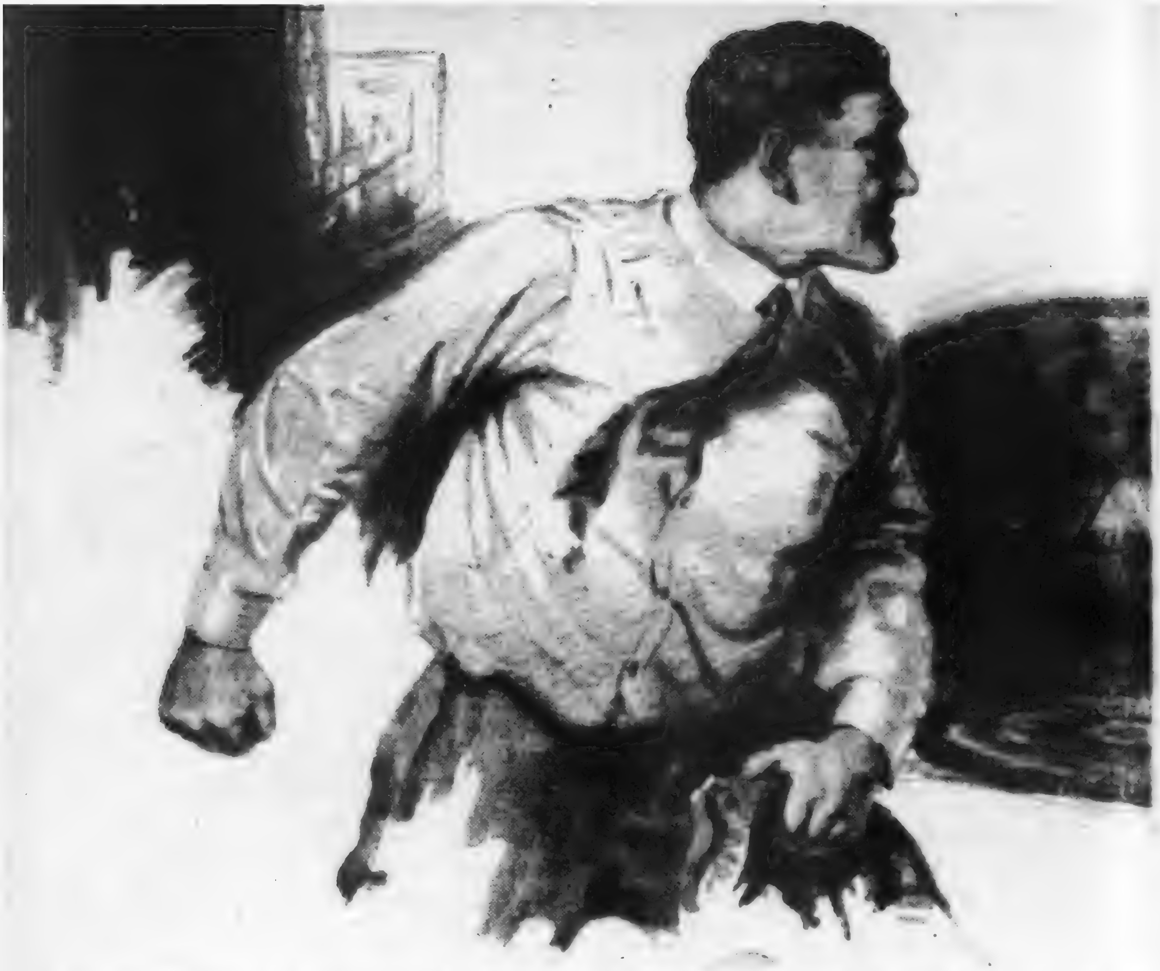
THOUGH for years Vogt has refused to commercialize his piscatorial skill, he at last has consented to enter the big time vaudeville ranks. He feels the public is sorely in need of a lesson in good sportsmanship and that this is the best way to reach the largest number. With a portable tank, his can of motion pictures and an angling rod as his principal props, he is at present in Chicago rehearsing what will be the first fishing act on any stage. This venture will have the support of Will H. Dilg, president of the Izaak Walton League of America, who has sent out circular letters to all chapters urging them to patronize this demonstration of scientific bait and fly-casting.

Dilg, by the way, in a recent article syndicated to dozens of newspapers throughout North America, declared Vogt was the handiest man with fishing equipment alive. Bill will probably make a poor trouper, as he is restless among the traffic streams of cities. So if his cue is called in vain some day, the management will know that he could no longer resist the appeal of the mountains and plains and has taken French leave of his contract.

We asked this wonderful angler what he regarded as his greatest achievement with the rod.

"Landing the two young men in the rowboat on the Central Park lake," was his choice.

We believe, however, that his supreme feat occurred in Hyde Park, Chicago. This Robin Hood of the fishing rod was chatting with Bill Jamison, Hamilton Coleman, Ralph Dunbar and other angling enthusiasts when three butterflies approached, flying some fifteen feet from the turf. More as a joke than anything else, one of his companions asked Bill whether he could capture the middle insect. By way of answer, Vogt in his very first cast wrapped the leader around the designated creature, brought it to the ground and released the frail captive unharmed!



Another pelt stung the big man, and his big fist smacked on Freddy's cheek as he rushed again. Freddy

Illustrated by
Harry Fisk

New Gods

Youth gets a jolt when

"SAY, did you see that big guy goin' out?"

Freddy Clark flapped into the Stock Registration room of the bank like an excited young crane.

"Big one in the snappy green suit?" queried Bill Stetman. "Sure, what of it?"

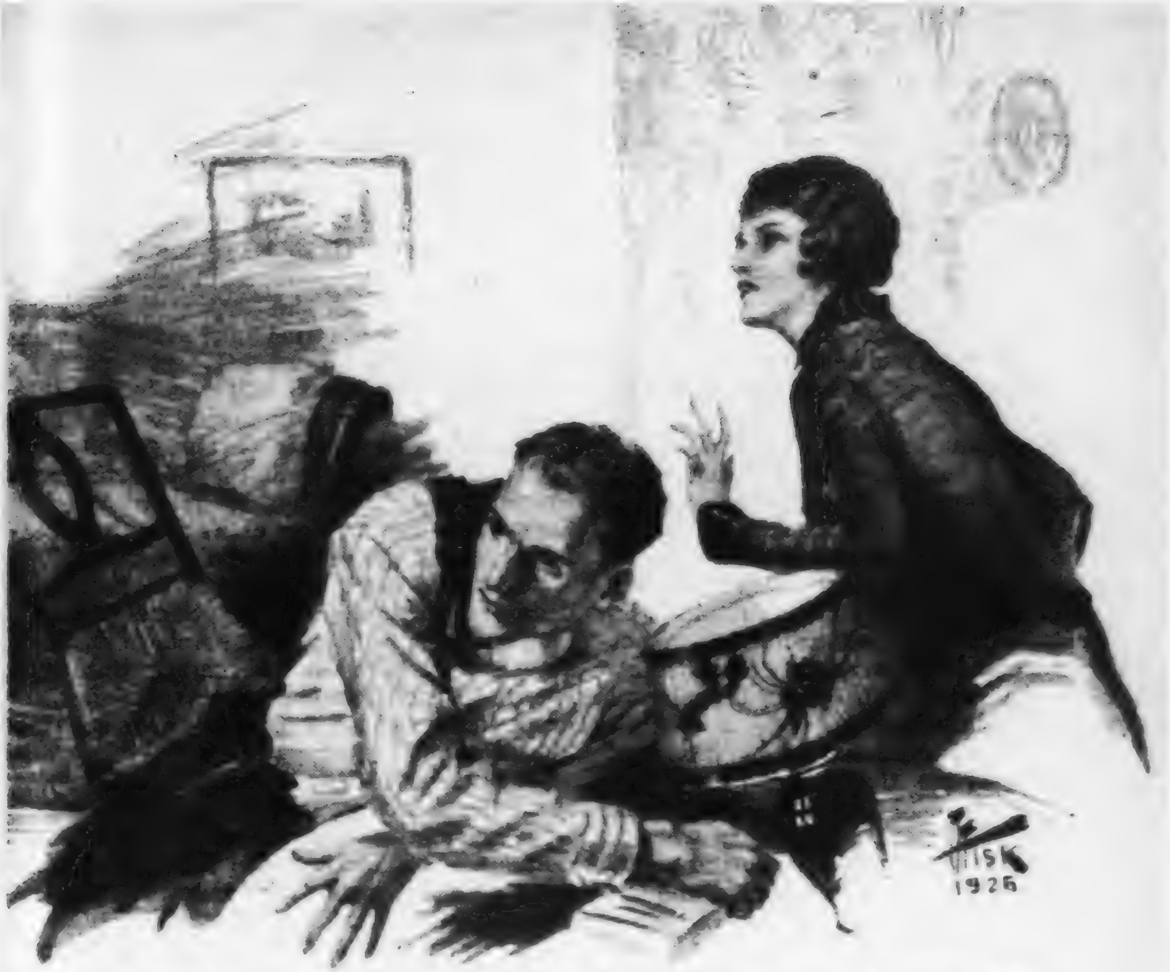
"Know who he is?" demanded Freddy, passing a shaking hand over his sorrel locks. "Barnet Collins, Bill! Greatest police detective in N'York! I seen his picture in the paper only last week."

Both clerks hastened eagerly to the door, but the redoutable figure had melted into the throng of lower Broadway. As they returned, Bill became conscious of a new sartorial splendor in his crony.

"Sa-ay, pretty swell rig, boy," he approved. Freddy flushed slightly, and looked grateful. He remembered to square his shoulders, the way the clothing salesman had told him to, and to tuck in his small chin. Then the coat would achieve a natural hang from the back of his neck. This brought out the full beauty of the butterfly lapels, the curving, gallant slash of the pockets, the flare of the skirts. Bill's green eye hopped from the lavender silk scarf to the slanting breast pocket, whence peeped a silk handkerchief, also lavender.

"Oh, boy," marveled Bill. "An' you married! It's a shame! Elsie seen it?"

Freddy nodded, hesitated, then generously



spinned, struck a chair, and crashed to the floor, dazed. "Told you to cut it," warned Collins.

for Old

By Stanley Jones

its idol turns to clay

gave credit where credit was due. "Yup. Fact is, she picked it out."

"T-s-st," hissed Bill, with a wink, and began signing furiously. Freddy instantly followed suit. He knew that Mr. Goulding, head of the department, was bending his dark, saturnine eye upon them. A moment of suspense, then—

"Come here a minute, Clark," sounded Mr. Goulding's dry voice. Freddy flourished off one more certificate, just to show he wasn't worried, capped his red fountain pen, and shambled over.

"Yes, sir?" he inquired, wishing his heart wouldn't thump so.

"What's this I hear about you're wanting to be a boxer—a prize-fighter?" The boy wriggled uncomfortably. "Do you think you are peculiarly fitted for success in that—er, profession?"

Mr. Goulding's glance, taking in the chin, undernourished physique beneath the brave front, lost its first ironic glint and became kindly.

"No-o, I wasn't thinking of it, sir. I just like to follow the game, and," his voice lowered modestly. "I know 'Spike' Hearn pretty well—at least, I met him."

"Well, I just wanted to know," continued Mr. Goulding, "along what lines your ambitions ran, Fred." He stroked his sparse gray hair and remarked, casually, "Morey is leaving shortly, and I shall need a new assistant. Some one who knows the work, and is interested in it."

"Oh," said Freddy, and tried to picture Mr. Goulding on the pedestal occupied by "Spike"

Hearn. But somehow it wouldn't work. Freddy had tried to explain his flimsy philosophy to other people—older people—before, and Mr. Goulding was, in Bill's pungent words, "A dry, old boy." He wouldn't get it. Still, it was up to Freddy to make the effort.

"Gosh, Mr. Goulding," he plunged, after a second in easing his collar. "I—I dunno. I guess you think I'm kind of crazy. But I don't always want to work in a—a bank. I want to do—to do something more excitin'."

"Like prize-fighting?" queried Mr. Goulding politely.

"Well, no. But something excitin', which takes nerve. I want to work for some man who can take care of himself, anywhere, sir. Gosh, any one can sign stock certificates."

Even in his fumbling efforts, Freddy was conscious that his words might not reflect any special credit upon his superior. Certainly, Mr. Goulding's life was not one to stir the blood of an adventurer. But passionately absorbed by his ideal—he rushed on, pinkish eyebrows twitching with earnestness.

"Y'see, nothing more excitin' happens any more. Seems to me, that, along with everything else, they're makin' machines out of men, Mr. Goulding. Honest, I could cry when I read about men who used to command ships, and armies, and then look at the ones who are runnin' things today. Little thin guys, or big fat ones who couldn't run fifty yards without heart failure. Fellas who never take a chance in their lives!" And Freddy's thin voice trickled into bitter remonstrance with a placid age.

He stopped, and straightened up. He'd be fired now, after talk like that. Whatever got into him? And Elsie . . . he shook his sleek head and ventured a glance at Mr. Goulding. The deep-set eyes were looking at Freddy, and beyond; a curious little smile that held a hint of pain played about the thin lips. He was wondering how he could present the economic struggle of maintaining a home in a glamorous light to this youngster. How he could infuse color and courage into the daily battle of a job . . . if he could hasten the slow but sure shifting of the standards by which courage is weighed.

THOUGH Freddy Clark never suspected it, the older man understood his vague gropings better than he did himself—"got him," from the first halting sentence. But he was oddly embarrassed. Mr. Goulding had faced plenty of lead in the Philippines, but he shrank from sounding paternal to one of his clerks. So he got no further than a gruff, "Well, think it over, I want some one from my own department when the time comes," and a nod of dismissal.

Being a true clerk, however, Freddy pondered it only on the return to his desk, in order to properly impress Bill. In response to a guarded question as to what the old guy wanted, Freddy furrowed his inadequate brow (as the cashier did when occupied with weighty matters) and muttered, "Little matter of policy—wanted advice." Then he resumed his work with an air of importance, taking due care that Bill should not catch him peeping at the clock.

A week later, and spring touched the city with magic. The last bits of dirty snow patches, like soiled newspapers, vanished in the side streets. Far below Elsie's window an enterprising Italian gave his incoherent vending cry.

"That's him runnin', ain't it?" Mrs. Shapiro, from her adjacent window sill jabbed a podgy finger down in the abyss of Sixty-sixth Street. Elsie craned out, red lips parted, anxiously.

"Yes," she nodded brightly, "looks like a daddy-long-legs, doesn't he? Some one told him, once, that if he ran home from work every night it would give him a big chest. But nothing grows, except maybe his legs, and he just drops on the couch. I don't think it's good for him, do you?"

As Elsie hastened to the kitchen, heavy footsteps thundered up the last flight. The girl wondered at this. Freddy seldom had the endurance. She recalled the last occurrence, when he had a small salary raise to announce. Could another have come through?

Freddy gasped in, and skimmed the new gray felt recklessly across the room.

"'Lo, honey," he wheezed, and kissed her as he flopped on the davenport. She unbuttoned the low-cut vest and was about to dab his moist brow with the lavender silk handkerchief.

"Hey, not that one," croaked Freddy in alarm. "This one," and he produced a slightly soiled white handkerchief from another pocket. Elsie replaced the treasure and waited. Gradually the heavings abated, and faint color reappeared.

"Well," demanded Elsie, "what is it, for heaven's sake?" She hoped that vague whiff of singed carrots came from the kitchen across the court.

"Guess," commanded Freddy, dramatically, "who I met today!"

"Oh," sighed Elsie, in a flat little voice. "I—I thought you might have got another raise, Fred." The big blue davenport seemed to undulate and chuckle softly beneath her. Freddy sat up, clutching her shoulders excitedly.

"Guess, that's all, honey. Just guess."

Elsie wrinkled her straight little nose in a suspicious sniff. If those *did* happen to be her carrots . . . "I don't know," she smiled, as one smiles on an importunate child. "The president of the bank, Freddy?"

"Naw," in huge disgust. "Give up?" Elsie nodded, and rose, sniffing.

"Barney Collins!"

"Did you really?" cried Elsie, as a dutiful wife should. She wondered who Barney Collins might be. Freddy jumped up, striding after her so rapidly that the voluminous trousers flapped like the sails of a cup defender.

"Shook hands with him, honey," he enthused, "nearly squashed my hand, too! Gosh, he's a man for you. Why, he's put more desprit characters in the coop than all the other detectives in the city, babe!"

"My!" marveled Elsie, and snatched the cover from the saucepan. "Oh-h, it's ours," she wailed, as the acrid fumes billowed forth. But Freddy merely flung open the window and stalked about, gesticulating.

"Yeh, the bank gets him in when somethin' big happens—like a hold-up, or somethin'. And today he sat down at old Goulding's desk—near's I am to you—and they talked for half an hour. Old Goulding looked like a straw beside him."

"My!" said Elsie again, and sorrowfully scraped some charred and clinging lumps into the sink. "Dinner's ready."

All through the meal, which he bolted, Fred recalled stirring incidents of Barney Collins' prowess.

"Gosh, it seems funny to hear a man like him sayin' 'Sir' to old Goulding, Els. It's all wrong. Why, he could tie that old guy up in a bow-knot with one hand!" said Freddy, clenching his own thin fingers until the knuckles showed sharp and white.

"It doesn't seem funny to me," said Elsie, suddenly and unexpectedly. For one so demure, she had a disconcerting way of puncturing Freddy's soaring mental balloons. She went on, while he gaped indignantly, "He's probably got all the nerve in the world, but you know, as well as I do, Freddy, that you've got to have more than that to get ahead. Training and brains—sometimes I think you'd rather be like one of those beefy wrestlers we saw the other night than head of a bank."

FREDDY leaned forward, poking a shaking finger at her, but she went on, imperturbably scraping the plates.

"I do want to see you strong, and big, Freddy. I love strength in anything. But I do wish you'd see something to—to admire in a man who can do a big job with his head, sometimes. For that's what you're going to make our living with, you know, long after you give up lifting that iron dumb-bell in the other room."

"Gosh, you make me sick, sometimes." Freddy's tone carried eloquent distaste for the wife of his bosom. "You're just like most women—look at a man for what he can make! Can't see anything in a feller who risks his life to protect weaker people—yes, to even save their prop'ty!" He wound up in a fine fury, thumping the table till the cups danced.

"Humph," sniffed Elsie, with a toss of her pert, black head. "Regular knight in shining armor, isn't he?" She turned in the doorway, to sting him once more before starting on the dishes. "I suppose you'll still be sitting at his feet when the three of us are old and broke, and Mr. Goulding's been made a director!"

"Don't you give me any more—" yelled Freddy, jumping up, only to be cut off by the slam of the door. He hesitated, teetered about the little apartment, frowning. Serve her right to let her dry the dishes . . . wonder what he'd do in a case like this, for instance? . . let Elsie sulk, maybe cry, or go out and be gentle with her because she was a woman? . . perhaps even wipe the dishes? . . yes, that's what he'd do, decided Freddy, cooling down quickly . . . that's what a strong man like Barney Collins would do . . . make allowances . . . firm but gentle. . . .

Freddy stepped forward, lofty forgiveness on every feature. His hand was on the knob when the door was pushed slowly open from the other side.

"Aren't you—aren't you going to dry, Freddy?"

Her head was turned so that he could see only a part of one pink little ear, and the soft curve of a cheek.

But he knew that her eyes were misty.

"Sure," said Freddy, very gruffly, for emotion was taboo with a man like Barney Collins. He started to walk around her, but was suddenly surprised to find her "inside his guard" as "Spike" Hearn would have said. Those things had a way of just happening. For some time they stood so, a checked tea towel stirring faintly—like a flag of truce—on the hook above them. Looking out through the fire escape into the soft spring twilight, Freddy supposed that even Barney Collins had to touch earth once in a while. He doubted that Collins would forgive any woman's tears on a new lavender silk tie. But, he, Freddy Clark, made the supreme sacrifice.

Two days later Freddy was sorting stock shares into neat little piles when a genial voice broke in on him.

"Mornin', Mr. Clark. Mr. Goulding around?"

Freddy's eyes opened wide on the safe-like physique of Mr. Collins, small brown hat clutched in a secure grip.

"G'Morning, Mr. Collins," gulped Freddy, struggling to his feet. "Gosh, how'd you remember my name, anyway?"

The detective's broad, rather thick lips stretched in a grin, while the hazel eyes beneath their black tufts roved about the room. "I never forget a name, or a face," he pronounced impressively.

"I know you don't," nodded the boy eagerly. "I read, last year, how you picked Hank Mader out of a crowd on Wall Street. After he'd grown a beard, too. Gee how'd you do it?"

Mr. Collins had more than received his share of adulation. Dignitaries had praised him publicly; the mayor had twice pinned medals on his chest, reading the same little speech each time; society women had twittered over him. But the honest worship in the boy's face before him . . . well, that was different. The sort of a look that a pointer pup has in his eyes when he rests his head on your knee. Devotion above dissimulation, as impossible to counterfeit as Truth itself.

"Well, t'was like this," said Mr. Collins, confidentially, resting one imposing haunch on Freddy's desk.

Half an hour slid by before they became aware of Mr. Goulding. Freddy wondered how long he had been standing there. He nudged the detective, cocked one pinkish eyebrow ever so slightly.

Collins rose abruptly, ducked his compact head, and whirled around to confront the tall man with a surprised, "Well, sir, where did you drop from? Been looking all over the bank for you!"

Bill Stetman sidled over, consumed with curiosity. "Who's that big guy, Freddy? I seen him somewhere before."

Freddy smothered a yawn, signed a certificate, lit a cigaret. "Him? Oh, an old pal of mine. Barney Collins th' detective."

"Th' hell you say!" marveled Bill, eyes goggling.

"Yeh, he's on a job for the bank now. Wants me to go out on a raid or two with him soon."

"Th' hell you say!" marveled Bill, still more softly, and Freddy's cup overflowed.

A STRANGE and rather pitifully one-sided friendship. It is probable that Freddy's delight in his company did not disturb the even tenor of Mr. Collins' slumber. And it is even more probable that the big detective did not allude to Freddy quite so often, nor so glowingly as Freddy alluded to him in the next four weeks. The evenly reciprocating friendship is difficult of attainment when one of the parties walks on Olympus, and the other among the sons of men.

"You got to be an iron man to get your shield, don't you, Barney?" inquired Freddy wistfully, squinting in the white glare of a tiled restaurant, one noon.

"Uh-uh," mumbled the detective, hunched menacingly over a bowl of rice pudding. "Ready to take on the biggest, Fred."

The boy's glance took in the swelling of the Collins bicep as the large spoon rose and fell. His fingers strayed to his own upper arm for comparison. But even the most straining contraction produced a disappointing lump no larger than a Blue Point. His neck, too, remained a "14"—and a small one, at that—despite the nightly bridging exercises which caused Elsie such alarm.

"Think there's any chance I—I might fill out enough, Barney?" The big man shot an amused glance at him, and it is recorded to his credit that he did not laugh. Instead, he plied his toothpick reflectively, and tilted the small brown hat far back on his curls.

"Dunno. Hard to say, son. There was Jimmy Gegan, he was a little guy, but whipcord an' dynamite. Always lookin' for trouble. He was built for it, you might say. But—I dunno."

"You don't think you'd try for it, if you were me?"

"Well, I wouldn't say yes, an' I wouldn't say no, offhand, son." He frowned slightly and looked away from the questioning, eager face with its thin beak and soft eyes. Barney Collins was not, by several miles, the white-plumed crusader that he was sometimes acclaimed. Neither was he a plug-ugly grafter operating behind a police badge. At this moment he wondered why he didn't have the nerve to tell the kid. He actually squirmed in discomfort, dreading the look that he foresaw in the boy's eyes.

"You might," he allowed ponderously, "be good. An' you might flop at a sock in the nose, or a lotta blood. But there's all kind o' work to do in the world, an' they all take nerve to do right. Why, I'd rather tackle a bunch o' these amateur gunmen than buck the real job of runnin' a bank department, son."

"Aw go on," scoffed Freddy. "And why?"

"Well," Barney Collins wagged his head sagely. "I've seen enough of 'em to know how much of a fight it is, with some one watchin' your every move, an' politics, an' figurin', an' all. Takes brains, an' all th' nerve a guy's got, too." He hunched forward, tapping the porcelain table.

"You prob'ly think this man Goulding's just a thin old crock, eh?"

"Worse'n that," asserted Freddy, with the gracious candor of youth. "I could lick him myself."

"Well," said Mr. Collins impressively, "get this. I was up to his house th' other night, goin' over th' case. An' I ain't denyin' I felt somethin' like you do. But in a table drawer, lookin' for a pencil, I come across enough war medals with his name on 'em to make you hump-backed."

"What'd he say?" queried Freddy stupidly. His world was reeling.

"Oh, he just smiled a little, an' remarked they was handed out to everybody but th' muleskinners in *his* war. Then he went right on with th' business."

Freddy hurried back to the bank in a daze. He was wavering, with long-cherished standards of value tottering perilously. He could scarcely wait to look at Mr. Goulding, picturing the spare figure erect in khaki, the lean face bronzed beneath a campaign hat.

"Hello, Fred," said Mr. Goulding's flat voice. He looked up from the columns of figures before him.

"'Lo, Mr. Goulding," mumbled Freddy, and noted, unwillingly, how the two large cords stood out in the back of his superior's neck. Before his eyes, the brave khaki melted into a dark gray business suit, rather wrinkled. The penetrating eyes were squinted not through the sights of a Krag, but down a yellow lead pencil into a maze of nauseating figures.

"I think," and Mr. Goulding's tone was kindly, "that you might be interested in some of the bank's courses here, Fred. They start next week, and would give a man the training to fill a big job here, some day. If you are, let me know, will you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Freddy, and shambled off, resentful with a confused disappointment that was the more poignant because of its very vagueness. But Barney Collins, on his lofty pedestal, had survived the tremor and once more stood firm and exalted, plumed and shining.

NEVER had the little apartment seen such excitement. You would have thought that royalty, or at least a Congressman, was coming for supper, instead of a police detective. The cream woodwork fairly shone, for Elsie had been caught—momentarily, at least—in her husband's vast enthusiasm. Over the davenport hung the inevitable Maxfield Parrish, while the other wall boasted Freddy's chief treasure, a yellowed cabinet photograph of James J. Corbett, autographed by the subject, and several hundred admiring flies.

Now, flitting in from the busy kitchen, Elsie paused, like a bird in flight, for a final survey. She looked uncommonly slim and girlish in a straight little frock that, by some lucky chance, exactly matched the dancing blue of her eyes. A bright flush mounted her cheeks, and as she fluffed out the faded draperies she hummed a little tune that was off key, but satisfying none the less.

"There," whispered Elsie, with a final pat on a cushion. "If Freddy's late I'll wring his neck."

As if in answer, heavy brogues crashed on the stairs, and in he panted.

"Gee, you look swell!" he kissed her briskly and deposited a package carefully on the table. "S'afraid I'd be late—old Goulding said a lot o' Cleveland municipals were comin' in an' had to be sorted today. But they weren't in by four-thirty, so I ducked."

Elsie eyed him gravely. "Well, some day you'll get caught, Mr. Smarty." She picked up the package with an exclamation of delight. "Oh, good! Candy! And we didn't have any."

"Candy me eye," returned her husband scornfully. He winked knowingly. "Offer a man like Barney Collins candy and he'd be insulted. That's pre-war stuff, Els, real redeye."

Elsie seemed unimpressed. "Humph," she remarked, eyeing it with scant favor. "Seems to me that a policeman would be insulted by offering him something that's against the law—"

"Bah, policeman! Don't speak of Barney Collins like he was a flat-foot cop, will you? He's the greatest—"

"Yes, I've heard that before, somewhere. But I don't want—" she scurried kitchenwards as an angry sizzling reached her.

If Mr. Collins had come prepared for a rather boresome evening, his hostess' greeting might well have served to put him at his ease.

"Well, you are a big one, aren't you? Freddy said you filled up a doorway, and you just about do! Come in, glad to know you."

"Thanks," rejoined Mr. Collins, grinning so widely that a distant gold crown sparkled for an instant. He shouldered in, and allowed Elsie to relieve him of the little brown hat. "You sure have got a nice place here," he observed, beaming on the little girl.

"Well, we find it pretty comfortable, and it's cheap," she added. Barney eased his bulk down gingerly into the depths of the davenport, which groaned slightly. He perked up the ends of his black bow surreptitiously and ran a hand over his thick curls. "Where's the banker?" he inquired jocosely.

"Right with you, Barney," called Freddy gaily. "Meet the wife?"

"Sure did, we're gettin' on famous. Can she cook, as well as look?" Mr. Collins was not without some local reputation as a wit, and rather prided himself on his flair for verbal gallantry. He chuckled as Elsie blushed and darted back into the kitchen.

"Well, well, what's new? enthused Freddy, a sorrel-topped vision in a snappy green suit, just like that worn by the fashionable Mr. Collins. He shook hands warmly, and wished, for a fleeting instant, that Bill Stetman could see him clap the great man on the shoulder. "Little snifter before we don the nosebags?"

"'Gainst th' law, ain't it?" queried Mr. Collins solemnly.

"Aw, say, Barney, what's the matter with—"

"Hah," exploded the guest, cracking his thigh in high glee. "Lead me to it, son, tha's all." Things were looking up.

Arm in arm, they invaded the kitchen, winking elaborately over the bottle, which Mr. Collins nestled beneath his coat. Followed the clash of ice-pick and the clink of glass. Elsie watched in derision, tinctured with anxiety.

"Better make his half water, Mr. Collins. One sniff and he's through for the evening. Oh, yes you are," she assured the blustering

Freddy, "remember that party at Ed. Kelly's last winter, when you had to leave early?

"Ah, that was bum stuff," mumbled Freddy, his ears a delicate cerise. Collins roared until the tinware rattled, and Elsie shooed them out.

The dinner made up in quantity what it may have lacked in trimmings. If there was no centerpiece of roses and smilax, there was a noble leg of lamb, banked with potatoes roasting in their little brown jackets. If there was a lack of forks with which to confound the guest, it was overbalanced by the tender greenness of the string beans. And if the conversation tended to run along autobiographical channels, was it not the truest hospitality to lend an attentive ear to distinguished company?

"Tell her about the wop you nabbed in Brooklyn, Barney," urged Freddy, between bites. "You know, the one who cut his wife up in fourteen pieces and hid 'em in a trunk.

"No, oh, no," shuddered Elsie, with a horrified little gesture. She gazed at her plate, shaking her curls vigorously. Collins chuckled around a huge mouthful of lamb, and unbuttoned his vest, which was becoming tight.

"Well, then—about the forger you trailed to Toronto and had to lay out with a chair in the hotel lobby, Barney."

●

THIS didn't sound quite so bad, and the girl's eyes widened as the guest did one of his best narrative bits on it. Freddy was in his glory, his prominent eyes glued to the detective's red face, switching only to nod at Elsie in a particularly harrowing moment.

"My, I'd be simply scared to death, Mr. Collins," she murmured. "Aren't you ever scared?"

"Oh, sometimes," and the big man tilted back and hooked thumbs in the armholes of his vest. "But you get used to it, and—er, got any more o' that bread puddin' hangin' around, sister?"

He cocked a congenial hazel eye at Elsie, and looked as though he would have nudged her playfully had she been near enough.

"Why, why yes. Just a minute." The girl looked hard at him under her long lashes for an instant as she went into the kitchen.

"Great little girl, Freddy," said he, sententiously. "Gosh, you're a lucky beggar. Nothin' like a real home an' a good-lookin' wife."

"Yes, yes that's right, Barney," and Fred's tone was a bit uncertain as he regarded his guest. "Seen my picture of Corbett, autographed an' all?"

"Th' hell you say! Now, whadda you think o' that?" Mr. Collins surveyed the work with approving nods, then, struck by a sudden happy thought, "How about a little toast to him, Freddy? He was a grand fightin' man!"

"Sure, right-o," assented the boy, striving for heartiness. He thumped the squat bottle down beside Collins, unaware of Elsie's face in the doorway behind him.

"There, that's a man's drink!" boomed the guest, and tossed off a neat three fingers without batting an eyelash. "It *is* good stuff! Drink hearty."

Fred flushed with gratitude at the praise, and choked over a swallow. Barney Collins roared.

"Try again, son. 'Tis practice you need!"

"Here," said Elsie's cool voice, "is your pudding, Mr. Collins."

As she deftly cleared the table, the men divested themselves of their coats and lolled by the window. Freddy made a mental note to acquire a pair of red satin sleeve-bands, like the detective's. They certainly were the cat's eyebrow. The evening was warm, even for May, and Barney Collins seemed to be feeling the humidity. Tiny beads of perspiration popped out on his forehead, which he mopped at frequent intervals.

"Sure is warm, eh?" he inquired. "How 'bout 'nother little nip?"

"Go to it, Barney," nodded Freddy, whose throat was still tingling. "Don't it make you hotter, though?"

"Uh-uh," grinned the other, to a pleasant plashing in the tumbler. "Thing about good licker is this: makes you warm in cold weather, an' cool when it's hot. Tha's why it's so doggone popular all year round. Funny, ain't it?"

"Sure is," agreed the boy, shaking his head as Collins motioned with the bottle. "I'll sit out this round, if you don't mind."

Conversation languished, Freddy striving to rise above the persistent buzzing in his head, and Mr. Collins sauntering about the room, humming to himself, tumbler in hand. Presently he encountered the phonograph in the corner.

"Little music, eh?" he crowed jovially. He selected a record, and after a rasping whirl or two the needle caught the groove and a waltz spun out. He hummed it, rotating solemnly, his heavy arm crooked about the waist of an imaginary partner. As the piece ended, Elsie entered.

"How 'bout me wipin' th' dishes?" proposed the guest, with an elephantine bow. He took in Elsie with eyes that were at once unnaturally bright, yet not quite clear. "I'm a grand help in household."

"No, we'll let them go," decided the girl, smiling. "What's the matter with you, Freddy, headache?"

"Naw, look out," he squawked, as she placed a cool hand on his clammy forehead. Barney Collins stood near, grinning, great hands on his hips. "I got a bit of a headache m'self," he remarked slyly, and eased down onto the davenport beside Elsie.

"Well, it's nothing to the one you'll have tomorrow," laughed the girl, with a glance at the receding level in the brown bottle.

"Hah," he snorted. "This ain't enough to give a gnat a decent slant." Elsie was conscious, without looking at him, of his eyes on her cheeks, her throat. She rose and stepped lightly to the phonograph. Collins wrinkled his brow at the confusing pattern of the carpet at his feet. A fox trot snapped out.

"Come on, Freddy, give me a whirl," and Elsie tugged at his hand.

They danced, followed by the peering gaze of the big man.

"Gee, you can step 'em out," he applauded admiringly as it came to a stop and Freddy sank back on his chair. "Thank you, I love it," dimpled Elsie. She tossed a stray curl back from her forehead and seated herself. Collins grinned.

"How 'bout a whirl with th' old man?"

"Sure," assented the girl, after a barely perceptible pause. "Same one, it's good."

She floated into his arms like a bit of blue thistledown, light yet beautifully alive. The man held her carefully at first, as though she would break, then ever more closely as they swayed and circled. He became conscious of her softness, the supple strength in the lithe figure. As the dance ended, he drew a deep breath and held her for a second, until the needle streaked warningly.

"Gee, you two are good. Oughtta go on the stage," said Freddy. Elsie's laughing reply seemed to flutter a trifle. Collins grunted, and pleaded. "One more, please, sister," as she perched on the arm of a chair. She could not well refuse.

"All right, but that's the wind-up. Don't know why I'm so tired. Must be the heat."

AGAIN they swung slowly about the dimly lit room. Freddy noted, as they passed, that Barney Collins' eyes seemed to rest on him without seeing him. How little she looked in his arms, he thought, and stepped to the kitchen for a glass of water. He was chipping a piece of ice when he heard a smothered cry from the front room. His heart thumped with sudden alarm. Freddy jumped to the door, dropping the ice. In the far corner he saw Collins, ruthless and deliberate, pressing his hot face hungrily down upon Elsie's. Her little hands, like tiny white hammers, beat vainly against his head.

With a hoarse shout, the boy crossed the room in two leaps. As the detective looked up, scowling, Freddy dealt him a stinging blow in the face. Collins blinked and shook his head stupidly. Again the boy struck, crying in rage at his impotence, while Elsie thrust herself free and hid her face in her hands.

"Here," growled Collins, like a mastiff attacked by a small terrier. "Lay off that, or I'll smack you." He stepped back a pace, winking rapidly beneath his black brows. But the boy crowded in, eyes blazing, flailing with puny fists. Another pelt stung the big man, and his big fist smacked on Freddy's cheek as he rushed again. He spinned like a scarecrow, struck a chair, and crashed to the floor, dazed.

"Told you to cut it," warned Collins, thickly. His heavy eyes settled on his coat, and he pawed his way into it. "Where's m'hat?" he muttered, as Elsie, eyes staring, knelt beside the boy. "He ain't hurt, leave 'm alone."

She pointed, white-lipped, to the round brown hat on the table.

"You low-down mutt," she whispered. "You low-down mutt." The big man shambled to the door. "If you knew what you meant to Freddy—if you only knew," and her voice broke and trailed into a whimper. "Get out, beat it," and she disdained to glance after him as he sidled out, muttering aggrievedly.

"Hurt, dearest?" she whispered, pressing the disheveled head to her breast. Her eyes explored the white face, searching the irregular features with a passion of tenderness.

He did not raise his face, but her heart leaped as he shook his head slowly. "He touched you," choked Freddy bitterly, "he touched you, the big bum. And I—I couldn't stop him."

Elsie circled the thin shoulders more firmly, and winked rapidly as they trembled in a long, dry sob.

"But you did, dearest," she assured him swiftly. "You did. He ran out. He was afraid."

Valiantly she spoke, but the bowed head continued to shake, and the sobs racked him until emotion spent itself. She raised him, finally, to the comfort of the massive blue davenport, and placed her hand gently over his lips when he would have talked. So they sat, silent, till very late, but there was no sleep for Freddy that night. Bruises of the body are soon healed and forgotten, but when a deity crashes to earth, it leaves in its wake a spiritual chaos indescribable.

Next morning Freddy entered the bank lifelessly. Gone was the snappy green suit, and with it the festive lavender tie and handkerchief.

"Say," greeted Bill, indignantly, "you're a fine guy, you are! Duckin' out just before those Cleveland municipals come in. Goulding hadda stay here till eleven to get 'em out. He was goin' to a show with his wife, too."

"Why, I waited," mumbled Freddy lamely, "till pretty late." This was the final blow; nothing much mattered now.

"Waited, me eye," snorted Bill. "I'd hate to be in your shoes now, be-lieve me!"

"Is that so?" was the best that Freddy could do. He slumped over his desk, head in hand, dejection in every line. So Mr. Goulding saw him when he entered, and took a quick step or two in his direction. But something caused

[*Continued on page 163*]

She Created *the* Cheerful Cherub

A million newspaper readers now look each day for a message in rhyme from the chubby urchin who made his first appearance on the margins of Rebecca McCann's schoolbooks. Her first verses were written for the joy of writing

by Alissa Franc Keir

THE three thousand Cheerful Cherub verses already published by Miss McCann have far from exhausted her stock of ideas. Her note-books contain at least one new one for every one that has been printed. The funny and happy and human and exasperating things that happen every day to all of us have a way of suggesting four-line stanzas of philosophy. The Cheerful Cherub's antidote for gloom is a little daily verse that will help correct your perspective on life by making you laugh at yourself like a good sport.

MORE than twenty and less than thirty years ago, there was born in Quincy, Illinois a small damsel, who at a most early age drew, with colored crayons, pictures divided into good and bad children, and told fairy stories to the youngsters in the neighborhood in return for her allotted share of the daily chores. With a business sense that she will assure you she ardently wishes she had retained in after life, the dramatic climax of those tales was never revealed until after the dishes were wiped and the last speck of dust was off the parlor chairs!

Rebecca McCann was destined to be the creator of the "Cheerful Cherub," one of the most widely read characters in American journalism. More than a hundred papers now have the Cherub poem with its delectable illustration, and so it is safe to say that more than a million readers look for the Cherub each day.

"But it has really almost soured my disposition to live down the reputation of being perpetually cheerful—cheerfulness in itself as a career I hate," exclaimed the Cherub's creator. "In one way it has been a terrible thing to have had to bear the stigma of being cheerful all these years.

If this cheerfulness annoys you,
On the days you're feeling blue,
Please forgive me, gentle reader,
Often it annoys me, too.

Runs a Cherub verse.

"The Cherub is not a professional optimist peddling sunshine," she explained. "I think and so does he, that there is nothing more exasperating than that blind and feelingless, constantly grinning, smug kind of cheerfulness, which is often as out of place as a "KEEP SMILING" motto on a dentist's office wall.

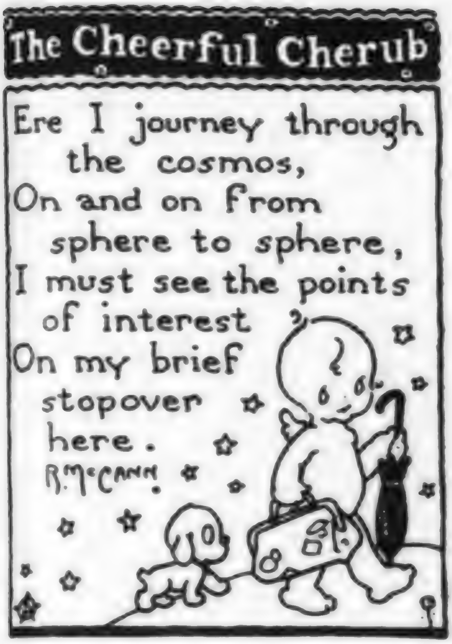
"Cheerfulness has been commercialized to such an extent, that all cheerfulness is more or less in disrepute and I am sure I don't want the Cherub to be that way at all.

"I am certainly not that way in my private life. I am often quite gloomy, I am happy to say. The kind of cheerfulness the Cherub is supposed to believe in is really nothing but being interested in living and interested in the little daily things, the petty little surfaces and colors and sounds which we come across so unseeingly because there are so many of them."

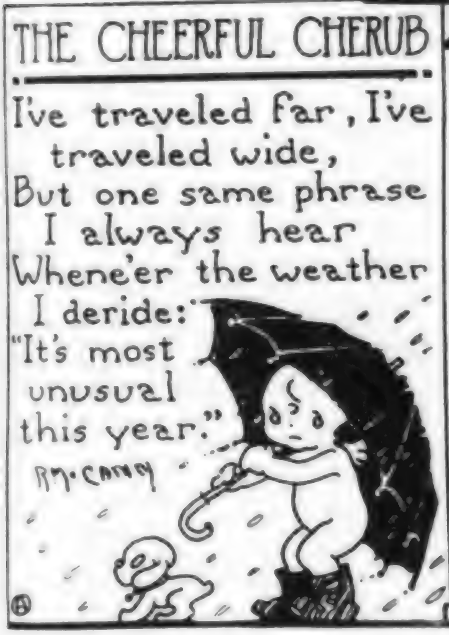
The Cherub writes about the experiences and problems that come to every one, and he writes about them in a way that every one can understand. He has a philosophy for every situation and he puts it into four lines that sing and laugh. And there is more than a touch of satire in some of his verses. A great many things in human nature he finds absurd, and not a few of them he discovers in himself. In fact, helping you to laugh at yourself is one of the best things the Cherub does. And he is undaunted.

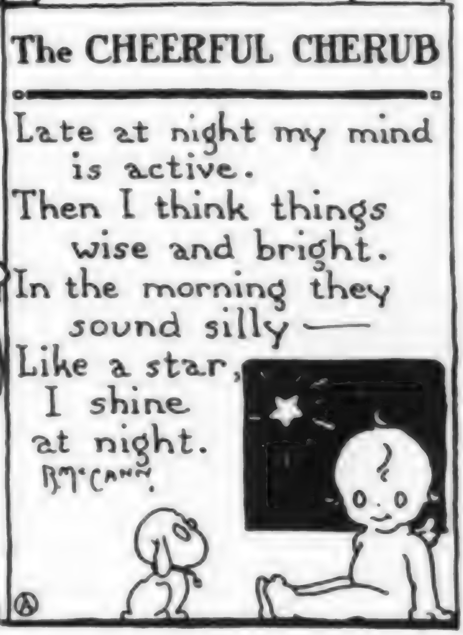
"A few years ago, a very serious woman rushed up to me and said, 'Are you the author of the Cheerful Cherub? Well, last spring you saved me from committing suicide!' I was appalled, because I never thought any one took him seriously," said Miss McCann.

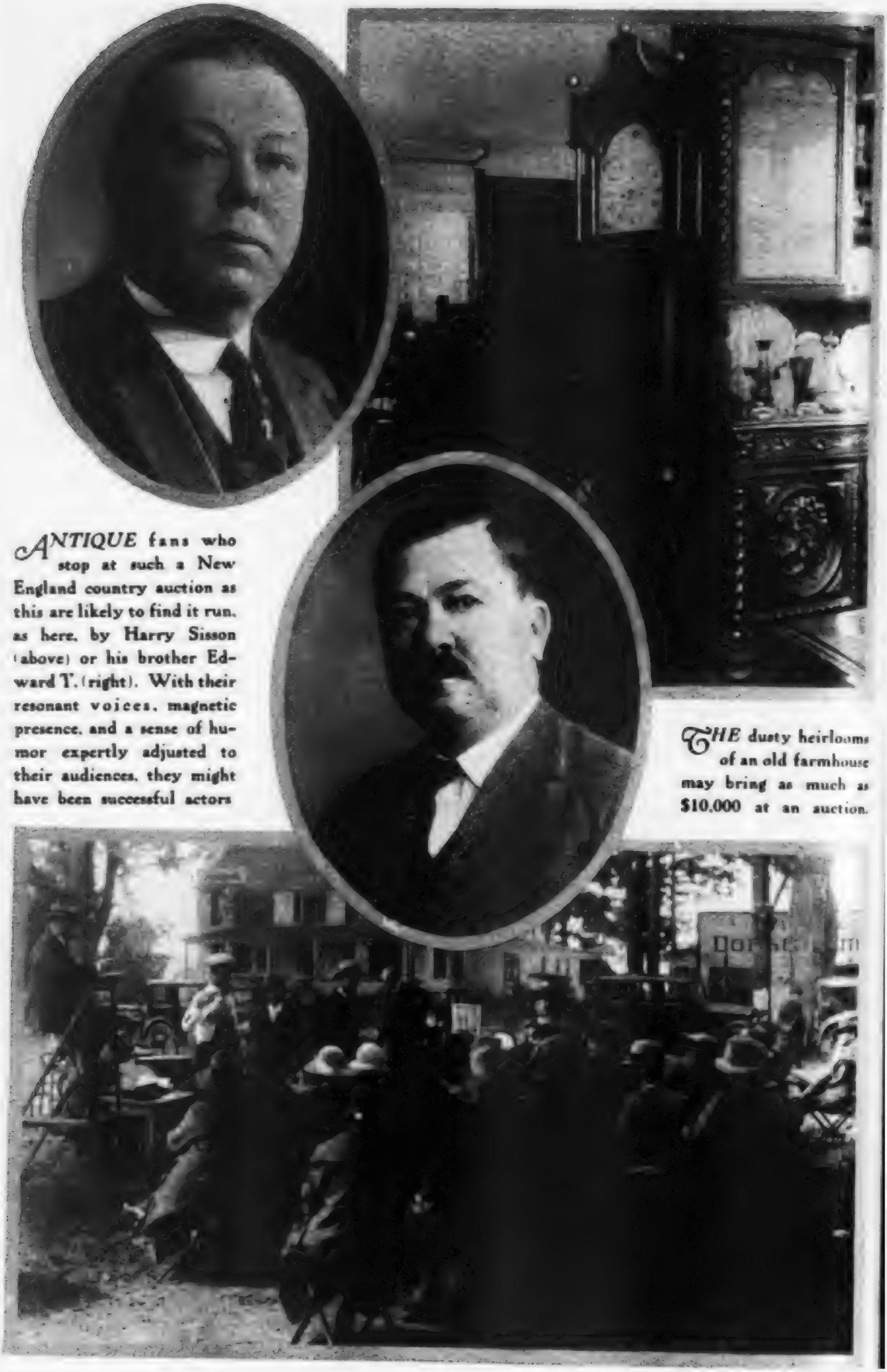
[*Continued on page 174*]


The Cheerful Cherub
Ere I journey through
the cosmos,
On and on from
sphere to sphere,
I must see the points
of interest
On my brief
stopover
here.
R. McCann

THE Cheerful Cherub has made life easier for thousands of people and averted some tragedies, but he keeps Rebecca McCann busy bringing him out every day. She has written the verses and drawn him on hotel window sills, sleepers, steamboats, subways, mountains, and once on a very bumpy airplane trip from London to Paris, but that cherub was not so cheerful


THE CHEERFUL CHERUB
I've traveled far, I've
traveled wide,
But one same phrase
I always hear
Whene'er the weather
I deride:
"It's most
unusual
this year."
R. McCann


The CHEERFUL CHERUB
Late at night my mind
is active.
Then I think things
wise and bright.
In the morning they
sound silly —
Like a star,
I shine
at night.
R. McCann



ANTIQUE fans who stop at such a New England country auction as this are likely to find it run, as here, by Harry Sisson (above) or his brother Edward T. (right). With their resonant voices, magnetic presence, and a sense of humor expertly adjusted to their audiences, they might have been successful actors

THE dusty heirlooms of an old farmhouse may bring as much as $10,000 at an auction.

Fifty Years *of* Auctioneering

The Sisson Brothers, Harry and Edward, annually sell three million dollars' worth of general merchandise at country auction sales. They find there is always a customer for anything they have to offer

by Stella Burke May

A FARMER of Washington Town named Jim Sisson, once found himself possessed of more sheep and cattle than he cared to carry through a long, cold winter. So he set out to dispose of the "critters" at a profit. Two personal facts largely governed the subsequent proceedings. In the first place the farmer happened to be one of the supervisors of the town, having been elected to the office in 1872. He also happened to be the leading baritone in the church choir.

EVERY day, summer and winter, a little red and white flag bearing the magic words: "Auction: Sisson" is fluttering somewhere in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, or Connecticut, and somewhere a Sisson is calling: "WhatamIbid?;" "What Am I Bid?;" "WHAT AM I BID?" while modern homes, abandoned farms, farm implements, blooded cattle, veteran horses, stocks of merchandise, perishable foodstuffs, or priceless antiques from someone's attic are knocked down to the highest bidder.

As a thrifty farmer and a shrewd supervisor he knew the thrift and aloofness of these New England country folk. (Washington Town is in Dutchess County, New York, but it is only a few miles across the Connecticut line and the district is virtually a part of New England.) As a singer, Sisson knew the appeal of the human voice. Applying his composite knowledge to the merchandising problem at hand, he reached a perfectly simple solution. A social gathering on his farm, with the bargains offered melodiously, was the ideal way to sell his livestock. Thus it was that fifty years ago James B. Sisson became a country auctioneer.

The auction was advertised to take place at his farm on a certain day and it was advertised largely by word of mouth. Yet so effective was the result that it opened up to him a new career. The result of that day's sales laid the foundation for the thriving auction business which James Sisson conducted until his death in 1890. Since that time his two sons, Harry T. and Edward T., under the name of J. B. Sisson's Sons, have continued to expand both business and territory.

Today there is hardly a motor highway or country lane along the "stern and rock-bound coast" that does not sometime during the season flaunt a Sisson banner. Every day, summer and winter, a little red and white flag bearing the magic words: "Auction: Sisson" is fluttering somewhere in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Rhode Island or Connecticut, and somewhere a Sisson is calling: "WhatamIbid?;" "What Am I Bid?;" "WHAT AM I BID?" while modern homes, abandoned farms, farm implements, blooded cattle, veteran horses, stocks of merchandise, perishable foodstuffs or priceless antiques are knocked down to the highest bidder.

The first time I saw a Sisson auctioneer in action was in Litchfield County, Connecticut. The season was early Spring when lilacs were in bloom, the air like wine and the enchanting green of the Berkshires rimmed the blue cup of the sky.

For weeks the announcement had been posted in village post offices, in summer hotels, strung along rock and rail fences, suspended from lamp-posts, chalked on ancient milestones. It stated simply, but alluringly, that on Saturday, the twelfth, there would be an Absolute Auction—an absolute auction meaning that the owners made no reservation as to price—where everything would be sold to the highest bidder.

The property offered was a farm with twenty-one acres of land, a Colonial house, outbuildings and the entire stock of cattle, horses, chickens, farm implements, household furnishings—and antiques. This last a magnetic word along the Atlantic Coast.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning when I reached the auction grounds. The scene was more like a country picnic than a

"The public knows when it's getting its money's worth," say the Sissons, "the final decision of the auction crowd is a pretty good test of values." Moreover, they add: "Most of the goods sold at auction sales as antiques are really genuine."

public sale. Flivvers and farm wagons, limousines and light spring buggies, parked in roadways or under the trees, rubbed noses with the easy familiarity of those who met often at auctions. On bench or campstool or convenient rocks an eager, restless throng of rich and poor, farmer and city dweller, awaited the appearance of the auctioneer and the beginning of the sale. Some of the women were knitting, some crocheting. Some had brought babies, some dogs. Most of them, men and women alike, carried lunches in shining hamper or paper parcel. Before them stood the venerable farmhouse, its Colonial doorway and sagging shutters, its weather-worn clapboards and fanlight windows whispering hoarsely of age. Lowboys and highboys, pine cupboards, slatback chairs, cord beds, candlesticks, glassware, and those intimate bits of bedroom china that antedate the bathroom were piled on porch or steps, or strewn helter-skelter over the lawn to await their turn under the hammer.

Behind the house and exasperatingly obstructing an artist's dream of soft green hills that spread away in the distance, was a bulging barn exuding the optimistic auction fans and antiquarians who had arrived long before the auctioneer to rummage barn and ashheap in the hope of finding something rare.

THERE was a tense moment; a hush like that which accompanies the rising of a theatrical curtain, and the star performer—Harry T. Sisson, elder brother of the firm—mounted his block, a sort of combination pulpit and stepladder. A big, broad man with a big, broad smile and big round eyes that seemed to be looking at nothing yet seeing everything. Accompanying him was his cast of co-workers, bookkeeper, cashier and the "property boys" who set the stage and shift the scenes.

Harry Sisson smiled at his audience. His audience returned the smile. The bookkeeper with slotted metal box and numbered slips like a circus ticket taker's, took seat in front and slightly at one side where he could check every closing bid. The cashier, with duplicate bill for each of the numbered slips, took stand on porch. The "property boys" mounted the improvised stage beside the auctioneer's rostrum and held aloft the first lot.

It may be well to state here that everything offered for sale at an auction is known as a "lot." A house is a "lot;" a cow, a turkey, an automobile, a farm, a Chippendale table, a rosewood spinet, a sack of onions—all are "lots."

Lot 1 in this case was a set of blue dinner plates.

"We have here a set of blue dinner plates," announced Sisson, the auctioneer, without a second's loss of time. "What am I bid for them? They're worth ten dollars apiece. Will some one start the bidding at one dollar?"

A woman in the audience nodded.

"At one dollar. At one dollar," sang the auctioneer. "Now two. Who'll give two dollars? At one dollar. At one dollar. Now two. Two dollars? Will you go it? One dollar and a half then. Mrs. Jones?"—catching a signal. "One dollar and a half I'm bid. At one dollar and a half. Now two? Two dollars. Make it two-fifty. At two-fifty. Three dollars? At three dollars. At three-fifty. At four. At four-fifty?" this last a query directed toward the back seats. "At four-fifty. At five. At five-fifty? Five and a quarter?" But the bid held steady. "At five dollars. At five dollars. All done at five dollars? Once, twice. And sold at five dollars!"

His left hand dropped with a thud of finality. (The auctioneer's hammer is as obsolete as the town crier's bell.) His right hand jotted down the amount of the bid and the name of the bidder. The cashier did the same. The bookkeeper inserted the words: "Mrs. Smith: $5.00 each," on a slip already billed for "Lot 1, Six Blue Dinner Plates." The property boys handed the plates to Mrs. Smith who would pay for them at the end of the day, and lot two was brought on.

The sale of Lot 1, its introduction, bidding and exit, had taken less than one minute.

Lot 2, a Sheffield platter with leaf and vine pattern started at $5.00 and was bid in at $40. Time consumed: two minutes.

Lot 3 was a Sheraton highboy, said to have been built in 1750. It was a true antique but for some reason the bidding started low and slow—$25—and closed, three minutes later at $265. Three minutes of the audience's and the auctioneer's time had been annihilated, and there were still 417 pieces to be sold before nightfall.

When Lot 4 came on I learned something about auctions. Lot 4 was an antique divan of Empire pattern with winged feet, a rare piece. The auctioneer extolled its beauty, hinted at its value, and, after stating that he had sold one of far less beauty and with no such pretensions to antiquity for $600 only the week before, asked:

"Who'll start the bidding at $100?" Since no one was willing to start that high, he continued: "All right. I will start it myself. One hundred dollars. That's my bid. At one hundred. At one hundred. Will you go $200? One hundred fifty, then?" A significant gesture from someone in the audience. "At one hundred and fifty dollars! At one hundred and fifty dollars!" and so on until the divan was sold for $375.

"That is what we call 'cutting corners,'" he told me at the close of the afternoon. "I saw we were losing time. We had 420 lots to sell in all. If each lot consumed one minute, we would barely get through at five o'clock—allowing one hour for lunch. I knew that the divan would sell high. There was no need to waste time starting low and taking five and ten dollar bids, so I started it at $100. If it had remained on my hands—which I knew it would not—I could sell it in our Poughkeepsie store for far more than that.

"We have to cut corners," he added, "or we would never close out our lots. In an ordinary afternoon we will have, say, three hundred lots. If we sell a lot a minute that means five hours to dispose of three hundred lots. Some of the best pieces take three minutes, so we must make up time on the others. It is just like running an automobile. If you lose time on the upgrade you must make it up on the level stretches."

Before the afternoon ended, they had disposed of the entire 420 pieces, including house and land. The property brought $8,800; the furnishings, most of which were antiques, brought $6,500. There was nothing unusual about that, the auctioneer told me. The furniture from an eight-room house, if well stocked with antiques will often bring $8,800, sometimes $10,000."

"Coy," the little orphaned lamb picked up by Harry Sisson at a country auction years ago and brought up on a bottle, has grown into this husky specimen, the pet of Vassar, and a very rampant coat of arms for the Sissons in Poughkeepsie.

"And does the householder make a profit?" I asked.

He assured me the householder did, if the sale was a success, and ninety per cent. of them are successes.

"If the same goods were offered at private sale," he continued, "some pieces might bring more. Assuredly some would bring less. But some would not sell at all. It is the completeness of the auction sale that makes this method profitable to the householder. Every piece of furniture, regardless of condition; every bit of china, every bottle or jar or clothespin brings something. There is always some one to buy everything offered. Then, too, the householder gets the benefit of competitive bidding, which is always valuable."

I inquired about the other side of the question. The profit to the auctioneer. The Sissons were very frank about that. They explained the two methods of conducting auctions: the "set price method" and the commission method.

Occasionally an owner prefers to pay the auctioneer a definite figure for conducting a sale, the owner paying all costs of advertising, etc. As a general rule, however, the commission method is preferred. The auctioneer charges ten to fifteen per cent. on the gross sales and assumes all costs of advertising, selling, clerk hire, etc.

The advertising is done mostly by means of banners, placards, and handbills, but there is considerable circularizing also. In their fifty years of auctioneering, the Sissons have acquired a lengthy mailing list—something like fifty thousand picked names of people who like to buy at auctions. Of course all of these are not circularized for each sale, but from their card catalogues, letters, bills, or postal cards are sent in advance of every auction to those interested in the particular line of goods: farms, homesteads, livestock, or antiques, as the case may be.

The selling cost is chiefly confined to auctioning stock, but there is the additional expense of showing goods. For in most big sales, one or two men must be on the ground a day ahead of the sale to allow bidders the opportunity of advance inspection.

Clerk hire amounts to something, too. There must be a cashier and a bookkeeper as well as an auctioneer, and the Sissons employ four extra helpers—sometimes more—to handle the stock, carry it to and from the platform, and distribute it when sold to the buyers. Some of these assistants have been in the employ of the firm for a long period—one of them twenty-two years—and can judge the value of a pedigreed bull or a rosewood spinet with equal facility.

The two brothers explained all this to me to prove that the auctioneer's charge of ten to fifteen per cent. is not excessive.

Antiques at Country Auctions

DURING the past few years, so epidemic has the country auction become along the Atlantic seaboard, the Sissons have held an average of two sales a day, one in the morning and one in the afternoon, throughout spring, summer and autumn, and two a week throughout the winter season. That makes about two hundred auctions a year, and the amount of miscellaneous goods sold approximates three million dollars annually.

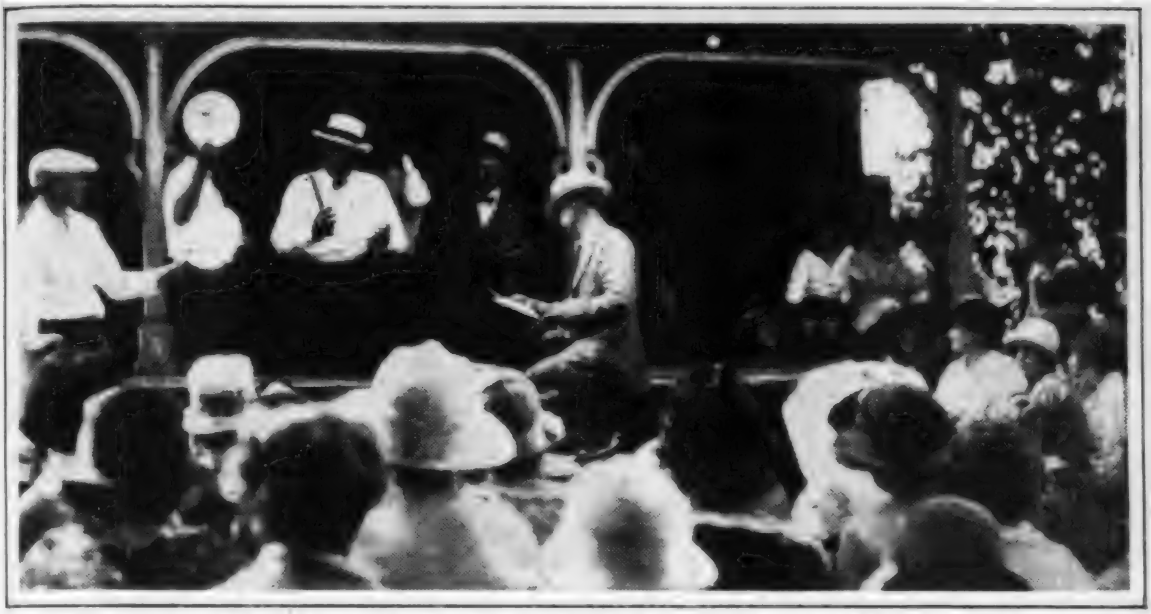
There are two reasons for this. First: the name of Sisson dates back to 1752 in Dutchess County—one Sarah Sisson, who died in 1805 at the age of fifty-three, being the first member of the family in the New World—so the Sisson Brothers have a first-hand knowledge of antiques and early American furniture. Second: they were born on their father's farm and know the values of farms and farm equipment. "General auctioneers" they style themselves, and that the words are far-reaching is made evident by the multiplicity of little red flags that dot the countryside like gasoline filling stations or hot dog stands on rural landscapes. One day their flag floats at the entrance to a magnificent estate near Millbrook, New York, where mansion and outbuildings, trout streams, wooded land and rose gardens are selling to the highest bidder. The next it waves away a modest homestead filled with antiques—Sheraton lowboys, Chippendale chairs, slant-top desks—somewhere in Connecticut. Another day a herd of blooded cattle, a wagon load of onions, a flock of chickens or ducks or geese changes hands in Massachusetts, while the auctioneer's flag flutters gayly. As a matter of fact there is scarcely any commodity requisite for the comfort or enjoyment of mankind that does not sometime during the year fall under their hammer.

I have learned a lot about auctions since first I followed the Sisson banner. I never can resist the lure of their little red and white flag fluttering on a bit of country lane that leads to a rocky hillside or a shady glen with a venerable farmhouse in the background and the auctioneer's block in the foreground. Sometimes it is Harry T. who conducts the sale. Sometimes Edward, his younger brother. Harry is tall and broad and smooth-shaven. Edward is short and broad and wears a black mustache. Harry is a bachelor. Edward is married. Otherwise they are much alike. Each is distinguished by a half-moon mouth and wide round eyes. They are both in the early fifties, but they have the enthusiasm that keeps them young. There is nothing powerful in the volume of their voices, yet they never tire, never grow hoarse. In a rhythmic, swinging sing-song that carries across a crowded room or a windswept farmyard they hold forth hour after hour. They never have throat trouble, they say, and never do anything to keep their voices in good condition—except use them.

"I suppose we've developed our throat and vocal muscles," Harry explained it, "much as an athlete develops his physique, by keeping in training."

If properly started in life the Sissons might have distinguished themselves on the stage. They have the voices and the magnetism and the presence that makes for histrionic success. Moreover, each is a bit of a comedian. They put their comedy to good account when days are gloomy or crowds apathetic. And like all good comedians, they know when to quit the comedy and start the serious part of the performance. They are business psychologists, too, and study their audiences, as a psychiatrist studies his patient.

Before I attended the Sisson auctions, I thought that people who bought goods that way were forced to stand up and bid aloud, to call out in resolute voice the sums they were prepared to pay for certain merchandise. Not at all. A nod, a raised finger, a certain willingness



"Once, twice. And sold at five dollars!" chants one of the Sissons here in shirt sleeves and panama, knocking down some antique china while his bookkeeper, leaning against the porch rail, keeps careful check. Auctions like this have become epidemic among antique fans during the past few years up and down the Atlantic Seaboard, wherever Colonial furniture is likely to be found.

of expression is sufficient for the roving eye of Harry Sisson or his brother, Edward. They act on the principle that there are certain timid souls who like to remain hidden in a crowd. For such they are always on the alert. The others—those who prefer the white light of publicity—will make themselves manifest anyway. The Sissons know when to press the bidding and when to stop. That is a sixth sense that every good auctioneer possesses.

"The public knows when it's getting its money's worth and when it isn't," Harry Sisson told me. "Only last week, two shield-back, Hepplewhite chairs, valued by the owner at less than $75, sold at auction for $220 apiece. They were worth that, too, considering the demand for antiques today. So the owner of those chairs went right back home to dig around in her attic and see if she couldn't find something else that would sell for three times what it's worth. If she finds enough to warrant it, she will hold an auction on her own grounds. Then her neighbors will go and do likewise. Auctions, like any other epidemic, spread rapidly. They are violently contagious. One modest, unassuming auction in early spring will start a hundred others. It is just like dropping a pebble in a pond. The circle widens until the whole surface is covered."

"What about antiques?" I asked. "Are there enough of them to be had to go around, or is it necessary to make and sell reproductions?"

"Most of the goods sold at auctions as antiques are genuine," he said. "For as prices go up, treasures that have been stored for generations come creeping out of attic or guest-room, their owners unable to resist the prices offered. Connecticut and Pennsylvania have kept within their borders a vast amount of their early product in the way of furniture, clocks, brasses, baskets and rugs, counterpanes, quilts, laces. But as the old families die out, the heirs dispose of their treasures. Often it takes an auction to show the heirs the true value of the stuff they held so lightly. Chests that have lain dust-covered in attic corners for generations often surprise the owners when bid in by some antique hunter. Not long ago in Northern New Jersey an old Pennsylvania Dutch bride box that must have been brought to this country in about 1780 brought $300 when put up at auction, to the amazement of the owner who had used it to hold odds and ends of wall-paper, but had never noticed the tulip painted border or the German inscription on the cover.

"Many of our buyers of antiques come from the Middle West and the Far West," Edward Sisson told me. "The craze for antiques has covered the country. Perhaps the late war is responsible for the re-awakening of our spirit of ancestor worship. Perhaps it is the motor-car bringing tourists from coast to coast, for it is the motorist touring the East who bulls the antique market, gathering up the furniture of Colonial New England and trekking West with it to furnish his twentieth century dwelling. The modern version of the covered wagon with a black walnut bureau sticking out the hood, is the shining limousine with a grandfather's clock, a couple of brass andirons, and a blue counterpane jolting around in the rear seat as the car rolls on its way."

To confirm his statement he showed me some shipping orders. An Empire table with winged feet was to go to Portland, Oregon. A pair of girandoles to Santa Barbara, California. A slant top desk to Rockford, Illinois, one of the biggest furniture manufacturing centers in the country. The brothers were unanimous in giving the buying public credit for considerable business acumen.

Shrewd Antique Hunters at Work

"MOST people who buy antiques make a study of them," Edward asserted. "A shrewd antique hunter who is in the market for a corner cupboard visits various antique shops to learn what corner cupboards are bringing. He attends many auctions, watching the bidding when corner cupboards are offered. He tours the country learning what value owners place on corner cupboards. He thus learns what he should bid for a corner cupboard when next he sees one.

"A lot of people view the presence of a dealer at an auction with distrust. As a matter of fact, the dealer is the best friend the auction bidder has," he continued. "It is the presence of the dealer that keeps the individual buyers from bidding each other into bankruptcy. When an individual buyer sees a dealer bidding on a certain article, he may be sure it is worth more than the dealer offers. The auctioneer is trying to sell high. The dealer is trying to buy low. If the individual buyer strikes a figure somewhere between the two, he is probably getting a bargain.

"It is possible, of course, that an individual buyer might save time and energy by buying direct from dealers. But people like auctions. The rapture of the hunt, the bargaining impulse, the trading instinct handed down to us from our primitive ancestors, all bring people to auctions. People like country auctions in spring because they get out into the country. They like the picnic of it in summer. In fall they buy things for comfort and pleasure during the long winter days."

"And in winter?"

I journeyed to Poughkeepsie one November day to learn where the auction fans go in winter. And there I found them. I followed the crowd until I found myself in the midst of a group of whitewashed barns and outbuildings, ghosts of a vanished farm. A horse's head—a wooden one of the sort that used to decorate the harness shops back in Iowa—adorned a barn. In front of the barn the auction crowd was gathering. There were more than a hundred men and women wrapped in ulsters or sheepskin coats and mufflers. Before the crowd on his rostrum was Harry Sisson, also ulstered. It was a few days before Thanksgiving and turkeys, geese, crates of chickens, onions, sacks of potatoes, truck loads of wood and coal were being auctioned off. A Northwest wind was blowing across the Hudson and pushing the mercury down in the little glass tube around the corner but the spell-bound crowd was bidding with midsummer ardour, cheered by the merry quip and jest of the auctioneer who knew the value of comedy in raw November.

The only indifferent member of all that winter-wrapped throng was a large woolly sheep—a very live one—that strolled aimlessly through the crowd with a supercilious look on his brown face and an air of familiarity with his surroundings which he might have worn down on the farm. But the dog collar that is around his neck marked "Coy" as a resident of Main Street.

"It was one of the coldest days I ever experienced," Harry Sisson told me, "the day I got Coy. Five years ago at a country auction. Below zero weather. So cold most of the people had gone home and those who stayed were too cold to get enthusiastic about anything. A little orphaned lamb was the last lot. But no one wanted him, so I bid him in for two dollars, wrapped him in a blanket and held him in my arms all the way home. He was only a few days old, and for three weeks he lay motionless on a blanket behind the stove. We fed him from a bottle. After a long time he began to revive. And there he is. We call him Coy, but he's far from it, rather forward in fact, wandering about the streets of Poughkeepsie, petted by the Vassar girls, eating lettuce from vegetable stands—winter lettuce at twenty cents a head for which we have to pay. But somehow he seems to belong to the auction business. For didn't my father start business auctioning sheep and cattle? Sort of a family coat of arms is Coy.

"Interesting game, the auction business," he continued. "Nothing humdrum about it. One day it's livestock, the next musical instruments, the next antiques. This afternoon I've got to sell a truck load of onions," he said blinking tearfully.

Both Harry and Edward Sisson agreed that there are periods in auctions as well as in furniture. Twenty-five years ago, they said, the horse was topliner at the auction sale. Today the horse is a thing almost unknown to most of the restless motorists in high-powered machines who scour the country in search of early American furniture.

"Antiques hold the boards today." It was Edward who expressed this opinion. "People are wild about antique furniture."

"And tomorrow what?"

"Tomorrow?" He was answering my question. "Tomorrow this." He unrolled a map of Florida and spread a bunch of blueprints out on the table, while pointing to a handbill announcing that on the following day they would sell seven hundred Florida lots on Main Street in Poughkeepsie. "Tomorrow we sell Florida lots."

The Best of Them Get Stage Fright

Even stars of the first magnitude suffer all the pangs that torture the amateur when called upon to face an audience. No one who takes his public appearance seriously seems to be exempt from an occasional seizure

by Montrose Moses

THERE is a world of comfort for the inexperienced in these true anecdotes of famous people who have faced audiences with knocking knees, dry tongues, and scattered wits. Some of the seasoned veterans of the limelight have, on occasion, been the sorriest of unhappy mortals when confronted by a hushed and expectant audience.

THERE comes a time in every one's life when he must stand upon his own feet and make a speech. The dreadful moment is unescapable; no one can help him. There he is, thrust before staring eyes—and he must be agreeable, witty, profound, easy-going and poised. He must fit his words to the occasion. He must see other speakers before him take the very sentiments out of his mouth—sentiments he had so carefully prepared beforehand, and of course he must have a few superior jokes that are applicable to the occasion.

It's an altogether different feeling that comes over one when facing an audience than at any other time. Even when facing a lion one may at least hit back and put up some kind of a scrap. But before an audience one is the lamb to the sacrifice. The heart beats faster, the eyes burn, the tongue becomes cottony, the mouth dry. Fever and despair are the symptoms. Before the luncheon, the chairman goes to some perfectly happy individual, merchant or club woman, actor or novelist, and says, "We want a few words from you later on. We are counting on it." You protest. The roots of your hair begin to shiver. Course after course is removed from you untasted. Beneath your napkin you hide an old letter from your pocket; you are making notes. Your neighbor speaks. You do not hear. Your hands are clammy. You want to appear nonchalant, but any one can pick you out as a victim.

What is this feeling I have described that is so likely to happen to any of us? It is stage fright in its simplest form. It is experienced by the hostess giving her first dinner party, by the bride before the altar making her responses. It is fear, panic, complete demoralization of the nerves. It may be a small thing, soon over after the first plunge, or it may keep you awake at nights, looming large and terrible in contemplation. Stage fright is no discriminator; it comes upon rich and poor alike; upon the public official and the humblest Rotarian in the rear ranks. It plays havoc with the child lisping her first verses, the Sophomore reciting his "oration" in chapel before the faculty, the sweet girl graduate grasping her diploma—and Ethel Barrymore. No one is immune.

Now, for the comfort of every mother's son of us—and daughter as well—be it remembered during our hour or minute of agony, that we are in good company, that we are artists suffering from the disease of sensitiveness. Here is a bit of unofficial history which came to my attention in Washington soon after the death of President Harding. It shows how human this stage fright is—even if it is also devastating.

Imagine oneself placed as Mrs. Coolidge was at this crucial moment. Anxious naturally for her husband thus thrust into place as the nation's Chief Executive, she found herself also in the limelight as the First Lady of the Land. Her duty was to command at the White House. Not even the most punctilious hostess of our smartest set could have met such a situation without certain qualms akin to fear. We know the tact, the reticence, and the grace with which Mrs. Coolidge met the situation. But I overheard at the White House a story which reveals the humanness of the moment.

The White House had to be got ready for the new President. The Coolidges were living at

Trained from infancy to the footlights and descended from famous stage families, you would not expect stars like E. H. Sothern, Ethel Barrymore, or John Barrymore to suffer from stage fright. Yet they all have it just like any one else. All the Barrymores are subject to these nervous attacks, but probably none of them ever suffered as John Barrymore did just before he was to play *Hamlet* in London.

the New Willard in Washington, and continued there for many weeks following Mr. Harding's death. Mrs. Coolidge went to the White House several times to give orders of a personal nature, but no date had been set for the official occupancy of her new home. All was now in readiness. No one in Washington could tell when the Coolidges would go to the White House, though there was a possibility of it every time the President's car left the Willard. Least of all did the ushers of the White House know. It happened that I had business at the White House on the morning of the afternoon the Coolidges actually arrived. I was standing in the hall, when I heard a voice answering the telephone. "No," it said, "we don't know when to expect them. Mrs. Coolidge was here yesterday, but she said nothing about it. I tell you what," the voice sank to a warmth of sympathetic understanding, "I think at the last moment she's had an attack of stage fright."

HOW many such possibilities might be duplicated if history only took cognizance of them. Does the President of the United States utter the oath of office calmly? Would you take it as an ordinary event if, when you were acting on the stage, the Chief Executive should enter his box? Why, I know players who have a perfect ague of stage fright if they are told that David Belasco is out front; they tighten up their performance and play at the top of their bent, with the hope that he will send for them on the morrow. Maybe our fright is self-conceit. Upon us, we think, depends the supreme moment. And sometimes that happens.

Put yourself in the position of the baseball player in a World Series who faces a ball at a crucial moment in the game. To muff it will cost his team $50,000. No matter how scientific a player he may be, there is a consciousness of his importance. One hundred thousand eyes are upon him; there is a trembling balance between loving and hating him. Is he to remain unperturbed? He would probably like to but he can't. Why? Because he's human.

What are the causes of stage fright? Maybe one is constitutionally timid. Maybe one wants to do so well that one fears one won't. Maybe a great deal depends upon the outcome—it may be your trial sermon, a lecture upon which a year's work hangs. There are all sorts of emergencies which we call life, and which will bring our hearts to our mouths and lock our limbs with an awkwardness which is almost muscular paralysis. Of course if one has the will power, the chances for such nervous upset may be minimized. But there is no guarantee that any one is immune from stage fright; there is no vaccination against its coming, even though a fine physical state and the absence of personal worry may help a great deal. And the curious thing is that, like an ice cold bath, stage fright comes very largely before the plunge. You may flounder for a second, but it's not so bad, you say, after you are in it.

So you may carry the flattering unction to your soul that if you have these sinking feelings, it is not you alone who are the dub. You may be ashamed of yourself but you may rest assured that it's a common disease. No one is infallible on occasions of facing the public. Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale has confessed that when he makes a speech, he always makes four: one is the speech he has prepared; the second is the speech he delivers; the third is the speech he wishes he had delivered when he's done, and the fourth is the speech the newspapers say he did make. Now Professor Phelps is one of our most brilliant after-dinner orators. His confession merely indicates that symptoms of stage fright lie dormant in the most accomplished platform personages, lurking

Few of us would deliberately duplicate the ordeals of these three stars. Jane Cowl was once so paralyzed with fear that Belasco had to shake her and slap her in the face before she could go ahead. Billie Burke was driven back on the stage by her mother, in much the same predicament. And Evelyn Herbert, now starring in *Princess Flavia*, once actually lost her voice for a whole year.

like a thief in the night. It is the threatening evil that tunes one to be careful.

All artists, whose business it is to be before the public, confess that a little stage fright, while it is a discomforting thing, is a very necessary thing. Pity the poor actor who does not feel a slight thrill as the curtain is about to go up. He's never quite so good if he does not feel that thrill. It is no disgrace, this thing we call stage fright. In every walk of life, the way is marked by faltering heart. Ancient history tells us that Cicero claimed he never mounted the rostrum without a feeling that his knees were giving way from under him. Gladstone, one of England's greatest Prime Ministers, during his second session in Parliament declared that before he rose to make his maiden speech he silently "offered earnest prayer for Divine assistance." John Bright, another British Parliamentarian, confessed that during the debate on a proposal to abolish capital punishment there were many times when he wanted to rise and make an appeal for the bill, only to find that nervousness chained him to his seat.

Of course, and this is well to remember, one may turn stage fright into an asset. The public is very quick to forgive, forget and sympathize. The story is told of one of the first lectures given by Lieutenant Pat O'Brian, the American who enlisted through the Canadian service before we went into the war. He was a member of the Royal Flying Corps, and was captured by the Germans. Sensationally he escaped by dropping from the train bearing him to a prison camp and then making his way to Holland. Later on he signed a contract for a lecture engagement, and what he had to say was set down on paper. It was in New York; Carnegie Hall was sold out. He stood ready to go on the platform. "One word of advice," said his manager, "find the last man in the last row of the top gallery, and speak to him." The lieutenant spic and span in khaki and leather, with a jaunty light cane in his hand, stepped forth. He shouted his opening remarks; the audience laughed. He halloed to the far hills. They laughed still more. The lieutenant joined them nervously, and he began hauling his voice down. He went on with his lecture mechanically, until he came to an anecdote about his visit to the King of England. This went well for he told it *con amore*. But at the end he slipped. "I left the King's place," he said. There was a laugh out front. He corrected himself. "I mean, I left his home." The audience laughed still more. The lieutenant leaned forward. "Damn it all," he yelled, "I mean his palace," and with his cane he flicked the footlights, breaking half a dozen bulbs. This brought down the house. It also brought him to his senses. After that he held them in his hand, for he had gained confidence.

ONE must often be thus brought up with a start to gain self-possession. Jane Cowl once said to me, "David Belasco is the only man who ever beat me." This sounds crude, to say the least, but it was the truth with reservations. Miss Cowl, always noted for her beauty, was given small rôles by the famous manager in his production of *The Rose of the Rancho* and *The Music Master*. Under his tutelage, he saw that there was a future for this novice, so he nurtured her talents. Then suddenly, he made her leading woman to Leo Ditrichstein in a farce, *Is Matrimony a Failure?*

Mr. Belasco was out of town when rehearsals began, and Mr. Ditrichstein took charge. His methods were unfamiliar to Miss Cowl, they were more strenuous, sharper than she was accustomed to. Besides, it was evident that Mr. Ditrichstein, not knowing the newcomer well, thought he should have had a different leading lady. Whatever it was, he implanted fear in Miss Cowl's heart, and when Belasco finally returned, he found his young actress all aflutter. No amount of assurance on his part could still her fears on the opening night. Miss Cowl's entrance necessitated her doing some business with a large flare hat from which a veil fell in folds behind her. "I was to drive a long hatpin through the hat," she explained. This she did all right, but at the same time she pinned the loose sleeve of her uplifted arm, so that she could not move it. As well as she could, she tried to hide the mistake, and made a hasty move toward a flight of stairs, center stage. Her courage was failing, and of course this made her trip on the lower step. Somehow, bruised and frightened, she managed to make her exit, and collapsed behind stage. "Nothing," she sobbed, "will induce me to go back on the stage again. I've made a failure; I've ruined the play."

Belasco was hastily summoned. "Absurd," he said, shaking her, "you must go on." "I won't," cried the few hours' leading lady. "You will," said the manager, and he slapped her and pushed her on the stage. That slap stung, but it brought Jane Cowl to her senses. From that moment, she had a new adage, which might be a prescription for stage fright: A slap in time saves nine!

There is no actress whose career promises more to our theater history than that of Miss Cowl. But nervousness is a thing she is destined probably to have all her life—the nervousness of looking forward to the opening night. Once on, once the ice is broken, "Richard is himself again." With fervor, her husband described to me the ordeal of *Juliet* in the weeks preceding Miss Cowl's notable conquest of that part. "We had gone through the initial preparations," explained Mr. Klauber, "scenery and dresses were made, the company was being rehearsed, money was going out lavishly."

Conquering That Sinking Feeling

THEN, one night at ten o'clock there stalked into our home the gaunt figure of stage fright. Regularly from then on until we opened, this wave of fear would sweep over Jane, and it would last well on into the early morning. 'Call it off,' she would say, 'I can't go through with it. I'll die if I have to go through with it.' She would sink into her chair and shake as with a chill. 'I know there is a fortune spent already,' she would moan, 'but go to the telephone *and call it off!*' I would argue, but argument is small comfort to a drowning person. So I would start to the 'phone, slowly, looking back to see her exhausted figure crouched as though beaten. But I never got to the telephone, for always, she would stop me, and then give way to a paroxysm of tears. In the early morning she would fall asleep, and snatch the needed rest before rehearsal. I would go to the office, never knowing if my wife would be at the theater or not, always expecting a call to say that she was in dead earnest. Then at noon I would go around to the theater and find the company hard at rehearsal, *Juliet* debonair and clear-minded as ever. 'Hello,' she would call across the footlights. Then at night, exactly on the stroke of ten, the awful terror would repeat itself.

"You may call it foolish," said Mr. Klauber, "but it's real while it lasts, and terrifying. No one is more sensible to that than the person, who, like myself, has to be the onlooker with no remedy."

Of course, doctors of nerve diseases say that the remedy is to fill the mind with nothing but confident thought. If you keep saying, "I will do it," then you will. If you keep saying "I'll do my best," then you'll do your best. Yet notwithstanding this bolstering up of waning spirit, the fear happens. Caruso reached that point in his career when he had no reason to fear his public, yet he always confessed to the near presence of stage fright. Yet to beginners he was always careful to preach the cheerful philosophy. Alice Nielsen, who made her first appearance in *Bohème* with Caruso, narrated to me a characteristic story of his generosity and thoughtfulness. He was on stage and had sung beautifully, when the time came for Miss Nielsen's entrance. He gave her an encouraging glance where she stood, and then, to put her at ease, he looked toward a box where some friends of his were sitting, and taking a handkerchief, made it disappear up his sleeve. He seemed to say to her, "It's just as easy as that, this thing of amusing the public. Give them of your best. That's all you can do!"

That public, which is the real cause of stage fright, is not a brutal public. It puts itself in the player's place many times. There was an adored little dancer of the past, Madame Celeste, who was as much the rage with our grandmothers as Genée used to be with us. She used always to experience stage fright before going on to dance. But she resorted to the proper remedy. Taking the bit between her teeth, she would rush madly onto the stage, exclaiming, "Well, dey can't *keel* me!"

Billie Burke told me, in support of the theory that the best way to conquer fear was to give it a slap—challenge it on its own ground—of her first appearance when she was fifteen. She began as a singer, and once on the stage, her voice was scarcely to be heard many rows in front of her. On her first exit, she rushed to her mother and buried her head in her lap. "I can't do it," she wailed. But she met with just the proper response. "Of course," exclaimed her mother, "if you want to be a

[*Continued on page 170*]

The Man They Hanged

A story of the days when New York was young

by Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by Gayle Hoskins

Begin this serial with any instalment. The story up to this point is here.

ROBERT LIVINGSTON was an oily tongued villain, and Captain Kidd should have realized it when they met in London in 1694. But William Kidd was the most honest and guileless man I have ever known, and was above searching out the meannesses in others, and by the same token, proved all the more gullible when appointed by his Majesty the King, to command a ship and rid the seas of enemy French ships and the pirates that so harried our vessels. Several Englishmen, together with the avaricious king and Lord Bellomont—our new governor of New York—had joined in outfitting a privateersman, and would divide the spoils among them. Although loathe to perform such an undertaking, Kidd perceived the veiled threat to stop his own shipping in the harbor, should he refuse this commission, and in July 1695, returned to New York aboard the *Adventure Galley*. His wife Sarah, and her ward Sancia, whom I loved dearly, were in a transport of joy upon seeing him, although they knew full well the distasteful nature of his mission. I, Dirck Hazlett, was then twenty-five. Being indebted to Captain Kidd I insisted that he take me with him as lieutenant gunner and, shortly afterward, sailed for Africa—but not until I had had a magistrate marry Sancia and me in secret, since the Governor forbade that we marry until his new Trinity Church was builded. The voyage to Madagascar was fraught with hardship and failure to locate our quarry. Our crew, who had agreed to take their pay in prize money, whined rebelliously and finally openly demanded that we consider all vessels fair game. It was threatened piracy. They were momentarily pacified, however, when we took two prizes showing French passes, but no sign of pirates did we see until, along the coast of Madagascar, we sighted *The Mocha Frigate* commanded by Culliford. Our crew deserted, taking Captain Kidd's papers and journal, and going over to the ship that flew the Jolly Roger. Weeks passed before we could pick up enough scurvy men to sail back to the West Indies where dire tidings reached us. Captain Kidd had been accused by his enemies of turning pirate, the English Parliament was in a stew over the matter, the Grand Mogul accused Kidd of confiscating unlawful merchandise, from the French ship *The Kedah Merchant*, and the unworthy king, together with his confederates, disclaimed all participation in the enterprize. With heavy hearts we returned to New York and Kidd appeared before Lord Bellomont, who proved treacherous and reserved. Leaving with the Governor the two French passes taken from the captured ships, Kidd returned home, amazed and crestfallen, and the next day was thrown into prison, awaiting orders from England as to his disposal. There was but one course of action open to me, and that, distasteful as it might be, was to go to England and there implore a distant kinsman, the Earl of Derringdale, to intercede for the Captain in the English court. Therefore, I bade Sancia a tearful farewell and set out, on horseback, for New York.

Conclusion

LUCK was with me, for the very day I arrived in New York a ship was to sail, if wind and tide ran not to the contrary.

I had time to go to the little house by the waterside—Sancia's and mine—for my young wife had carried the key to Block Island when she came aboard us—and there I packed a sea-chest with what I thought I might need on the trip.

This a waterman carried to the ship after I had secured and paid for my passage on *The Lapwing*.

Whether I was so changed in appearance that nobody recognized me, or whether already I was forgotten in my native city, I do not know. I saw folk passing whom I knew, but it was very plain they did not know me.

Riel and Maddaleen I dared not visit, nor anybody else, because, being bound upon my captain's business, and in secret, I did not wish to risk anything. So I went not into *The Dark Ship*, either, but found the master of my ship, *The Lapwing*, Captain Stanley, a-drinking of a toddy in a new tavern called The Cherry Tree Inn, near Stone Street. And there secured my passage, calling myself Richard Norrys, a family name.

EVEN in my anxiety, and haste, I could not but notice how New York had grown, what with new streets, new wharfs, new buildings, and new stone pavements in some streets as well as new footways.

Lord, what a tender flood of memories awoke at the glimpse of Trinity Church where Governor Fletcher would have had Sancia and me married. It was a fine, great church, and had a lofty steeple, and faced the water and not Wall Street.

Within that green and flowery churchyard lay my beloved parents.

Passing by Captain Kidd's fine house, I saw a soldier on guard there. So the treacherous earl had determined to seize my captain even before he had arrived in Boston! Lord, what a panic was he in, this smooth and zealous Governor a-fawning upon his frightened king with one neat ear cocked at the noises in the House of Commons, and one eye on the scared Admiralty.

Anger, and contempt, only, stayed my broken heart for loss of the lass I had waited more than three long years to clasp to my breast forever. Who were these great and mighty folk all a-shaking in their silken shoon to see a poor sea captain sail into Boston port? What was this mighty and noble array of lords and governors and high officials of the realm that they all quailed when somebody discovered what kind of secret business they were about in the Red Sea Trade!

By heaven, was it not sickening to see these great folk, who had been denouncing New York and America because of piracy and pirates, now suddenly discovered under the names of Richard Roe and John Doe, and of Tom, Dick, and Harry, and all a-trading on pirates and on piracy with all their secret and greedy might and main?

And the Dutch King of England himself—

Yes. Every noble jack among 'em all tarred with the same bucket, and all a-bellowing "*He* did it. 'Twas not I. 'Twas that wicked Captain Kidd who hath turned pirate to confound and plunder us who are simple, trustful, honest men. *We* trade not with pirates who rob others. No. We only rob pirates of booty taken from other poor folk murdered upon the seas. Not to return the booty to the widows and orphans of these same poor, murdered folk. No. But to keep it to enrich our noble selves."

Lord! And our Dutch king up to his knees in the mess. And the noble Lords of Trade, and the Admiralty, and the Chancellor, and the great and elegant Governor of New York and New England, and Robert Livingston.

But I say no more of him. His greed has over-reached him. He is fallen from his high estate. Let him remember, nevertheless, that agonized cry of poor Milbourne from the scaffold in the rain. Let him remember how he drove my captain into an enterprise against his solemn protest, yielding only to the command of his king.

And, if the fall of the father reflect not on his children, and on his children's children, then let him remember the children of the honest Scottish sea captain whom he drove to sea, and who, having done his full duty before God and man, hath returned to be accused of piracy, and to be decoyed, and deceived, and treacherously arrested by one of the very men who forced him to take the sea and do the greedy, secret will of all our damned Dutch king. . . . And so much for Robert Livingston, first proprietor of the great manor of that name. And as guilty as any man who ever flew the bones or took a ship.

Well, I am heated again, God forgive me, but mine has been a very bitter heart. And you shall see why, and perhaps pardon me.

So, in the great ship, *Lapwing*, I went into England. It is scarce worth your while to listen to what happened upon that voyage, for I have nothing remarkable to relate.

Winds were fair and kind, for it was July and August, and all ships we spoke had had fair weather and a good voyage.

But, oh, the lonely sadness those weeks for me.

WELL, then, I landed at last upon the shores of Old England where never before had I set foot, and could not choose but love it, not only for my father's sake, but because the land was so sweet and gentle to gaze upon, and the cities so handsome and so large and beautiful.

There was no vast forest hanging along

horizons like black and threatening clouds, no cleared lands full o' ferns and stumps and half-burned logs. No mighty rivers, that I saw, no wild mountains towering forest-clad to the skies.

I saw no log huts, nor even any farm-houses or barns made of wood. No, all was stone; or plastered timbers and slated roofs, or stone cottages thatched with broom.

And the pure and gracious beauty of the fields passed all belief where, in a coach I drove along toward London, seeing still rivers which reflected trees, and fat cattle belly deep in clover, and all so sweet-smelling and quiet and gentle.

Well, God made a garden and called it England, and why He set so Dutch a king to govern over it, God only knows.

So I came into London, and instantly was confounded and awed and utterly lost in so large a city. For I had never dreamed of any place as vast.

It was not a kindly city, nor polite, as were we in New York, but folk seemed dingy, and abrupt and rough in speech and manners, except toward the great folk when all was bowing and hats off and kiss the dirt.

Lord, how the high and mighty did rattle it in their golden coaches. And the gallants a-horse, too. How nobly they sat and rode and were clothed. Soldiers I saw everywhere, brave in their brass and scarlet. But in the city was great wealth and splendor and great squalor side by side, and it seemed strange to me because in New York we have no beggars and no such misery and filth. Nor any such splendor either. Poor we have, though none who ask or need alms, but go sturdily about their work and make out to live nearly as well as many whom folk call the middle classes here.

HEAVEN, what beggary I have beheld in London town. And what magnificence!

Well, I lodged at an inn near to a place called Turnham, I think, which was outside the city, and green and lovely though quite a humble place.

From here I wrote a letter to my Lord Derringdale at Derring Park in Daleshire, saying that I was come into England upon a purpose express to see him, and therefore respectfully craved audience. I added that he need not dread that I had arrived intending any financial solicitation, nor even would weary and annoy him by importunities for any such kind of relief.

But that I was come, as was proper, to the head of our family, to ask counsel and advice in a grave matter involving life and death, and would be vastly obliged for any complaisance which he might think fit to show me.

Now, whilst I awaited word from my Lord Derringdale, a ship arrived from Boston, and it carried a letter for me which I discovered at my inn, The Turnham Arms, in the great parlor where letters were placed for folk who lived in Turnham.

My beloved husband:—

It is two weeks since you left me, and if your heart be as heavy o' love as is mine own, then do I not need to tell you how dearly I love you.

My dearest, this is to acquaint you that, on July 17th, Captain Nicholas Everts arrived in Boston with an account how Mr. Boulton whom Father left in charge of *The Kedah Merchant*, prize, and pledged to care for her and her cargo, hath turned rascal. For this Mr. Boulton transferred her cargo to another vessel, set fire to *The Kedah Merchant*, and is fled to Curaçoa to become a sea-rover like any other and take all nations and fly the bloody flag or the black.

I know not what this misfortune portends, only that Father is vastly troubled and fears that it may be held against him and that some may say that Boulton and he have conspired together to do this shameful thing and so rob the share-holders of the company.

Well, my father is in prison, and my Lord Governor has caused the arrest of the crew on our sloop, and they are now in jail.

The evening you left there came some bailiffs to Mr. Campbell's house and enquired for you, and Mr. Emott thinks that they may have meant to arrest you, yet doubts his lordship's courage to affront my Lord Derringdale.

There is great excitement in Boston regarding Father's arrest. It is wicked and cruel to spread abroad such stories as come out of nowhere concerning my father's piracy and how terrible a scourge was he so that even the Grand Mogul in his golden palace trembled to hear the name of Captain Kidd.

What vile lies have the East India Company invented. And the two Portuguese captains who so wantonly attacked Father in their ships, have said he is a known pirate and did murder many people and burn countless villages in India, and committed divers cruelties by tricing up the crews of ships he took and causing their bodies to be cut to pieces with swords.

How dare such perjurers die and meet their God, who have sworn to such wanton untruths?

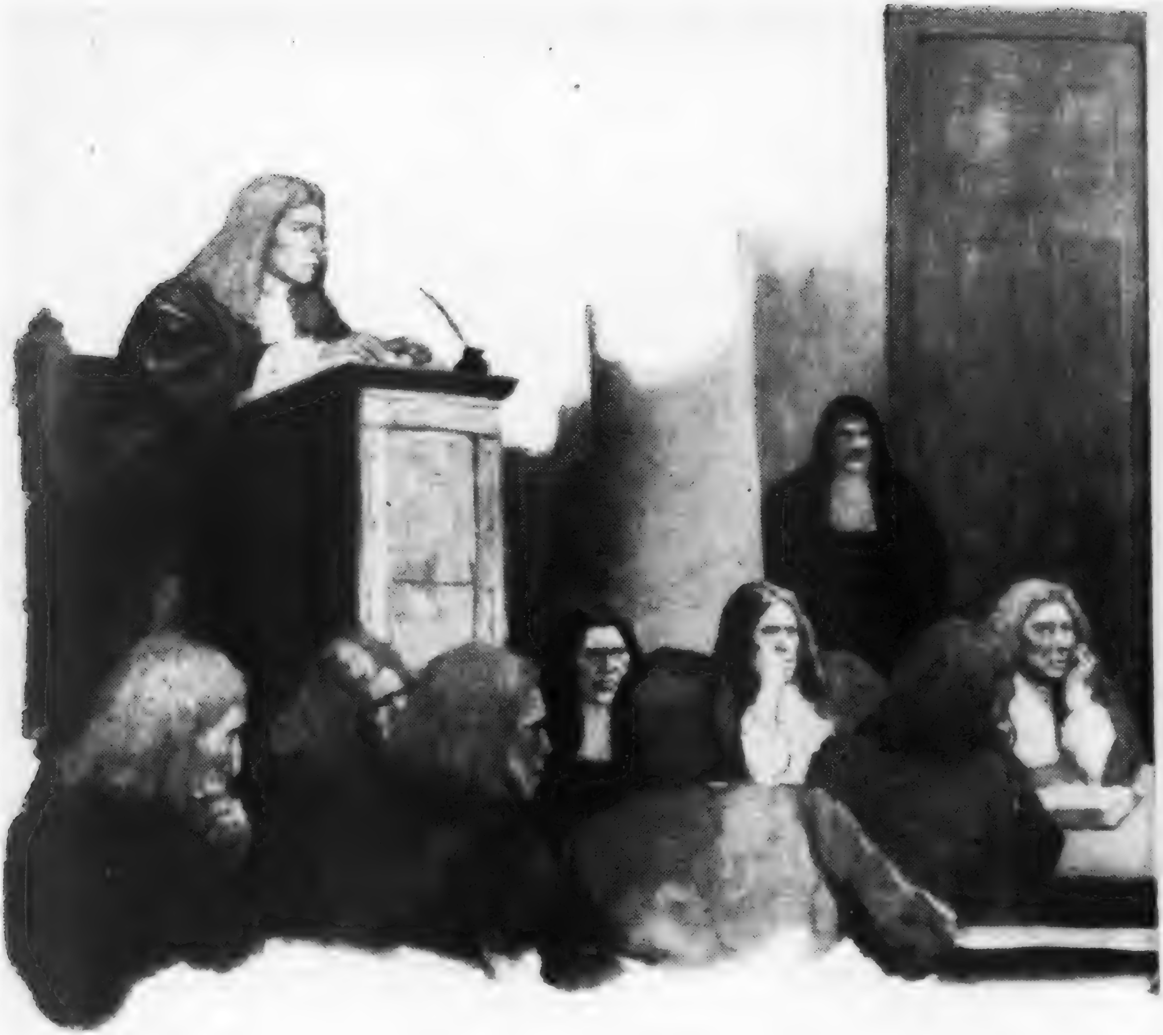
Twelve of the sloop's crew are in jail. The others escaped and in terror of such injustice.

My Lord Bellomont's men did come here and seize all Father's and Mother's property, and there is a guard placed over the house.

As for Mother, she is as full of quiet courage as becomes the wife of a Scottish sea captain. Every day we go to the jail with Betty, and carry such relief to Father as he desires. We encourage him, strive to laugh and hearten him, and pretend to take it lightly because of the two French passes which must convince any court on earth that Father is not guilty of the piracy charged against him.

But Father seems aged in these few dreadful months since first, in the West Indies, he heard that he had been proclaimed a pirate.

He is older for these weeks in prison, Dirck, and his hair is vastly silvered, and his bonnie blue eyes seem strange and worn and haunted, even when he makes effort to smile at us and pretend he soon will be set free.



Lord Chief Baron pronounced the sentence: "You shall be hanged by the neck until you are dead." My

These damned people—I ask pardon for the oath which does not become my lips—or pen—have so stripped Mother of her money and necessaries that she had been constrained to complain to his lordship. I send you copies of Mother's petitions—which I wrote for her—poor soul—and which made my heart bleed.

Lord what a heavy sorrow has fallen upon this family through no fault of their own, only that my dear father has trusted great folk who have played him very false.

We hope that you may be able to enlist my Lord Derringdale in our behalf. We know you will spare no pains to that end.

As for other news, well, Mr. Delancy, whom our governor calls a "hot-headed and saucy Frenchman," is fair caught as chief owner of the pirate ship *Adventure* of London for Boreneo; and how this great and fashionable New York merchant is to get himself clear of this pickle I know not. Yet, it was Bradish, the pirate, who commanded her, and it is Bradish who must hang, if they catch him again, and not Mr. Delancy. No. Great folk never hang, only if they raise a rebel hand against their king. And I wonder if ever the day may come when even a king shall hang who hath outraged God and man. I wonder. . . .

Well, I must close or lose my ship which carries this to you.

My mother and Betty send their dearest love to you and ask God's blessing on you in your cruel and lonely exile in our behalf.

My father sends all affection and bids you bear as stout a heart as he.

And I, my husband, send you all that, in me, is worthy of your esteem and love and shall presently write to you again, and so, with every possible respect and duty, have the high honor to subscribe myself, Your wife, SANCIA.

So blurred my sight that I could scarce see to finish and kiss the pages where her hand had rested.

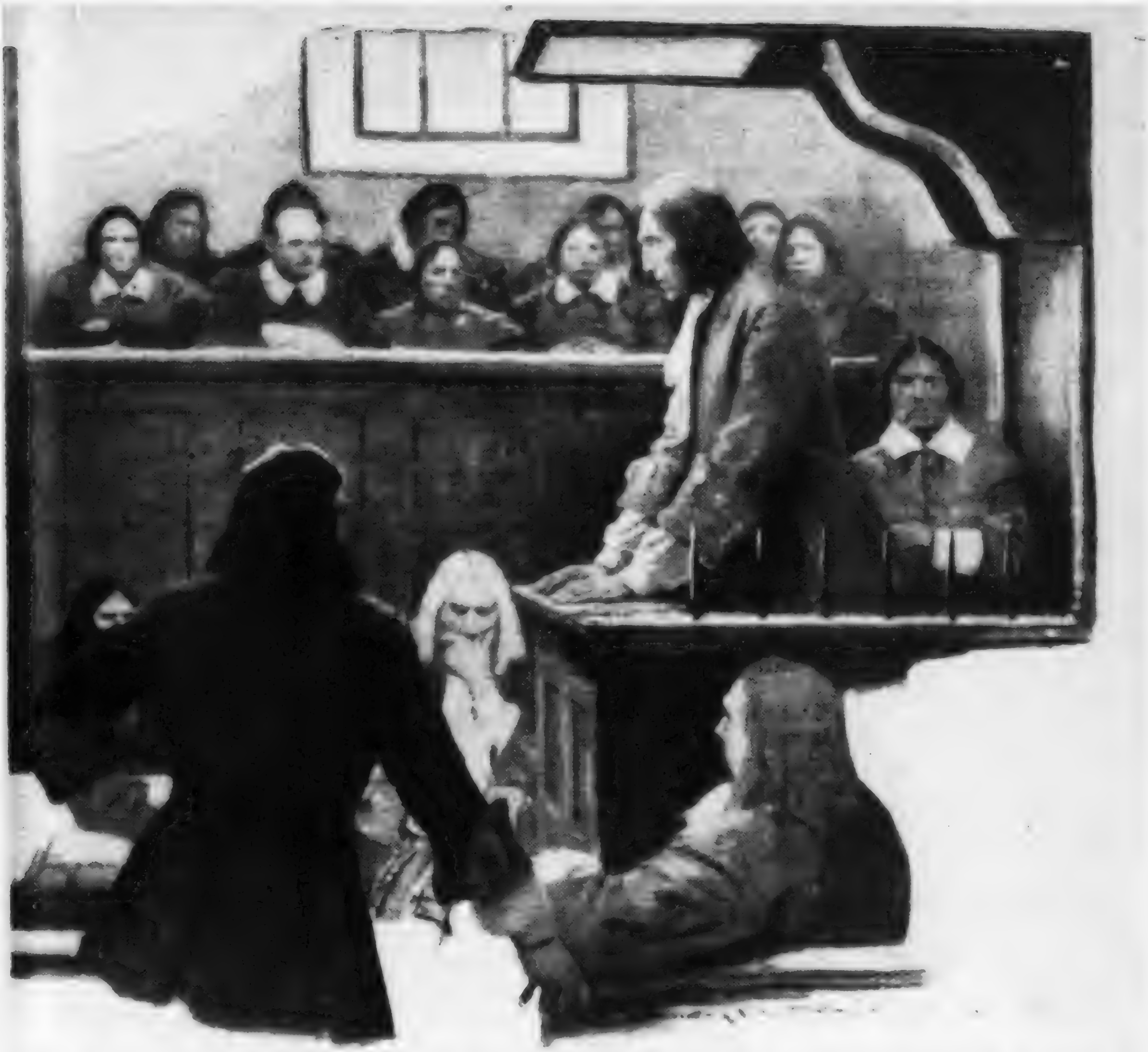
Within her letter I found copies of her mother's petitions:

To his Excellency the Earl of Bellomont.

Captain, General, etc., etc.

The petition of Sarah Kidd, wife of Captain Wm. Kidd.

Humbly Sheweth that on the Sixth day of July, inst. some Magistrates and officers of this place came into your Petitioner's lodgings at the house of



captain stood a moment with downcast head, then said very gently, "My Lord, that is a very hard sentence."

Duncan Campbell and did there seize and take out of a Trunck a Silver Tankard, a Silver Mugg, a Silver Porringer, spoons, forcks, and other pieces of Plate, and 260 pieces of eight, your Petitioner's sole and proper Plate and money brought with her from New York, whereof she has had possession for several years, as she can truly make oath, out of which said trunk was also took twenty-five English crowns which belonged to your Petitioner's maid.

The premises and most deplorable condition of your Petitioner considered, she humbly entreats your Honor's justice that return be made of the said Plate and Money. Sarah Kidd.

Another copy I then read of a letter to my captain's old friend, Thomas Payne:

From Boston, Prison, July, 18th day, 1699

Captain Payne:

After my humble service to yourself and all our good friends, this cometh by a trusty friend of mine who can declare to you concerning my great grief and misery here in prison.

By him I desire you to send me twenty-four ounces of gold. As for the rest you have in custody, keep it, for it is all we have to support us in time of want.

I pray you deliver to the bearer the sum above mentioned. His name is Andrew Knott.

Sarah Kidd.

This letter was written badly and ignorantly, and not done by Sancia, but by whom I know not, or why the poor lady, in her need, turned to some other than Sancia.

But probably it was her maid, Elizabeth Morris, who wrote it.

I took up and read the last sad petition:

To His Excellency the Earl of Bellomont, etc.; etc.;

The Petition of Sarah Kidd Humbly Sheweth:

That your Petitioner's husband, Captain Wm. Kidd, being committed into the Common Jail in Boston for piracy, and under straight durance, is in want of necessary assistance as well as your Petitioner's affection to her husband.

Humbly prays:

That your Excellency and Council will be pleased to permit the said Sarah Kidd to have communication with her husband, for his relief, in such due manner and season as may be thought fit. To which your Petitioner shall thankfully conform herself,

And ever pray, etc.; etc. Sarah Kidd.

And when I read this pitiful little letter, and when I thought of my dear lady, and of my captain and of Sancia, I wished I had his Irish Lordship by his smooth, white neck because I would know very well what to do with it.

I HEARD nothing from my kinsman, the Earl of Derringdale. But I had another letter from Sancia by the next ship:

My darling husband:

This wicked Governor is ill of the gout, and he, in his spleen, hath writ a lying letter to the Lords of trade against my father.

And several things he has written in his letter to my father's prejudices—a copy of which was brought secretly to me by a public scrivener of Boston, whom I pay to copy papers for my father, and who seems kind and heartily sorry for us all.

How this poor man came by the copy of the Earl's letter I know not, nor dare ask him, but paid him well for his act of kindness to us.

So my Lord Bellomont writes these several things which I quote to wit:

"That, though," he says, "I writ a letter to Captain Kidd inviting him to come in and that I would procure a pardon for him, provided he were as innocent as Mr. Emott said he was," the governor further says: "Your Lordships may observe that the promise I make to Captain Kidd in my said letter, is conditional, that is, provided he be as innocent as he pretended to be. *But I quickly found sufficient cause to suspect him very guilty by the many lies and contradictions he told me!*"

Oh, Dirck, to think that our Lord Governor should pretend that Father *lied* to him. And all the time this false governor designed to seize Father as soon as he landed, for he writes, further:

"I received . . . . orders about Kidd . . . about *three months* before my leaving New York, *but I never discovered them to anybody*. . . . Nor had I, till that day I produced my orders from the Court for apprehending Kidd, communicated them to anybody . . . I thought myself secure enough from his running away, because I took care not to give him the least umbrage *of my Design of seizing him*. And another reason why I took him not up sooner was that he had brought his wife and children hither in the Sloop with him, *who, I believed he would not easily forsake!*"

Dirck, was ever so cowardly and treacherous a trap set to deceive and decoy an honest gentleman to his ruin?

And Dirck, it is *the king* who has conspired with our governor, for his lordship says, further, "I have committed Kidd to jail, *as I was ordered to do by the king*."

Further, our brave governor writes, "I have put Kidd into irons that weigh 16 pounds. I thought it moderate enough. There never was a greater liar or thief in the world than this Kidd. I desire orders what to do with Kidd, for, as the Law stands in this country, *if a pirate be convicted*, yet he cannot *suffer Death!*"

Oh, my husband, do you see that already this false governor is talking of my father's death to the Lords of Trade and to the guilty king?

Further, this noble gentleman saith, "Kidd not only did rob two Moor ships, but also a Portuguese ship, which he denied absolutely to the Council and me."

And why should father not deny it, having *French passes* for both Moor ships, and having proof that his crew stopped the Portuguese against his will and power to control them.

But all this is idle. It is clear that Lord Bellomont designs my father's death to show his zeal to the frightened King of England, and to cleanse his own hands as principal share-holder in this miserable enterprise.

What is to become of Father with the king, the governor, the East India Company, the Mogul, and all these noble Lords resolved to sacrifice him to their own terrors?

Oh my husband, help him if you can. But we never doubt you will do all possible and so I pray God to aid you and hasten the discovery of my father's innocence to all the world which now so fiercely cries out against him.

With every duty and respect and tender affection,
Thy wife, SANCIA.

This was gloomy news. For the first time since my captain's arrest I became seriously fearful, and now saw how formidable was the array of power against him and how it might serve the purposes of those in high places to drive my captain to his destruction.

With dread and impatience I awaited a reply to my letter which I had writ to my kinsman, the Earl of Derringdale at Derring Park in Daleshire. Weeks passed, none came, and I wrote another, venturing to press my instant need of his advice in the approaching crisis.

Finally, when November had come but no notice taken of me, I resolved to go to Derring Park myself and discover what might be accomplished.

I had packed a porte-manteau, bespoke a place upon the coach, purchased necessaries for my journey in London, and was reckoning with the landlord at the Turnham Arms, when there gallops up to the horse-block a groom in Sherwood-green livery, and, behind him comes an elegant private coach with six horses, postilions, and an armed guard beside the footman.

I heard my name loudly demanded by the outriders, and coming out of the tavern, I saw the Derringdale arms upon the panels of the gilded coach.

When the landlord had vouched for me, the outrider got off his horse respectfully and handed me a large letter, sealed with the arms of the Earl.

This I opened and read where I was standing near the horse-block:

To Dirck Hazlett, Esquire,
Of the City of New York:
My Cousin:

The reason of my delay in replying to your communication is this, that until yesterday, I have been in France to take the waters; and am arrived at Derringdale Park yesterday, and, I thank God, in tollerable health, yet plagued still by a most devilish gout.

I desire to receive you. To that end I despatch a coach and servants who shall take you up at Turnham and carry you to Derring, so that you may acquaint me with what is in your mind.

I am, sir, with proper consideration and civilty,
Your kinsman, DERRINGDALE.

I lost no time. Fresh horses were fetched. They put my porte-manteau aboard; I entered into that rich and comfortable coach, and away we went, southward, with my landlord, a-bowing and servants gaping to see the lonely Colonial young man so gorgeously cared for by the people and equipage of a great and powerful nobleman.

WE BAITED at Norrys and stayed at night. Before noon the next day we entered my kinsman's estate through great gates where was a handsome lodge, and so came to Derring Park. This was a great house, hid distantly in a vast park. I noticed deer under the trees, very tame, and pheasant, upon the lawns, like those which our Governor Dongan had in his game park on Staten Island. And there were more servants to receive me than ever I had seen gathered at Colonel Fletcher's when he was our governor.

When I descended from the coach I was led away into this great, chilly house—I knew not whither, for there seemed a multitude of halls and corridors and passages and stairways—but at last was shown into a great chamber where a very small fire burned.

Here a servant fetched me a bucket of hot water and another of cold, and I made out to cleanse me of my journey and change into fresh apparel.

When I was ready, and had dressed me in my new black silk clothes with red and gold sleeves and points, and which I had commanded in London, and with which I wore a small gilded sword which seemed to be the fashion for gentlemen—I followed a servant through this huge house to a library set with marble statues and books on every side, above which were ranged portraits in gilded frames.

I did not see anybody in that room until I heard a wood fire crackling, and then I saw the top of somebody's wig projecting above the back of a leather chair before the fire.

So I walked thither and saw a very large gentleman a-warming of his shins, who looked at me in silence out of a pair of very bright, gray eyes.

"Well," said he, harshly, "are you my cousin?"

"If you be Lord Derringdale, I am," said I.

"No other." He bade me be seated. A servant asked me what wine I preferred, and I chose a small glass of sherry.

"So," said his lordship, "you are the Swordmaster's son."

"I have that honor."

"Had they caught him they would have sent him to the Tower," remarked his lordship. "And presently cut off his head," he added.

I turned red and hot. "My Lord," said I, "If you are truly a Derringdale you would have served the Duke of York as my father served him."

He blinked his bright eyes at me. "Quite right, cousin," said he. "But they tell me you have been a quarrelsome young man and over quick with your point in New York. Is it true?"

"It was."

"Oh, you have mended."

"My Lord," said I, "it is not in our blood to flee a quarrel forced upon us. Or to swallow injustice and lick our chops."

After a silence. "You are a tall young man, Mr. Hazlett," he said, "and hardy and browned deep o' the sun."

"The sun is cruel in Madagascar."

He nodded. "Tell me," said he, simply.

When I had told him all to the last word he still sat as he had been sitting with hands clasped across his belly, and his brilliant eyes fixed upon me as steady as a bird o' prey's.

Minute after minute we sat in silence after my tale was ended, no sound, no stir save once when a servant stole in to mend the fire.

At length he said: "What is it you desire?"

"Counsel, my Lord."

"Dirck?"

"Sir," said I, startled to hear him use my given name.

"Have you money?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's right, call me sir or cousin. Dammy, there are too few of us left. . . . We'll speak of that, too. . . . Do you not need money?"

"No, sir."

"By God," said he, "then you are the only man in England who does not. And he who hath a million is in sorest need—or so pretends. . . . Are you wealthy, Dirck?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well—to what figure?"

I told him what I had from *The China Rose*.

"Yes," said he, "that is wealth. Well, you may have to use it all—every penny—and, at that, it should be a gambler's hazard whether we can save your unhappy sea captain."

"Sir," said I, "you may employ every penny I possess."

"And beggar you?"

"Yes, sir, if it must come to that."

"Dirck," said he, "I must tell you that yours is a gambler's throw, and that the great and powerful folk you challenge are like to play with cogged dice."

"I cannot help it."

"No. I cannot help it, either. *Nil desperandum*. You know our motto?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Carry it," said he, taking from his finger a seal ring and giving it to me.

"Am I to wear this, my Lord?" I asked, reddening.

"You, and none other."

"Thank you my Lord—and cousin."

THERE came, then, a grave old man all hung over with gilt chains, and his lordship was served with his dinner.

There was butcher's roast, and venison which tasted unlike our own, and pheasants and partridges—all having nothing of the flavor which such kind of birds possess in America.

We drank Maderia, French claret, and port. We talked of New York, and of Old England, and of Derringdale; and he told me that the Earldom would go to a grandson, the Marquis of Norrys, who was with the fleet—all others being dead."

"A tall fellow like yourself," said my Lord, "but not as hardy. This mating of cousins breeds neither bone nor brain."

Well, after dinner, his lordship would have his forty winks.

But it was longer. And, in the later afternoon, he mounted a great horse, and had another fetched for me, and made me ride with him over broad acres and downs all gold with broom and gorse, and by pretty woodlands where little brooks ran down among tall ferns and bracken.

This I was destined to do many a time with my old kinsman, and came to know all of Daleshire as well as I knew Manhattan Island, and Nassau, and Westchester.

It is never very cold in Daleshire, and if a light snow fall it remains no longer than the second day. Ponds seldom freeze, and then no more than a skin of ice forms.

So that winter of '99 seemed like a prolonged Indian summer in America, only that the great house was chilly and the wood fires grateful.

I came to learn very much about this noble kinsman of mine, and to know him a little.

Once I had thought him cold and selfish because he came not to my father's assistance when he cuffed the Duke of York, and, further, never noticed him or us.

But he told me very bluntly that any Hazlett who got himself into a pickle was supposed to get out of it, too.

"Had your father writ me," said he, "I would have done my possible. But I knew he never would. He was a Hazlett and so am I. He knew. And you, also, seem to know our traditions. For never have I had a word from you on your own account; and now you come here to me only on a mission for another."

"Sir," said I, "had I known what manner of man you are I'd have made the voyage long ago merely to offer my respect and duty."

He sat silent for a long time, staring out at the deer among the beech trees. What I had said on impulse was no bare compliment but truth; but I wondered whether it had not pleased him.

Still gazing at his fat bucks and hinds, he said to me. "Have you ever thrust a man through?"

I felt hot and shamed. "Yes, sir."

"Dead?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you have done the like for any suspicion of mine concerning you. And I own I harbored some. Because only one life stands today between yourself and Derringdale."

I was thunderstruck.

"Norrys," he said. "No other, Dirck."

"Sir," said I, very hot and red. "On my honor I have not known it."

"Sufficient. Your father being past all hope while any Stuart reigned, I suppose he thought it futile to discuss the matter with you."

"He never did, sir. He could not foresee the end of a dynasty of mighty kings."

"Nor the advent of this Dutchman," remarked his lordship with a sneer. Then he gave me an ugly look:

"Dammy," says he, "how are we to take this dull, stubborn, greedy, sour-belly of a king who dabbles secretly in illegal trade and turns coward with fright when unearthed?

"The Commons, in full cry, are at the fleeing heels of Orford and Somers. The East India Company are a-baying o' them. The Grand Mogul roars like one of his own wounded tigers. And, in New York, Bellomont squeaks murder like a cornered rat."

The chill of fear invaded me to hear so great and powerful a man admit our desperation.

After a silence, "Cousin," said he, very quietly, "have you ever considered that, if they fetch your sea captain here to try him, *you*, also will be involved?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yet you have never asked my aid for yourself?"

"I shift for myself, sir."

He nodded, "A real Hazlett. *Nil desperandum*. All the same, it concerns us all. Do you think I'll stand by a-twiddle-thumbs if they try to hang a Hazlett?"

"Sir," said I, "if they attempt to take me, they shall only take me when I fall dead."

"I know that, too," said he, "but they would gibbet your body. Shall a Hazlett swing in chains betwist high tide and low?"

I FELT a little shudder invade me. I had never thought of that.

There ensued a long and terrible silence. Then:

"My cousin," I whispered, "I must ask your aid after all—but only when I lie dead o' their swords. Then—be pleased to protect me—for the family's sake."

Then the old Earl swore and damned and

cursed and pledged the faith and honor of the mother who bore him that neither this Royal poltroon nor any peer of the realm, nor any Court of Admiralty in England should attempt the honor of a Hazlett.

Said he. "If, with your fortune, I can buy off these terrified gentlemen, who have set up this howling for your captain's head to save their own, then I shall do so. I doubt it possible, so powerful the rats unearthed, so wild with fear are they, so terrible the world-wide hue and cry they have raised to make Captain Kidd not only their victim, but they design to leave his very name to posterity as a type of all ruthless and bloody pirates. So that whenever men mention pirates, all shall think of Captain Kidd.

"I shall use every atom of influence I possess, I shall employ your money, and if need be, my own.

"I shall fight like—like a Hazlett. But I would be a fool to disguise from myself that I shall have the Dutch King of England for my adversary. And, as his allies, many of the greatest lords in the lands who are concerned only in keeping their own skirts clean and their sacred bodies out o' the Tower, and are resolved to convict and execute your captain whether he be guilty or no."

"Sir, what of the two French passes?"

"Dirck, dead men tell no tales."

"Dead men, who are innocent, never had any tales to tell, sir."

"It's all one to those who are determined to hang him."

"You believe they mean to carry it that far?"

"I do, Dirck."

"My God," said I, "hang a man who never took a penny unlawfully and can prove it. A man who never did an act of piracy in all his life, and can prove it."

"My young cousin, you have not lived as long as I have in this same selfish and cowardly world."

"Sir—but the French passes?"

"Yes, I know. But you shall remember that it was this same Dutch King who sat silent and let poor, honest, gallant, devoted Leisler hang."

My heart froze.

He said, "They had not an atom of proof against him. But plenty of proof of his innocence. Why, then, did they hang poor Leisler? I shall tell you, because Captain Leisler had had the effrontery to challenge and defy the sacred caste of rank and aristocracy. And they never forgave him. That was what sent Lieutenant-Governor Leisler to the scaffold—the vengeance of the great lords of the New World manors. He, a plain man, had ventured to face them down and stand loyally for King and religion.

"He was guiltless. He had proof of his innocence. But they hanged him in the rain. And this same, stolid King sat silent in approval.

"Dirck, I have to say this shameful thing of my own caste—and yours. And that is why I have chosen to withdraw from the Court of this Dutch King. Not that I am any bigot or Jacobite unreconciled. No. But cared to have no traffic with this same king. And am justified now, in the sordid discovery that he has been besmirched by his paltry trade with a share-company whose charter is improper, illegal, and contemptible."

"Sir," said I, "yet it cannot ever be that, with these two French passes before them, any jury could find my captain guilty, and any judge sentence him."

"Let us do our best," said he. "If I discourage you, then it is only to ease the blow if it must fall. Meanwhile let me write my letters and pay my secret visits and handle what money we have to best advantage. And do you keep to Derring Park and stray not outside, for I be very jealous concerning what is toward in England, and am, perhaps, in some slight peril myself if king or mob start any rumor of Jacobite activity in the land."

"My God, sir," said I, "I would not be the cause of any trouble to this house."

"This roof," said he haughtily, "is broad enough to cover every Hazlett. Concern yourself not at all, cousin, I'll look to my own walls and moat. I care not who is King in England, he'll have both hands full if he meddle with a Derringdale."

Late that night a messenger arrived at Derring Park from London.

Presently my lord sent for me to come to his bed chamber.

"Dirck," said he, "His Majesty's ship *Rochester*, Captain Ellis, hath been despatched to New York, to bring your captain hither for his trial."

NOW all of this winter, and during the spring of 1700, popular feeling became wrought up to a degree astounding, and parties were formed in England, and took sides regarding the guilt or innocence of Captain Kidd.

His name and his pretended exploits were in everybody's mouths. Wild rumors filled the air. Some said that the noble lords accused were conspiring with the ministry to escape the investigation and trial by setting the Great Seal of England to a pardon for Captain Kidd.

This rumor exasperated the opposition party, and they resolved to hang my captain at any cost if only to prove the ministers and noble lords as guilty as the poor sea captain.

No sooner did this situation develop than the cowardly ministers abandoned Captain Kidd to his fate, in terror lest any attempt to shield him might react to their own prejudices, and they even began to fawn on the opposition to show more zeal than any others to bring my captain to the scaffold.

What chance could he have of a fair trial?

The bill of impeachment against the noble lords was not carried, though their share-company was bitterly censured, and their Royal commission and grants were pronounced contrary to the laws of England and to the Bill of Rights.

All these things I learned at Derringdale where now, for my kinsman's sake, I lay close, because an order of arrest had been issued against me in America, and all Colonial governors and officials were commanded to take me.

This alarming news I had from Mr. Emott to whom I had written, and who, when he wrote, addressed his letters to me as Richard Norrys, as did Sancia always. But there was more amazing news.

He wrote, further, that my Lord Bellomont had heard that measures were threatening to bring about his recall, and perhaps disgrace, because of his share in the enterprise of the *Adventure Galley;*

That his lordship was become so agitated that he had sickened at the prospect, and had died of it on the day that Mr. Emott wrote me. And, further, that the elegant and mincing John Nanfan was acting as Governor of New York in his stead.

Bellomont dead. Robert Livingston in disgrace. Lord Orford and Somers besmirched and silenced. The king in a sullen panic. And my captain in chains, and to be tried for piracy. And I, now, a proscribed man, a fugitive from the law, and now forced to hide myself in England where nobody supposed me to be.

My God, what an ill-omened voyage was the *Adventure Galley's*. And to what a miserable pass had it brought all who engaged in it, innocent and guilty alike—the innocent to fight for their lives, the guilty to urge their deaths to avoid disgrace or prison for themselves.

To Lord Derringdale I showed this letter. He also had news for me, that a week ago the lords of the Admiralty had an express from Bristol that Captain Kidd with thirty-three "other" pirates, were arrived in the Channel from Boston, in order to be tried for robbing the Great Mogul of his ship, the *Kedah Merchant*, and that my captain was now in London.

"My Lord," I exclaimed, "I must go to my captain."

"To what purpose?" said he. "Your testimony would only harm him because you are his son-in-law—or would be in that relation in public estimation.

"Further, you were an officer on his ship, and if his rascal crew determine to swear away his life, then they would also swear away yours, and you could not help yourself and must injure him."

"How can I desert him now?" said I.

"By running to him, Dirck; which would hasten his ruin. If anything is to be done you must do it here, not in Newgate Prison."

"My God, is he in Newgate?"

"Yes, Dirck. He has been examined before the Lords of the Admiralty, and has been committed to Newgate. He made petition to have his irons taken off, and this has been granted him."

NOBODY ever can know what rage and bitterness I knew in that hour.

I could not bear that he should be in prison, here in England, and I not go to him to hearten him and, with him and by his side, face a common fate—either freedom or condemnation. Yet dared not seek him because of my love for him; or, because of any sentimental impulse, risk a harm to him by surrendering my person to the law.

My noble kinsman was very sorry for me, and very kind.

Every day he informed me of what steps he was taking in my captain's behalf, how he had gained the ear of this gentleman through interest, or of that noble lord through gold.

"Dirck," says he, grimly, "we bribe to obtain common justice. Whether or no we become criminal by so doing, I leave to God who is supreme Justice and who knows your mind and mine. I would not pay a penny to buy an honest opinion, yet I pay great sums out of your fortune to purchase justice from rascals, for there seems to be no other way."

"Lay out every penny I possess, sir, because God sees what we are about and I am not afraid."

And now here is a strange and sad matter to relate. For neither my noble kinsman nor I ever dreamed that Captain Kidd needed money, he being wealthy and his estate very ample to furnish him as he required.

Yet his enemies had so treacherously managed that he could not come by any money, though patiently awaiting and expecting it by every ship. And, at last, was forced to ask an allowance for charges of his defense, and was awarded £50. Oh, God! and I spending my fortune like water to bribe the ravening beasts who might be turned aside by gold from hunting him to his death!

But I run, again, too swiftly, with my pen, and see blood already on it where ink should drip. . . . God keep us all.

Well, all that spring and summer my captain was held a close prisoner till the sitting of the Parliament, to the end that they might have examination of him.

My noble kinsman and I labored in secret in his behalf, and came at many through justice and reason, and others through meaner motives.

For the sake of their innocent families, I shall not tell you the names of those great folk we bribed to keep their dishonored hands from my captain's throat. No. Some betrayed us after all. Some took their price and performed that which they ought to have done because it was right and just.

These know who they are and what of infamy they have accomplished. I need not publish it here. *They know.* Let them live on in that knowledge.

Thus my fortune went. All of it. I drew even what savings I had from my father, and which my dear, prudent mother had invested. All went into the hungry jaws of human wolves who had been bent on hunting my captain to a bloody end.

I tell you this not to make merit of it, but to show you how instant was the need in this vast, wild, and wicked tumult that had burst out in England over my captain, and the clamor before Pilate was no fiercer, I think, so cruelly and so ingeniously had the East India Company and the ministry inflamed all England and America against one poor, honest, Scotch sea captain.

To the point that the whole world rang with the name of Captain Kidd the Pirate. And my dear, simple-minded and beloved friend was already condemned ere the charge for which he was to answer had been read against him.

All these months I had been tortured to know what was become of my captain's lady, and of my Sancia, and of little Betty, and how they bore this blow.

By every ship I wrote to Sancia with all the cheer and hope that I was able, and at last her letters in reply arrived, gallant letters, breathing dauntless courage and faith in God, and trust in me that I did my utmost.

She told me that her mother was ill with the grief of it, that they had removed from their fine house and were withdrawn to a quiet farm in East Jersey where was none to annoy them with curiosity, or stare at the family of the notorious Captain Kidd.

It was pitiful—sad past all belief—that the fierce impertinence and stupid credulity of the world should drive these ladies and this little child out of their home and cause them to hide them away where was no importunity and no inhumanity to shrink from.

My Sancia was in dreadful alarm to know if I were secure, having heard of the order out for my arrest. Only that—her tender and deep concern for my safety—tempered her brave letter with any fear.

So I wrote instantly to reassure her.

My God, what a summer. In July we heard that the jewels alone taken aboard my captain's sloop had been valued at £30,000.

In September my noble kinsman went to London. He was admitted to see Captain Kidd. He told him all concerning me and what we were attempting. My captain approved.

While there, my kinsman learned that the Mogul, through Cogi Baba, would press his claims before the House of Commons, that he would swear the *Kedah Merchant* was his and carried cargo valued at more than £100,000; that Cogi Baba had papers out of India to establish these claims, and would show every minutest particular of the taking of that great ship, and that it could be established that Captain Kidd did conspire with Mr. Henry Boulton, *a known pirate*, to rob the ship in the West Indies and there burn her, which had been done.

These lies drove me nigh distracted, yet who was there to controvert them? Not the mutinous rogues who had been our crew and who never would damn themselves to admit the truth concerning my captain.

Yet, God be thanked, there were the two French passes to confound the Grand Mogul, the East India Company, and the perjured rascals who were certain to swear away my captain's life to save their own.

It was not until March, in 1701 that at last the Commons examined my poor captain.

That Persian merchant, as he called himself, Cogi Baba, appeared there, and in the name of the Grand Mogul accused my captain of robbing his master in those seas to the value of more than £150,000.

In April my captain was again examined before the House of Commons, and again remanded to Newgate.

BUT the next day a very alarming thing occurred; my noble kinsman, deeming it necessary to see Captain Kidd in person to acquaint him with our efforts and the general situation had been forced to bribe a certain person of considerable consequence who, in turn, agreed to keep his visit to my captain a secret.

Now, somehow, a common turnkey of Newgate got wind that something of the sort had been done, and this fellow ran to his petty patron, to tell it, and the patron to another, who carried it to the House of Commons.

It had been Lord Derringdale's ruin, and my captain's, and mine, only that this turnkey mistook my lord for Lord Halifax.

Here, was an uproar in London. And the House, being acquainted that Captain Kidd had received Lord Halifax into his cell in Newgate Prison, called before them the turnkey, and then the keeper of Newgate, who said that the fellow was a liar, that he knew Lord Halifax by sight, and never had seen him with Captain Kidd. Yet the Commons still distrusted the keeper, and the mob cried out that Lord Halifax be summoned. But he disdained to notice the matter, and so, you see, how near we came to a disaster.

My Lord told me a few days later that a motion had been made to the House to declare the grant made to the Earl of Bellomont, and others, to be null and void. But they would not vote for it.

Then the vote was taken, and carried, requesting the King to institute instant proceedings against Captain Kidd for piracy and murder.

And that night I could not sleep, so horrible it seemed that the House of Commons should have done this wicked and senseless thing in the face of the evidence they had to the contrary.

LORD DERRINGDALE sent for me and told me that there was a rumor in London that I had escaped from Boston and might be hiding in England where I had noble and powerful relatives.

Further, he said that on the roads beyond the boundaries of his estate suspicious looking folk had been noticed loitering, and that they might be bailiffs.

My lord seemed much perturbed and begged me to keep the house, "For," said he, "if they discover and take you, not only might your liberty and even your life be forfeited, but your arrest would, as I have pointed out, do an infinite harm to the case of Captain Kidd."

This took me aback and saddened me, because I had been firmly resolved to attend the trial of my captain and observe for myself whether it might aid his cause in the least degree if I discovered myself to him or to his legal advisers.

I told my lord what had been my purpose, and he replied that it would have been fatal to me, to my captain, and to himself.

Nor dared he himself attend since the inquiry concerning my Lord Halifax, for the accused turnkey surely would have recognized him to the prejudice of my captain's case.

However, both Dr. Oldish and Mr. Lemmon, who were my captain's legal advisers, were in the confidence and pay of my noble kinsman, and it was through them that we now received secret information concerning this case—sometimes by post, sometimes by express—for they were told to spare no expense.

Thus we learned that the twelve seamen imprisoned with my captain, all who had remained faithful to him through the mutiny of his crew, had been approached repeatedly with promises of pardon if any among them would turn king's evidence against my captain. And, to the eternal credit of these poor fellows, not one of them was induced to swear falsely against him.

This fact would have heartened us, but unfortunately, those two rogues Bradenham and Palmer, had been apprehended, and they had agreed to be witnesses against my captain if they were pardoned, although both had been mutineers aboard us, and had deserted us at Madagascar to join the pirate Bob Culliford, who flew the bloody flag.

Still, I could not suppose that any judge and jury would believe such rogues.

But there was, under the law, a greater hardship for my captain to endure: persons accused in criminal cases are forced to conduct their own defense and they may not have the assistance of counsel to examine or cross examine witnesses, or to analyse or comment upon any question of fact.

So my captain's counsel would only be permitted to address the Court on question of law.

For this is our English law, that the judge shall elucidate the facts, and therefore a prisoner needs no counsel, and the jury may be trusted to give him the benefit of the reasonable doubt.

Well, the day came when they brought my captain to his trial at the Old Bailey. My Lord and I were averted of it and all that day, in the garden at Derring, we paced the sward awaiting some word by some one of the corps of secret messengers engaged to ride express and carry us a copy in long hand made from the shorthand report of the trial.

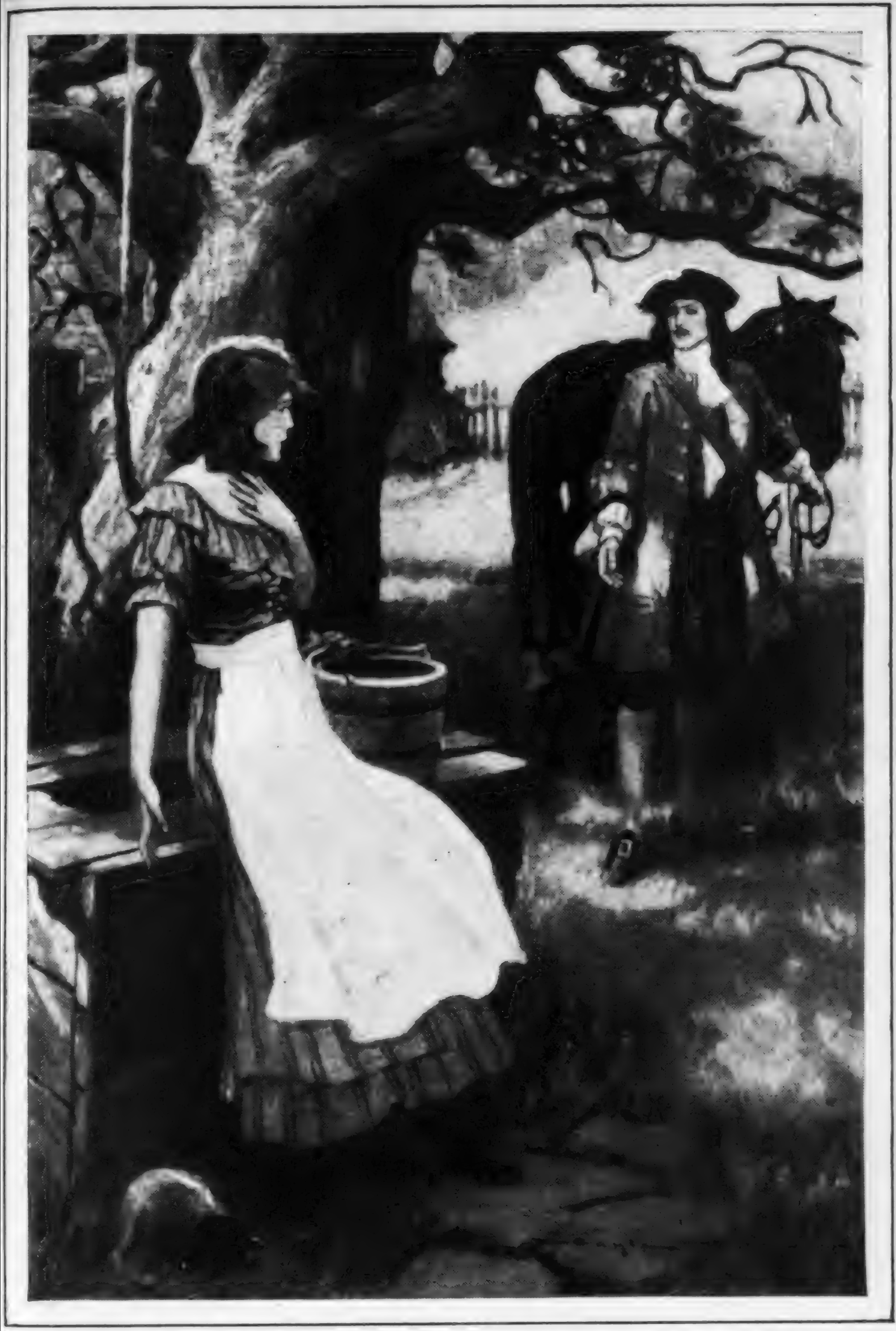
For Lord Derringdale had so arranged it that we were to learn as soon as possible what was developing, and the expresses were grooms and stable lads wearing his own livery, who had been sent to London with horses for this purpose, and whom no bailiffs dared stop or question.

Nobody arrived that day, but in the morning I was abroad at sunrise, and an express galloped to the house with a sealed packet from London, and I took it and ran to my lord in his chamber where he was at chocolate and his legs in a basin of hot water.

So he cleared the room of servants, and I locked the door, and he bade me open the packet and read it aloud to him.

It was a hasty, confused screed from Dr. Oldish writ in great consternation and perplexity of mind:

> They are deliberately withholding Captain Kidd's papers and the two French passes which the late Lord Bellomont sent to the Admiralty and which were laid before the House of Commons.
>
> The House had ordered these to be delivered again to the Admiralty, and, in particular, the two French passes on which our client chiefly relies to prove he was justified in taking the two prizes.
>
> Now these two French passes are not to be found, the Secretary of the Admiralty has no knowledge of them, they were before the Commons, *now they have disappeared*.
>
> My Lord, Captain Kidd is in a very serious plight if they have robbed him of these passes.
>
> We face a hostile court. All seem to be against us.
>
> You shall see by the example I show you, verbatim, taken from the short-hand when Captain Kidd addressed his judges. Said Kidd: "May it please your Lordships I desire you to permit me to have counsel." Sir S. Lovel, the Recorder, frowned; and, said he, "What would you have counsel for?"
>
> Says Kidd: "My Lord, I have some matter of law



I got off my horse, and led him into a yard. I saw a slim girl at the well, who had a pitcher in her hand, who now turned to look at me. Then Sancia let the pitcher fall, and stared.

relating to the indictment, and I desire I may have counsel to plead it."

Said Dr. Oxenden with contempt: "What matter of law can you have?"

Then the Clerk of Arraigns spoke sharply, "How does he know what he is charged with? I have not told him."

Verbatim short-hand follows:

Recorder to prisoner: You must let the Court know what are these matters of law before you can have counsel.

Kidd: I know what I mean. I desire to put off my trial as long as I can, till I can get my evidence ready. I beg your lordship's patience; I had a couple of French passes which I must make use of.

Recorder: That is not a matter of law.

Kidd: I sent for them but I could not have them.

Dr. Oxenden: Where are they?

Kidd: I brought them to my Lord Bellomont.

Recorder: Mr. Kidd, the Court sees no reason to put off your trial. You must plead.

Kidd: If your lordship will permit those papers to be read to justify me—

Recorder (harshly): Mr. Kidd, you must plead.

Kidd: Why, I cannot plead until I have my papers—

Mr. Lemmon (one of his counsel): He ought to have his papers.

Mr. Coniers (one of the counsel for the prosecution, sharply): Mr. Lemmon, you are not to appear for him until he pleads! He *must* plead to the indictment.

Kidd: It is hard if my papers be kept from me and I am forced to plead—

Clerk of Arraigns (loudly): Silence! Silence!

Kidd: My papers have been seized and I cannot make my defense without them. I desire my trial to be put off until I can have my papers.

Recorder: If he won't plead, there must be judgment entered.

Kidd: My Lord, I insist upon my French passes. Pray let me have them.

Recorder: Mr. Kidd, I must tell you that, if you will not plead, you must have judgment against you.

Kidd: If your lordship would permit those French passes to be read, they would justify me. If I plead, without them, I shall be accessory to my own death.

Recorder (angrily): You are accessory to your own death if you do not plead.

Kidd: My lord, would you have me plead and have no vindication by me? I can not—

Clerk of Arraigns: Will you make silence there. *SILENCE!!!*

So horrified and enraged was I to read of such monstrous unfairness that I scarce found voice to continue. I gazed upon Lord Derringdale, and he on me, as though these were incredible things that Dr. Oldish wrote down for us to read.

After a silence I turned the letter and read on:

My Lord, they so bullied and perplexed Captain Kidd that finally they forced him to plead, not guilty.

Then came a thunderbolt, for there suddenly appeared *two* indictments, and the first that was read to Captain Kidd did charge him with the murder of his gunner, William Moore.

Murder? My, God, he had been justified in pistolling this mutineer.

Captain Kidd was astounded. As for me, I knew now what that villainous Clerk of Arraigns had meant when he said that Captain Kidd did not yet know what he was charged with.

But how could he dream of such a charge? Because, if it had been murder, why, murder was a hanging offense in America, and why had Lord Bellomont not had him accused, indicted, and tried *there?*

If he were to be tried for murder *here*, why had no notice of this charge been given him?

Well, my Lord, as soon as Captain Kidd found his voice he pleaded not guilty.

Then Mr. Lemmon and I were assigned him as counsel, and I addressed the Court, begging their lordships to postpone the trial until we could come by our two French passes.

(Follows verbatim, short-hand report):

Lord Chief Baron Ward: Where are these passes?

Mr. Lemmon: Why, we cannot tell yet, whether they are in the Admiralty or that Mr. Jordrell hath them.

Justice Powel: What ship was it that had a French pass?

Mr. Lemmon: The Kedah Merchant—the same he was indicted for.

Lord Chief Baron Ward: You ought to show cause why trial should be put off, otherwise, it can't be allowed.

The Solicitor General: Let him be tried for murder then, where there is no pretense of missing passes.

Clerk of Arraigns: William Kidd, you are now to be tried for murder. The jury is going to be sworn. If you have any cause of exception you may speak to them as they come to the Book.

Kidd (said sorrowfully): I shall challenge none. I know nothing to the contrary, but that they all are honest men.

Then Captain Kidd arose in simple dignity to open his own defense.

He said in his pleasant, honest way:

"My lords; I was a merchant in New York, in good repute and in good circumstances when I was solicited to engage, under royal commission, to suppress piracy.

"I had no need to turn pirate myself.

"My crew were desperate characters and they mutinied against me. I lost all control over them. They did as they pleased. They threatened to kill me in my cabin. Ninety-five deserted me for Culliford.

"I had not enough left to bring my prizes before a court to have them condemned.

"My commission was under the Broad Seal, and my prizes carried French passes."

Then, concerning the act for which he had been so suddenly and monstrously indicted.

"I will inform the Court," said he, "of the facts precisely as they occurred.

"We were still within three miles of the Dutch ship, and the men were still in a state of mutiny and clamoring for her capture.

"My gunner, William Moore, addressing the mutineers, said that he could propose a plan to take her with no danger to ourselves.

"'And how is that to be done?' I inquired.

"He said that I was to invite the Dutch ship's captain and officers aboard me, and take 'em to my cabin. Then he and the crew could board and plunder the Dutchman, and I and my officers could swear that we had never boarded her nor seen her plundered. To this I replied, 'That would be Judas-like treachery to rob that ship pretending friendship.'

"Moore said angrily,'We have not other resources. You have brought us to utter ruin!'

"'Shall we commit this crime because we are poor?' I asked.

"Upon this, Moore and the mutineers became so violent that I seized a slush-bucket which chanced to be at hand and struck him.

"Had I premeditated his death I would not have used such a weapon. I am heartily sorry I killed him. I never meant to."

Well, my Lord, this was a simple and manly statement, but all the Court was against us, and Mr. Lemmon and I perceived very plainly that, it being determined to hang Captain Kidd at all odds, witnesses were brow-beaten, and the jury most wickedly and unfairly instructed.

It was not even proven that Moore died of the blow, for he was a filthy and sickly fellow, and had been ill.

The rogue, Bradenham, the ship's surgeon, testified against Captain Kidd, and when the captain quietly asked him if he himself had not been one of the mutineers, the evil old Lord Chief Baron Ward interrupted sneeringly:

"Captain Kidd, do you infer that, even if Mr. Bradenham was a mutineer, it was lawful for you to kill Mr. Moore?"

Then the Lord Chief Baron summed up very harshly against my client:

"*If a man kill another*," he began, "*without provocation or reasonable cause, the law presumes and implies malice. And then such a killing will be murder!*"

God forgive this wicked old judge, for he charged the jury most strangely, and venomously, and unfairly. I know not whether the Lord Chief Baron Ward be only stupid and not an evil man, but he seems smart enough regarding his own interests.

So, my Lord, this jury retired, and now has returned with the astounding verdict of guilty.

Captain Kidd, even yet, has not seemed to understand.

He sits in his cell staring at the floor, but answers civilly and softly when spoken to.

All he has said is that he dreads the effect of this awful news on his poor wife in America.

Nothing else has he spoken.

My Lord, it is as I told your lordship, there are *great folk* determined to hang Captain Kidd.

Now that they have carried their point, and have so monstrously made sure of his death, they mean to make doubly sure by trying him tomorrow, for piracy.

Be assured, my Lord, that you shall have further and instant knowledge of all procedures in Court concerning Captain Kidd, and that I have the honor to subscribe myself.

Y^{r} most humble, obliged, and ob^{t} servt, etc., etc.,

OLDISH.

NOW, there happened a calamity so strange, so sinister, that never yet have I learned the mystery of it.

For on the following morning, when an express should have arrived from my captain's lawyers to acquaint us concerning his trial for piracy, no express arrived. Nor on the next day; and none on the next.

And it was not until the end of the week, when Lord Derringdale himself went to London for news, that I learned of the terrible and infamous procedure in the Old Bailey, where perjured rogues swore my captain's life away, and where, in high places, dark evil was at work which suddenly deprived my captain of his two lawyers, Mr. Lemmon and Dr. Oldish.

It seems incredible that this poor sea captain was obliged to face that Court bent upon his destruction, and be deprived of his two paid counsel to aid and advise him.

But it was so. Neither Mr. Lemmon nor Dr. Oldish appeared. None knew why, none knew where they hid, or by whose instigation these lawyers so treacherously abandoned their helpless client.

The night before, they had told the Court they would be ready to appear.

When Court opened they were not there. They never reappeared; never again presented themselves or had any communication with their betrayed client.

Mr. Lemmon had promised to find and fetch the two French passes. Neither he nor the passes were there. My captain faced a wicked judge and a hostile court alone, undefended by his only proofs of innocence. And the monstrous miscarriage of justice proceeded.

God knows what had happened in those few hours. And if this be any explanation I do not know, only that against Lord Orford and Somers, at that very moment, impeachments were pending in Parliament, and certain gentlemen of the opposition had spared no efforts to induce my captain to make damaging disclosures involving both Orford and Somers.

He calmly refused. Yet, perhaps, these noble lords feared he might involve them and perjure himself if offered pardon. And—I do not charge them—but they *may* have procured by bribery or threat or force the removal of my captain's lawyers in order to leave no chance for him. And dead men tell no tales.

However, I know not—nor does Lord Derringdale—whatever became of these two lawyers; only I think some day they will turn up in hell.

Well, I shall acquaint you, from later hearsay, how this melancholy trial proceeded where a poor sea captain, worn by two years' imprisonment, utterly alone and abandoned by his lawyers, strove for his life before three trained, clever, partial, interested, instructed, and dishonest counsel, the Solicitor General, the Advocate of the Admiralty, and their junior, Mr. Coniers. And this before a prejudiced, stubborn, and, no doubt, bribed Court. And the only evidence produced against my captain was the uncorroborated testimony of the two bribed rogues, Palmer and Bradenham.

I shall give you the evidence, as I had it from Lord Derringdale who found means to procure the fragments of the short-hand verbatim reports of that outrageous trial. As, for example, concerning our fight with the Portuguese, both Palmer and Bradenham endeavored to convey a false impression that we attacked them:

Palmer: He met a Portuguese ship and fought her.

Kidd: Who fired first?

Palmer (unwillingly): The Portuguese.

And again:

Bradenham: Captain Kidd went ashore with his men and plundered several boats and burned several huts and ordered one of the natives tied to a tree, and his men shot him.

And, hoping to fix this atrocity upon my captain, opposing counsel asked: "What was the reason for shooting this native?"

Bradenham (unwillingly): One of our men, the ship's cooper, had been ashore, and the natives cut his throat.

Kidd (to Bradenham): Did you not see any French passes aboard the *Kedah Merchant?*

Bradenham: You told me you had French passes. I never saw them.

Kidd: Did you never declare that you had seen these passes?

Bradenham: No, I never saw any.

Kidd (to Palmer): I ask *you* whether I had no French passes.

Palmer: Indeed, Captain Kidd, I cannot say. I never saw them.

Kidd (in despair): It is vain to ask any questions here.

Lord Chief Baron Ward: What is this pretense of a French pass?

Palmer: I saw none.

Kidd: But you have heard of them?

Palmer: Yes, but never saw them.

Lord Chief Baron Ward: Mr. Kidd, have you anything further to say?

Kidd: My Lord, I had many papers for my defense if I could have had them—"

Lord Chief Baron Ward; You should have objected in the beginning. What you mean by it now I cannot tell.

Kidd: I did object—"

Lord Chief Baron Ward (interrupting): As for your French passes, none saw them but yourself—*if there ever were any!* Have you more to say?

Kidd: Bradenham contradicts himself in a hundred places. He tells a thousand lies. It is hard that the life of a king's subject should be taken away upon perjured oaths. I would not turn pirate and they now endeavor to prove me one.

The Solicitor General: Will you further question Mr. Bradenham?

Kidd (in utter despair): No. No! This wretch is saving his life by taking away mine. I will not trouble the Court any more. It is folly. So long as these rogues swear as they do no oaths of mine are of any avail.

The Solicitor General: Will you question the other witness?

Kidd: No, it is useless. It is folly. What signifies it to ask him any question? I have no witnesses other than the reputable gentlemen you have heard, and what they have said seems to signify nothing. No, our words and oaths cannot be admitted. A couple of rogues will swear to anything," he added wearily, and sat down, burying his white and haggard face in his hands.

Well, the jury was most wickedly charged, the shameful suppression of the French passes by the Admiralty was not noticed, and the jury was virtually directed by the Lord Chief Baron Ward to find the prisoner guilty of piracy.

When these brought in their verdict, my captain rose with an effort to face them. He did not flinch at the death to which they doomed him.

Asked if he had anything to say, he replied, wearily, and briefly:

"My lord, I have been sworn against by perjured people."

Then the old Lord Chief Baron pronounced sentence:

"William Kidd, the sentence that the law hath appointed to pass upon you for your offenses, and which this Court doth therefore award, is that you shall go from hence, to the place from whence you came, and from thence to the place of execution, where you shall be hanged by the neck until you are dead. And may God be merciful to your soul."

My captain stood a moment with downcast head, then looking at that villainous judge said very gently, "My Lord, it is a very hard sentence."

Then the Clerk of Arraigns cried sharply, "Look to him, Keeper."

And that was the end of that monstrous mockery of justice.

My captain died yesterday, the 24th May, the year 1701, *at Execution Dock at Wapping on the River Thames.*

On May 10th, previous, he had been condemned to die.

A WEEK later, I heard that my captain had been found guilty and was condemned to die. My Lord Derringdale and I went instantly to London. If recognized and arrested I could do my captain no harm now. And I cared not what they might do to me.

I went to that great blockhead, Paul Lorraine, the Reverend Ordinary of Newgate, and passed myself off as my captain's brother-in-law, begging for an interview.

[*Continued on page 150*]

Making *the* Most *of* Your Mind

The first step is to learn which of the two kinds of mind you have. The next is to understand just what it ought to do for you. Then you can develop it by exercises that will measure improvement

by R. F. Foster

CULTIVATING the natural mental powers that all of us have in greater abundance than we ever utilize is largely a matter of training. Mr. Foster's recommendations are scientifically sound and as simple to apply as the rules of an interesting and instructive game. The author is best known to the public as an authority on bridge, to which probably his most notable contribution has been the famous Rule of Eleven. For years he has been, in addition, a writer and lecturer on memory training and mental self-cultivation.

IF A short, wiry man were to go to a gymnasium and start a course of training with a view to challenging Jack Dempsey, you would laugh at the very idea of it. If another man, weighing two hundred and twenty pounds, with bulging muscles already developed in that gymnasium, were to join an outdoor club with a view to running against Nurmi, you would think of him as being no less foolish.

Why do you instantly recognize such misdirected ambition? Because you are familiar with the type of body best fitted for certain lines of physical effort. You can see the body, and recognize it immediately as belonging to a well defined class. The short, wiry man should be a runner, and the heavy one a wrestler or a hammer thrower.

But if two young men present themselves at an employment agency, they have to state the kind of employment for which they imagine they are best fitted, and the agent has to take their word for it and get it for them if he can. He has not the slightest idea that the one who would like a job as a traveling salesman would make a first-class mechanical draftsman, or that the one who is seeking a job as a bookkeeper should be a druggist.

Why? Because he cannot see their brains. He has not the remotest idea as to whether they are better fitted for intellectual wrestling or running. He is not familiar with any process by which he could get a line on their possibilities for jobs he very much wants filled, rather than those they are looking for. Perhaps standing before him may be a man with a genius for adapting ways and means to ends, for whose services at that very time a big manufacturer is willing to pay ten thousand a year. Yet this man stands there almost afraid that if he asks forty dollars a week he will be told he is not worth it. As a bookkeeper, he is not.

The improvement that can be made in the power and attractiveness of the human body by proper training is matter of common knowledge. The body is in sight; its good points and its deficiencies are in evidence, and the expert knows at a glance just what should be done to bring each particular type up to its highest possible capabilities.

No young man needs to be told when his physical condition is below par. He can see his thin legs and feel the flabbiness of his biceps, and he knows just where he could go and build himself up if he wanted to. But there is probably not more than one in a thousand who has any definite idea of what his brain might do if properly trained. He does not even know what kind of a brain he has.

There are two well marked types of brain. One is what we call the intensive intellect, the quick thinker. The other is the analytical; slow but sure. Some persons can see through a situation in a flash and give an immediate decision. They are able not only to think of the right thing to say or do, but to say it at the right moment. As might be expected, they make mistakes sometimes, through not having heard or waited for some detail that was important, but they have the great virtue of decision, which always inspires confidence.

The other class require time to consider the matter. They never go off half cocked. Consequently, in many cases, while they are thinking about it some one else may go ahead and do it. When unexpectedly called upon these men have what the French call "staircase memories." That is, they think of points they should have brought up in a negotiation when they are on their way downstairs, after the interview is all over. They are the salesmen who forget to show the goods the house is most anxious to get rid of, until the very person that would have bought them has left the shop.

The first class are executives. They can get things done. The second class should be planners, engineers, architects, promoters, who can take their time to go over the whole scheme until they are confident it can be carried out without the risk of expensive alterations. Then the other class will take hold of the ideas and carry them out.

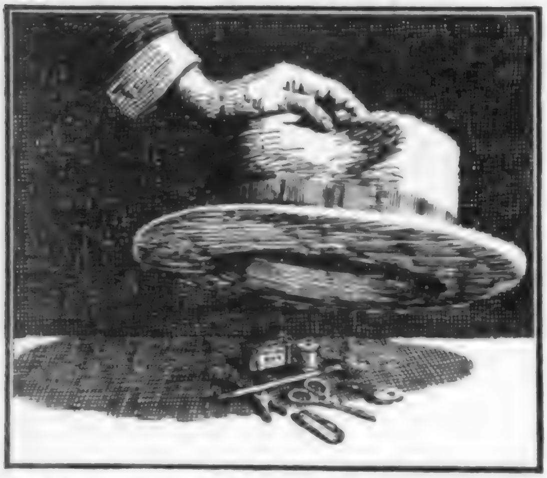
IF YOU wish to ascertain what kind of a brain a person possesses, here are two simple tests. You can try them on yourself if you like. Take out your watch and lay it on the table. When the second hand gets to the even minute see how long it takes you to read and answer this question:

If a train leaves New York for Chicago, traveling sixty miles an hour, and at the same instant a train leaves Chicago for New York, traveling only forty miles an hour, which train will be the farther from New York when they meet, remembering that it is the New York train that is going sixty miles an hour?

That being answered in about sixteen seconds, fifteen of which were occupied in reading the question, try this one against the watch:

A man with a horse and buggy starts to drive from one town to another, the road between the two towns being exactly as many miles up hill as it is down; nowhere level. The fastest his horse can go up hill is three miles an hour. How fast will he have to go down hill to average six miles an hour for the whole distance?

The quick thinker will make a stab at the answer, and guess; and then look it up to see if he is right, if the answer is given. This does not get him anywhere, but it classifies his mind.



Children enjoy and learn a lot from this game. The hat concealing a dozen common articles is here lifted for a second, then dropped, and you see how many things you can remember.

The analytical mind will be ready to prove that his answer is correct before he says anything.

Having got a line on the kind of brain you possess, the next thing is to understand just what it can do for you, which is very likely much beyond what it is doing now, and perhaps beyond your imagination even. Few persons realize that the brain has a double faculty, which can best be illustrated by an example. You want to lift one leg of a very heavy piano, so as to get the edge of a rug under it. It is impossible for you to lift it by yourself, even with both hands free, much less to lift it with one hand and adjust the rug under it properly with the other.

On thinking it over you conclude to get a leaf out of the dining-room table and use it as a lever. Your brain tells you that a lever of the first class will not do, as there will be no one to keep the force applied, so you must use a lever of the second class and prop it up, so that you can adjust the rug at your leisure.

The brain has so far been working in a purely mental capacity. It has planned the operation. You now proceed to do it, and the same brain starts to take control of the muscular system and sets the body to work. That is, if your brain is well trained. If it is not, it will probably allow you to postpone the job until a more convenient season to go off and do something else. The same want of brain discipline might have even prevented your sitting down to concentrate on the problem of how the job should be done. That happens every day.

The brain is a sort of mental balance wheel, or should be. It is the organ that tells you you have eaten enough of that lobster salad, or have smoked enough cigars. It enables us to sit right down after supper and go to work on those accounts we have brought home from the office, instead of throwing them into a drawer and going to a show. It keeps us on the job at the office on a sunny spring afternoon, in spite of thoughts that continually invite us to the golf links.

But to do this it must be trained, just as you would train a hunting dog or a horse, and the first step in this training must be obedience; obedience to what the brain itself, in its purely mental capacity, has determined is the proper thing for the brain to do in its other capacity.

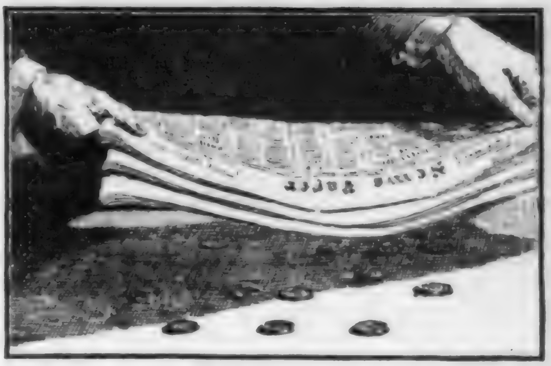
Now, the first law of obedience is that if you give an order you must have the will and the power to see that it is obeyed. If you want a child, or a dog, or a horse, or anything else to obey you, you must have the authority to enforce your commands. No animal, least of all a child, will pay any attention to your orders if it sees that you do not insist on immediate obedience. You will invariably find that when children habitually "pay no attention," it is because the parents pay no attention when they give their orders. Every one is familiar with the mother who tells a child five or six times to do a certain thing, and finally has to get hold of the child and shake it to show that she means it. If the child knew that if it did not obey the first time the next thing would be a slap, once would be enough. After five or six repetitions of an order the slap or the shake means nothing so far as prompt obedience in the future is concerned.

That is why you should never make yourself ridiculous by giving orders to other people's children, unless you are ready to follow up the command with discipline if it is not promptly obeyed.

It is the same way with the brain. If you know you should not smoke more than two cigars at one sitting, and your brain tells you this is the third you are about to light, but you still go ahead and smoke it, you are destroying the value of your brain in a most important particular. You are encouraging it in the habit of disobedience. It is this disobedience of the brain that is at the root of all bad habits. You resolve to break one of them, but upon the next occasion you allow your brain to disobey you, and make Rip Van Winkle's excuse, "This time doesn't count." People will tell you that it takes a great deal of self-control to break up a habit. What it takes is brain-control, and you have allowed one part of your brain to disobey the other part so long that you have lost control of it. We shall come to these bad habits again presently.

THE first step in training the brain to obedience is to keep its attention fixed upon one thing for a definite space of time. The way most people allow their imaginations to wander from one thing to another when they are not physically occupied, as when riding on a train, is what lays the foundation for their inability to concentrate on anything when they want to do so. They lose the power to keep their attention on even an agreeable task, such as the book they may be reading, and will sometimes read page after page while thinking of something else. To keep it on something that is unpleasant, but must be done, is torture.

I have found that only about two persons in every hundred who play cards, bridge for instance, can keep the attention exclusively on the game, although they are supposed to be interested in it. They will lead an ace, which is absolutely sure to win the trick, but even a moment after that trick is turned down they cannot tell you the exact cards played to it by others, although there was nothing else for them to think about. Mind wandering, you say. No. It is a disobedient, inattentive brain.



A tricky exercise in perception is to remember, without having counted, pennies or other similar objects which were displayed for a second in some irregular formation, and then covered with a newspaper. You can start with six such objects and work up to eighteen or twenty.

In all the so-called Memory Systems which are so widely advertised every now and then, the real secret of their success is not so much in the improvement of the memory, because that is nothing but a condition of consciousness, as it is in the exercises, which demand a certain amount of well sustained concentration in order to do them.

To illustrate this, here is a very simple and interesting exercise which requires one to concentrate the mind upon it and upon nothing else, for the time being; because the moment the mind is allowed to wander the chain of connection is absolutely lost and the thing cannot be done.

Start with some common term with which you are perfectly familiar, and think of some word which is easily connected with it by the association of ideas. This may be two parts of the same thing, similarities, opposites, or a likeness in sound. Having allowed the brain to see the association between these two words clearly, drop the first term and find a word to associate with the second, and so on, devoting the attention to two at a time only, until you have a string of about twenty or thirty words.

Here is an example of such a string which may serve as a model. In reading it over, take the words two at a time, and compare one with the other before you proceed to the next couple. Do not hurry yourself. It does not matter what connection you may see between any two words as long as you see it and think about it.

Memory and brains—brains and head—head and hat—hat and shoes—shoes and walking—walking and riding—riding and car—car and carpet—carpet and room—room and kitchen—kitchen and pantry—pantry and dishes—dishes and glass—glass and window—window and door—door and key—key and keepsake—keepsake and memory.

Now lay this magazine down and close your eyes and you will find that you can repeat all those words in exact order, forwards or backwards, starting anywhere. Not only that, but if any one should ask you if a certain word was in a series of this kind, such as "coat" or "room," you could answer instantly, without going over the list. Why is this? You remember the words because you concentrated your attention on them. You know if a word was not there because you have not compared it with any other word.

If you will make up a sentence of your own every day, gradually lengthening it until you can recall fifty or a hundred words, you will be astonished at the way your brain will gain in power of attention and concentration. Don't do it once or twice and then chuck it. Do it every day for a month.

This exercise is a preliminary, just to get your brain under proper control. Now for the next one, which is much more important and may bring about a remarkable change for the better in your personality. Every one has certain faults. Pick out one of your own to start with. You may not be willing to admit it to any one but yourself, but there must be either a fault, or some little folly, or a bad habit somewhere in your make-up that you would like to get rid of.

Having picked out the thing that is to be eradicated, concentrate your entire attention upon it for at least ten minutes the next time you are riding on a trolley car or a train, or upon any of those occasions when you have been in the habit of letting your thoughts wander all over the world. Suppose it is the habit of buying things you don't exactly want, which John D. Rockefeller says is one of the high roads to poverty. Think over all the things you have bought during the past week or two that you could just as well have done without; what they cost you, and whether or not they are worth it.

Get the thinking part of your brain to agree that the next time you are tempted to buy something it will stop you while you are thinking whether or not you really want it, and the other part of your brain will keep your hands out of your pockets. When the critical moment comes, don't let the brain disobey, and say, "This time doesn't count."

Mental Stunts for Better Golf

IF NEEDLESS expenditure is not one of your faults, perhaps you can pick out a bad habit, of which every one has a few on hand. Some have a habit of rubbing people the wrong way by the way they say things. You see a person trying rather clumsily to do something, and you say: "Here, that's no way to do that. Why don't you do so-and-so." To the person addressed, this sounds like: "You are a d—— fool." Why could you not just as well have said: "That's quite a job, isn't it? Can I help you?"

Think this over the next time you have fifteen minutes to spare in the subway. Think it over every day for a couple of weeks. Concentrate on it, and tell your brain to pull you up short the next time you are about to say something you will afterwards wish you had expressed differently. You will be astonished how your brain will choke off the humiliating speech and recall your resolution, just as it brought back any word in that series, and for the same reason; you have concentrated on it.

When I was lecturing in the principal cities of England and Scotland more than twenty years ago, a man whom I met in Glasgow told me that he had taken my advice and concentrated on his worst habit, lifting the head in golf, and had kept it up for two or three weeks every day; not while he was playing, but when he was sitting in his office doing nothing. He had concentrated on the fact that looking up to see where the ball is going has no effect whatever on its flight, and that if it is hit right it will always fly right. This being so, he concentrated on the fact that the only thing necessary to do was to hit the ball. He was evidently more than pleased with the practical results of his concentration.

By constant and determined effort in this direction, concentrating on bad habits and insisting on obedience from the brain, you can gradually make yourself such a pleasing personality that you will have an immense advantage over much smarter people who have not learned one of the great secrets of popularity, self control. I have known the most charming women in ordinary affairs who made enemies for life at the bridge table by their sarcastic comments on their partners' play.

The ability to concentrate the attention is the chief difference between the trained and the untrained intellect. If there were any simple test by which persons could be selected and classified it would probably be based upon some such method as that mentioned by Darwin and adopted by animal trainers. A number of possible candidates are assembled, and the trainer tries to attract their attention in various ways. Those whose attention cannot be readily secured may as well go back to the jungle.

There are two kinds of attention, voluntary and involuntary. We are all familiar with involuntary attention, such as in witnessing a rescue at a fire. That is easy. Voluntary attention is the ability to hold the mind down to a certain subject, however disagreeable the task. Without proper training this is a difficult thing to do for any length of time if the subject does not interest you. A well trained brain can go to a job it hates, and go back to it again and again, until it is finished.

There are three things that will always hold the attention: fear, curiosity and rivalry. The performer who is balancing himself on a tightrope in mid-air can concentrate his whole attention on what he is doing without any effort, because if he does not he may break his neck. Curiosity is a great incentive to attention; so is the ambition to do something better or more quickly than any one else.

Attention leads to clearness of perception, which is one of the greatest assets in business life, and the key to success in almost any vocation. It is sometimes spoken of as "taking in the situation at a glance." Add to this the power of discrimination, and the ability to recognize difference and agreement in conditions, and we have the secret of arriving at sound conclusions. The brain can be trained in all these things, but of course they will be brought to greater perfection in some persons than in others, the physical vitality back of the brain being an important factor.

Exercises are not particularly interesting if done in solitude. Every boy knows that the gymnasium is much more inspiring than a pair of Indian clubs in a hall bedroom. A hundred-yard dash against half a dozen other boys is infinitely better than skipping the rope alone, although one is as good for the leg muscles as the other.

Here are a few exercises for the brain that might be called class exercises. Get half a dozen or more people together and let one of them be provided with a good sized plate and a piece of chalk. Let this person secretly write a series of six numbers in large bold characters, none exceeding hundreds at first, such as shown in the margin. Let this person face the others and suddenly turn these figures so that they shall be seen for the space of three seconds only, instantly concealing them again.

720
14
35
200
97
68

Now let those to whom the figures were shown write down as many as they can remember, in their proper order. After a little practice ten or twelve numbers, some in the thousands, can be read at a glance in this way and accurately recalled. The ambition to excel will usually supply the incentive to concentration on the experiment.

An interesting experiment for younger children is to conceal a number of articles under a hat; such as a penknife, match-box, key, pencil, to the number of a dozen or so. Lift the hat, giving one clear view and replace it as quickly as possible. Then see how many of the things they can remember to have seen. Don't do this once and then forget it, but do it every day for a month. You will be astonished at the results in the mental progress of some children, and the way in which some will lag behind in their attention.

The Card Sharp's Memory Test

ANOTHER exercise in perception is to take a number of pennies, or counters of the same size or color—coffee beans will do in a pinch—and secretly spread them on the table, about equal distances apart, but in irregular formations, something like this, for instance:

O O O O
O
O O O O
O O O

Having covered them with a newspaper, ask close attention while you lift the cover quickly, replacing it instantly, so that there shall be no time to count, and see how many they can remember without having actually counted. The untrained brain cannot count more than six and be sure it is right, so for the first lesson or two start with six or seven objects only and increase the number as the ability to count unconsciously grows. I once knew a professional gambler who made a great deal of money by spreading a prearranged pack of cards and letting you draw one. He could tell how many it was from either end without counting, and name it, and he could do it with a pack of cards that had no marks on them. Some of those who have practiced unconscious counting, as it is called, can count as many as eighteen or twenty pennies at a glance.

I once had a pupil who wished to do some of these exercises alone. He took the hundred and forty-four pieces of a discarded Mah Jong set and pasted various numbers over the faces, marking the backs so as to get the figures always right side up. He would shuffle the set, face down, pick out half a dozen or more tiles, arrange them right end one way, and then suddenly turn them all face up and cover them again. He afterwards added large black dots to about forty tiles, and practiced turning up thirty or forty at a time, counting at a glance how many dots, or how many blanks were showing.

Through
the Gates *of*
Adventure

ROMANCE may be just around the next corner in the most humdrum life. So Jim Lewis found when a carelessly spoken phrase proved to be the password through the gates of adventure. H. Bedford-Jones tells the tale in the fastest moving love and mystery novelette that has come to us in a blue moon. It's called "The Sergius Stones" and it is complete in the June issue.

A Fiction Feature Extraordinary

The OLD or the NEW

Two dynamic stories of the young West, *The Last Choice of Crusty Dick,* by William D. Williams, and *Specimen Jones,* by Owen Wister, are reprinted in the following pages

EACH month this department puts before you two exceptional fiction stories from the literature of the past. One is a masterpiece of enduring fame that has long survived its author, the other a more modern story of the same general character by a writer nearer our own time. The aid of a committee of discriminating authorities on fiction lends added attraction to a series that has so far resulted in the publication of stories by:

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Robert Louis Stevenson
Donn Byrne

The selection committee comprises Dr. Blanche Colton Williams, author of *A Handbook of Short Story Writing*, associate professor of English at Hunter College, and instructor in short story writing, Columbia University; Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and author of several books on the short story; and Mr. Harry Esty Dounce, author, reviewer, and critic. Write them frankly, in our care, your judgment of the stories published, together with suggestions for future selections for this series.

The Authors

Owen Wister

IT IS something of a genial joke on the real, old, six-gun, hair-pants West that both the man who became its idolized representative in public life, and the man who became its best celebrant and commemorator in fiction, went out to it as young Eastern "dudes" of the very dudest, being Harvard graduates and some of especially "aristocratic" families. They were friends, and it is to Roosevelt that Owen Wister's *The Virginian*, the classic among novels about cow punchers, rustlers, and Indians, is dedicated.

Specimen Jones is one of Mr. Wister's earliest stories. He was a writer while in college and was interested in the West, but had no particular thought of spending time there, or of authorship; his ambitions were musical, and in 1882 he went to Europe, where he showed such promise that the great Franz Liszt advised him to become a composer. Circumstances obliging him to do something else, he came home and worked in a bank until, in 1885, he fell ill and recruited his health with a summer in Wyoming. Then he studied law, was admitted to the bar and practiced. Meanwhile he had made two more extended visits to the West and Southwest, after which he had been inspired by the stories of Kipling and Prosper Mérimée to try working out some of his Western observations into fiction.

His first Western novel was *Lin McLean*, in which the Virginian figures, as *Lin* does in the famous one that followed in 1902. The latter has always been as popular on its own ground as in the East and abroad. When it was new, the publishers had a letter from Wyoming: "This Wister is great. Say, can't he write, though"—and the letter-writer's criticism was that cowboys, himself for example, were not yet quite as extinct as *The Virginian* implied. Other novels are *Lady Baltimore*, the scene of which is Charleston, S. C., *Philosophy Four*, a comedy of college life, *Neighbors Henceforth* and *Watch Your Thirst*. Mr. Wister lives in Germantown, a suburban part of his native Philadelphia.

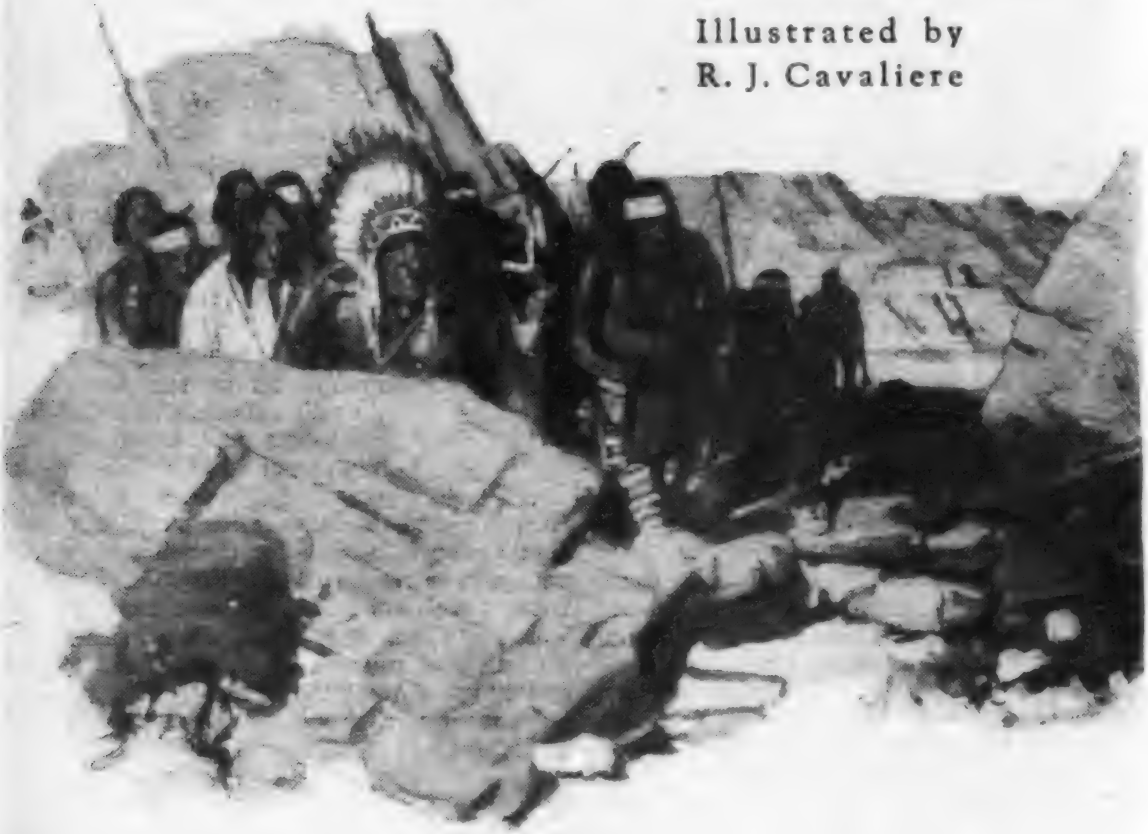
William D. Williams

EVERY one vaguely recalls some story, by nobody in particular, that he enjoyed long ago and would like to read again, and every short story "fan" must have thought how interesting it would be to go back through the files of magazines on a hunt for buried treasures, forgotten masterpieces by unknowns. If you try it, you conclude that there practically "ain't no sich" treasures, that most stories truly memorable are remembered, and that as a rule the author who wrote one such story could, and did, write more, and made a fairly lasting reputation. And as for that story you recall enjoying, if you do come across it again it is almost sure to disappoint you, proving not nearly so good as you supposed.

An exception is *The Last Choice of Crusty Dick*, by William D. Williams, of whom the only discoverable record is that in 1902 this and one other story of his appeared in the old *McClure's*. Its editors who dealt with him are still living, but know nothing about him. The merit of his story would speak for itself; in the circumstances, how it has come to be reprinted seems worth telling. The selection committee for the Old or New series sought an appropriate story to accompany *Specimen Jones*. Finding one was difficult. There were plenty of "Injun stories," but the early ones that were good enough were Fenimore Cooper's novels, and the definitely newer ones up to the mark were of different types from Mr. Wister's; even in the movies, the redskin as a hair-raising menace has gone out of fashion. In this quandary, some one recollected a story that had impressed him in his boyhood. Images and phrases from it lingered in his memory, together with its rather lurid title, which the committee looked up, fully expecting to find it a gaudy thriller. To their surprise, it turned out to belong in the buried treasure class. It has some of the earmarks of standard Wild West melodrama, but so, for that matter has *Specimen Jones*, and so had the real old West. And the devoted little band does *not* beat off the Indians with great loss, a U. S. cavalry troop does *not* arrive in the nick of time, Dick's sacrifice is *not* a quaint angel's but a credible human being's—and the whole has no little of the power and skill that makes stories unforgettable.

Specimen

Illustrated by
R. J. Cavaliere



Two pioneers resort to strategy when brought face to face with savage torture

(Reprinted. See announcement on page 120)

EPHRAIM, the proprietor of Twenty Mile, had wasted his day in burying a man. He did not know the man. He had found him, or what the Apaches had left of him, sprawled among some charred sticks just outside the Cañon del Oro. It was a useful discovery in its way, for otherwise Ephraim might have gone on hunting his strayed horses near the cañon, and ended among charred sticks himself. Very likely the Indians were far away by this time, but he returned to Twenty Mile with the man tied to his saddle, and his pony nervously snorting. And now the day was done, and the man lay in the earth, and they had even built a fence around him; for the hole was pretty shallow, and coyotes have a way of smelling this sort of thing a long way off when they are hungry, and the man was not in a coffin. They were always short of coffins in Arizona.

Day was done at Twenty Mile, and the customary activity prevailed inside that flat-roofed cube of mud. Sounds of singing, shooting, dancing, and Mexican tunes on the concertina came out of the windows hand in hand, to widen and die among the hills. A limber, pretty boy, who might be nineteen, was dancing energetically, while a grave old gentleman, with tobacco running down his beard, pointed a pistol at the boy's heels, and shot a hole in the earth now and then to show that the weapon was really loaded. Everybody was quite used to all of this—excepting the boy. He was an Eastern newcomer, passing his first evening at a place of entertainment.

Night in and night out every guest at Twenty Mile was either happy and full of whisky, or

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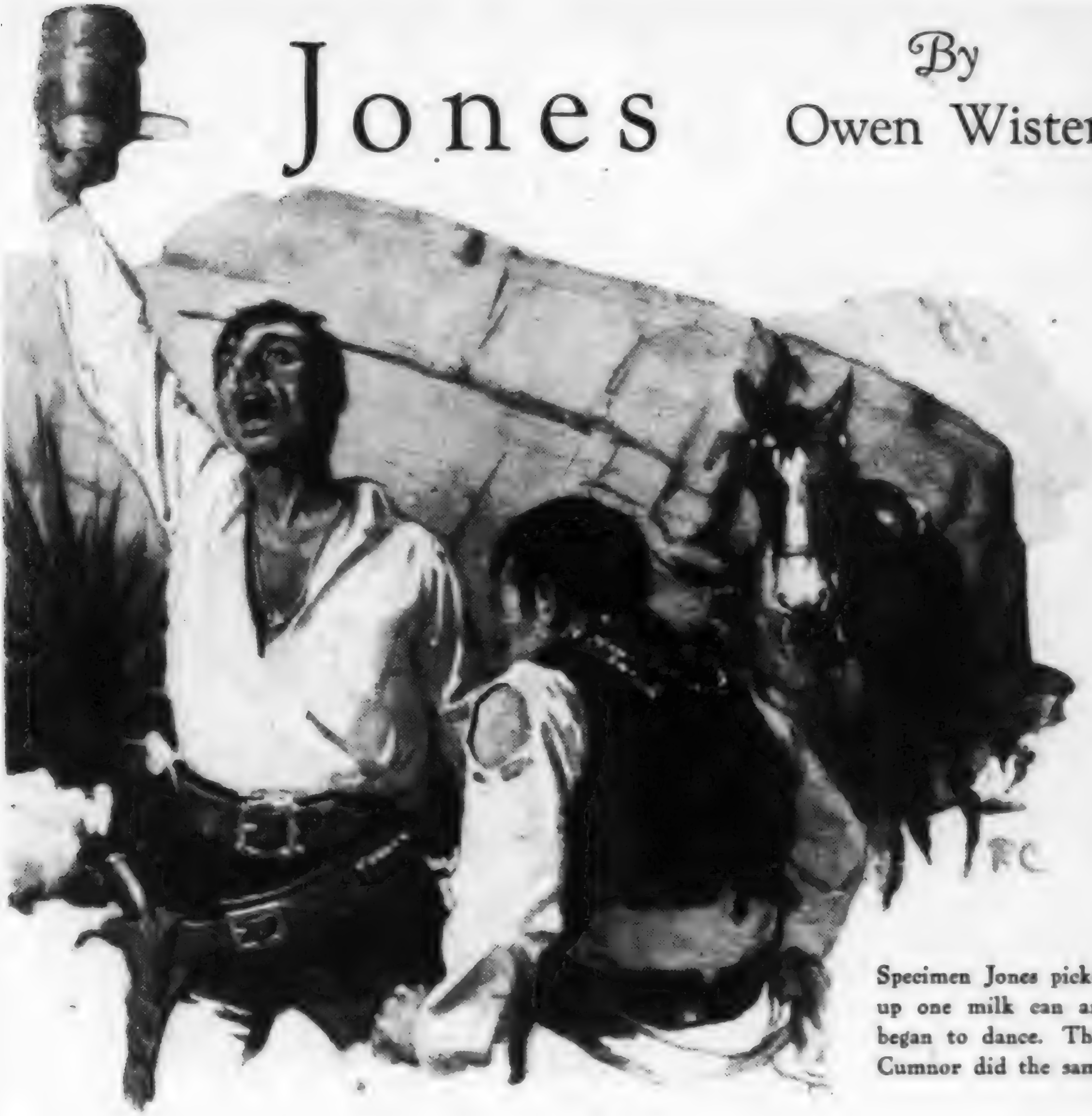
Jones

By
Owen Wister



Specimen Jones picked up one milk can and began to dance. Then Cumnor did the same.

else his friends were making arrangements for his funeral. There was water at Twenty Mile—the only water for twoscore of miles. Consequently it was an important station on the road between the southern country and Old Camp Grant, and the new mines north of the Mescal Range. The stunt, liquor-perfumed adobe cabin lay on the gray floor of the desert like an isolated slab of chocolate. A corral, two desolate stable-sheds, and the slowly turning windmill were all else. Here Ephraim and one or two helpers abode, armed against Indians, and selling whisky. Variety in their vocation of drinking and killing was brought them by the travelers. These passed and passed through the glaring vacant months—some days only one ragged fortune-hunter, riding a pony; and sometimes they came in companies, walking beside their clanking freight-wagons. Some were young, and some were old, and all drank whisky, and wore knives and guns to keep each other civil. Most of them were bound for the mines, and some of them sometimes returned. No man trusted the next man, and their names, when they had any, would be O'Rafferty, Angus, Schwartzmeyer, José Maria, and Smith. All stopped for one night; some longer, remaining drunk and profitable to Ephriam; now and then one stayed permanently, and had a fence built round him. Whoever came, and whatever befell them, Twenty Mile was chronically hilarious after sundown—a dot of riot in the dumb Arizona night.

On this particular evening they had a tenderfoot. The boy, being new in Arizona, still trusted his neighbor. Such people turned up occasionally. This one had paid for everybody's drink several times, because he felt friendly, and never noticed that nobody ever paid for his. They had played cards with him, stolen his spurs, and now they were making him dance. It was an ancient pastime; yet two or three were glad to stand round and watch it, because it was some time since they had been to the opera. Now the tenderfoot had misunderstood these friends at the beginning, supposing himself to be among good fellows, and they therefore naturally set him down as a fool. But even while dancing you may learn much, and suddenly. The boy, besides being limber, had good tough black hair, and it was not in fear, but with a cold blue eye, that he looked at the old gentleman. The trouble had been that his own revolver had somehow hitched, so he could not pull it from the holster at the necessary moment.

"Tried to draw on me, did yer?" said the old gentleman. "Step higher! Step, now, or I'll crack open yer kneepans, ye robin's egg."

"Thinks he's having a bad time," remarked Ephraim. "Wonder how he'd like to have been that man the Injuns had sport with?"

"Weren't his ear funny?" said one who had helped bury the man.

"Ear?" said Ephraim. "You boys ought to been along when I found him, and seen the way they'd fixed up his mouth." Ephraim explained the details simply, and the listeners shivered. But Ephraim was a humorist. "Wonder how it feels," he continued, "to have—"

HERE the boy sickened at his comments and the loud laughter. Yet a few hours earlier these same half-drunken jesters had laid the man to rest with decent humanity. The boy was taking his first dose of Arizona. By no means was everybody looking at his jig. They had seen tenderfeet so often. There was a Mexican game of cards; there was the concertina; and over in the corner sat Specimen Jones, with his back to the company, singing to himself. Nothing had been said or done that entertained him in the least. He had seen everything quite often.

"Higher! skip higher, you elegant calf," remarked the old gentleman to the tenderfoot. "High-yer!" And he placidly fired a fourth shot that scraped the boy's boot at the ankle and threw earth over the clock, so that you could not tell the minute from the hour hand.

"'Drink to me only with thine eyes'," sang Specimen Jones, softly. They did not care much for his songs in Arizona. These lyrics were all, or nearly all, that he retained of the days when he was twenty, although he was but twenty-six now.

The boy was cutting pigeon-wings, the concertina played "matamoras," Jones continued his lyric, when two Mexicans leaped at each other, and the concertina stopped with a quack.

"Quit it!" said Ephraim from behind the bar, covering the two with his weapon. "I don't want any greasers scrapping round here tonight. We've just got cleaned up."

It had been cards, but the Mexicans made peace, to the regret of Specimen Jones. He had looked round with some hopes of a crisis, and now for the first time he noticed the boy.

"Blamed if he ain't neat," he said. But interest faded from his eye, and he turned again to the wall. "*Lieb Vaterland mags ruhig sein*," he melodiously observed. His repertory was wide and refined. When he sang he was always grammatical.

"Ye kin stop, kid," said the old gentleman, not unkindly, and he shoved his pistol into his belt.

The boy ceased. He had been thinking matters over. Being lithe and strong, he was not tired nor much out of breath, but he was trembling with the plan and the prospect he had laid out for himself. "Set 'em up," he said to Ephraim. "Set 'em up again all round."

His voice caused Specimen Jones to turn and look once more, while the old gentleman, still benevolent, said, "Yer langwidge means pleasanter than it sounds, kid." He glanced at the boy's holster, and knew he need not keep a very sharp watch as to that. Its owner had bungled over it once already. All the old gentleman did was to place himself next the boy on the off side from the holster; any move the tenderfoot's hand might make for it would be green and unskilful, and easily anticipated. The company lined up along the bar, and the bottle slid from glass to glass. The boy and his tormentor stood together in the middle of the line, and the tormentor, always with half a thought for the holster, handled his drink on the wet counter, waiting till all should be filled and ready to swallow simultaneously, as befits good manners.

"Well, my regards," he said, seeing the boy raise his glass; and as the old gentleman's arm lifted in unison, exposing his waist, the boy reached down a lightning hand, caught the old gentleman's own pistol, and jammed it in his face.

"Now you'll dance," said he.

"Whoop!" exclaimed Specimen Jones, delighted. "*Blamed* if he ain't neat!" And Jones's handsome face lighted keenly.

"Hold on!" the boy sang out, for the amazed old gentleman was mechanically drinking his whisky out of sheer fright. The rest had forgotten their drinks. "Not one swallow," the boy continued. "No, you'll not put it down either. You'll keep hold of it, and you'll dance all round this place. Around and around. And don't you spill any. And I'll be thinking what you'll do after that."

Specimen Jones eyed the boy with growing esteem. "Why, he ain't bigger than a pint of cider," said he.

"Prance away!" commanded the tenderfoot.

and fired a shot between the old gentleman's not widely straddled legs.

"You hev the floor, Mr. Adams," Jones observed, respectfully, at the old gentleman's agile leap. "I'll let no man here interrupt you." So the capering began, and the company stood back to make room. "I've saw juicy things in this territory," continued Specimen Jones, aloud, to himself, "but this combination fills my bill."

He shook his head sagely, followed the black-haired boy with his eye. That youth was steering Mr. Adams round the room with the pistol, proud as a ring-master. Yet not altogether. He was only nineteen, and though his heart beat stoutly, it was beating alone in a strange country. He had come straight to this from hunting squirrels along the Susquehanna, with his mother keeping supper warm for him in the stone farmhouse among the trees. He had read books in which hardy heroes saw life, and always triumphed with precision on the last page, but he remembered no recipe for his particular situation. Being good, game American blood, he did not think now about the Susquehanna, but he did long with all his might to know what he ought to do next to prove himself a man. His buoyant rage, being glutted with the old gentleman's fervent skipping, had cooled, and a stress of reaction was falling hard on his brave young nerves. He imagined everybody against him. He had no notion that there was another American wanderer there, whose reserved and whimsical nature he had touched to the heart.

THE fickle audience was with him, of course, for the moment, since he was upper dog and it was a good show; but one in that room was distinctly against him. The old gentleman was dancing with an ugly eye; he had glanced down to see just where his knife hung at his side, and he had made some calculations. He had fired four shots; the boy had fired one. "Four and one hez always made five," the old gentleman told himself with much secret pleasure, and pretended that he was going to stop his double-shuffle. It was an excellent trap, and the boy fell straight into it. He squandered his last precious bullet on the spittoon near which Mr. Adams happened to be at the moment, and the next moment Mr. Adams had him by the throat. They swayed and gulped for breath, rutting the earth with sharp heels; they rolled to the floor and floundered with legs tight tangled, the boy blindly striking at Mr. Adams with the pistol-butt, and the audience drawing closer to lose nothing, when the bright knife flashed suddenly. It poised, and flew across the room, harmless, for a foot had driven into Mr. Adams' arm, and he felt a cold ring grooving his temple. It was the smooth, chilly, muzzle of Specimen Jones's six-shooter.

"That's enough," said Jones. "More than enough."

Mr. Adams, being mature in judgment, rose instantly, like a good old sheep, and put his knife back obedient to orders. But in the brain of the over strained, bewildered boy universal destruction was whirling. With a face stricken lean with ferocity, he staggered to his feet, plucking at his obstinate holster, and glaring for a foe. His eye fell first on his deliverer, leaning easily against the bar watching him, while the more and more curious audience scattered, and held themselves ready to murder the boy if he should point his pistol their way. He was dragging at it clumsily, and at last it came. Specimen Jones sprang like a cat, and held the barrel vertical and gripped the boy's wrist.

"Go easy, son," said he. "I know how you're feelin'."

The boy had been wrenching to get a shot at Jones, and now the quietness of the man's voice reached his brain, and he looked at Specimen Jones. He felt a potent brotherhood in the eyes that were considering him, and he began to fear he had been a fool. There was his dwarf Eastern revolver, slack in his inefficient fist, and the singular person still holding its barrel and tapping one derisive finger over the end, careless of the risk to his first joint.

"Why, you little ——," said Specimen Jones, caressingly, to the hypnotized youth, "if you was to pop that squirt off at me, I'd turn y'u up and spank y'u. Set 'em up, Ephraim."

But the commercial Ephraim hesitated, and Jones remembered. His last cent was gone. It was his third day at Ephraim's. He had stopped, having a little money, on his way to Tucson, where a friend had a job for him, and was waiting. He was far too experienced a character ever to sell his horse or his saddle on these occasions, and go on drinking. He looked as if he might, but he never did; and this was what disappointed business men like Ephraim in Specimen Jones.

But now, here was this tenderfoot he had undertaken to see through, and Ephraim reminding him that he had no more of the wherewithal. "Why, so I haven't," he said, with a short laugh, and his face flushed. "I guess," he continued, hastily, "this is worth a dollar or two." He drew a chain up from below his flannel shirt-collar and over his head. He drew it a little slowly. It had not been taken off for a number of years—not, indeed, since it had been placed there originally. "It ain't brass," he added, lightly, and strewed it along the counter without looking at it. Ephraim did look at it, and, being satisfied, began to uncork a new bottle, while the punctual audience came up for its drink.

"Won't you please let me treat?" said the boy, unsteadily. "I ain't likely to meet you again, sir." Reaction was giving him trouble inside.

"Where are you bound, kid?"

"Oh, just a ways up the country," answered the boy, keeping a grip on his voice.

"Well, you *may* get there. Where did you pick up that—that thing? Your pistol, I mean."

"It's a present from a friend," replied the tenderfoot, with dignity.

"Farewell gift, wasn't it, kid? Yes; I thought so. Now I'd hate to get an affair like that from a friend. It would start me wondering if he liked me as well as I'd always thought he did. Put up that money, kid. You're drinking with me. Say, what's yer name?"

"Cumnor—J. Cumnor."

"Well, J. Cumnor, I'm glad to know y'u. Ephraim let me make y'u acquainted with Mr. Cumnor. Mr. Adams, if you're rested from your quadrille, you can shake hands with my friend. Step around, you Miquels and Serapios and Cristobals, whatever y'u claim your names are. This is Mr. J. Cumnor."

The Mexicans did not understand either the letter or the spirit of these American words, but they drank their drink, and the concertina resumed its acrid melody. The boy had taken himself off without being noticed.

"Say, Spec," said Ephraim to Jones, "I'm no hog. Here's yer chain. You'll be along again."

"Keep it till I'm along again," said the owner.

"Just as you say, Spec," answered Ephraim, smoothly, and he hung the pledge over an advertisement chromo of a nude cream-colored lady with bright straw hair holding out a bottle of somebody's champagne. Specimen Jones sang no more songs, but smoked, and leaned in silence on the bar. The company were talking of bed, and Ephraim plunged his glasses into a bucket to clean them for the morrow.

"Know anything about that kid?" inquired Jones, abruptly.

Ephraim shook his head as he washed.

"Traveling alone, ain't he?"

Ephraim nodded.

"Where did y'u say y'u found that fellow layin' the Injuns got?"

"Mile this side the cañon. 'Mong them sand-humps."

"How long had he been there do y'u figure?"

"Three days, anyway."

JONES watched Ephraim finish his cleansing. "Your clock needs wiping," he remarked. "A man might suppose it was nine, to see that thing the way the dirt hides the hands. Look again in half an hour and it'll say three. That's the kind of clock gives a man the jams. Sends him crazy."

"Well, that ain't a bad thing to be in this country," said Ephraim, rubbing the glass case and restoring identity to the hands. "If that man had been crazy he'd been livin' right now. Injuns'll never touch lunatics."

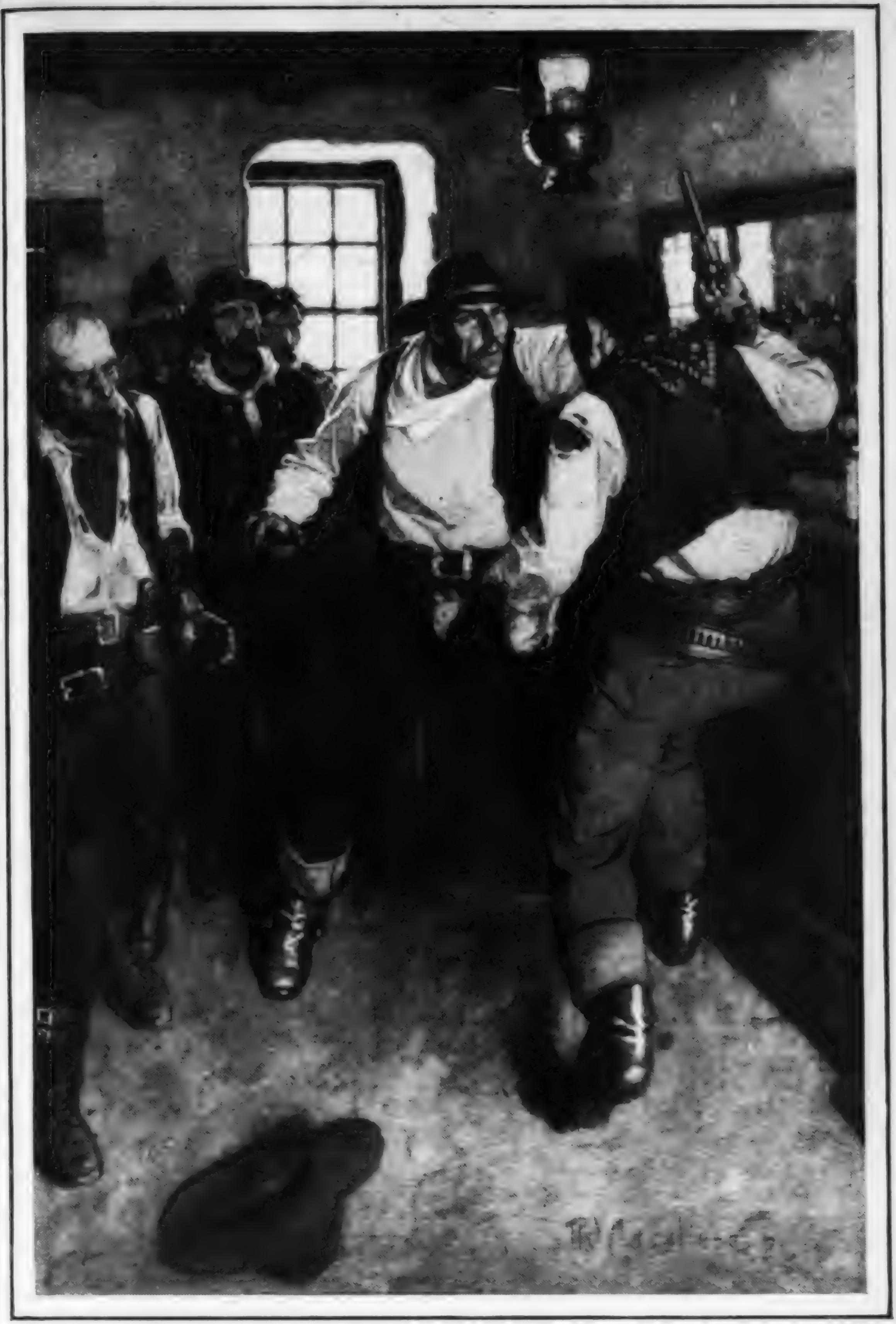
"That band have passed here and gone north," Jones said. "I saw a smoke among the foothills as I come along day before yesterday. I guess they're aiming to cross the Santa Catalina. Most likely they're that band from round the San Carlos that were reported as raiding down in Sonora."

"I seen well enough," said Ephraim, "when I found him that they wasn't going to trouble us any, or they'd have been around by then."

He was quite right, but Specimen Jones was thinking of something else. He went out to the corral, feeling disturbed and doubtful. He saw the tall white freight-wagon of the Mexicans, looming and silent, and a little way off the new fence where the man lay. An odd sound startled him, though he knew it was no Indians at this hour, and he looked down into a little dry ditch. It was the boy, hidden away flat on his stomach among the stones, sobbing.

"Oh, snakes!" whispered Specimen Jones, and stepped back. The Latin races embrace and weep, and all goes well; but among Saxons tears are a horrid event. Jones never knew what to do when it was a woman, but this was truly disgusting. He was well seasoned by the frontier, had tried a little of everything: town and country, ranches, saloons, stage-driving, marriage occasionally, and latterly mines. He had sundry claims staked out, and always carried pieces of stone in his pockets, discoursing upon their mineral-bearing capacity, which was apt to be very slight. That is why he was called Specimen Jones. He had exhausted all the important sensations, and did not care much for anything any more. Perfect health and strength kept him from discovering that he was a saddened, drifting man. He wished to kick the boy for his baby performance, and yet he stepped carefully away from the ditch so the boy should not suspect his presence. He found himself standing still, looking at the dim, broken desert.

"Why, hell," complained Specimen Jones, "he played the little man to start with. He did so. He scared that old horse-thief, Adams, just about dead. Then he went to kill me, that kep' him from bein' buried early tomorrow. I've been wild that way myself, and wantin' to shoot up the whole outfit." Jones looked at the place where his middle finger used to be, before a certain evening in Tombstone. "But I never—" He glanced towards the ditch, perplexed. "What's that mean? Why in the world does he git to cryin' for *now*, do you suppose?" Jones took to singing without knowing it. " 'Ye shepherd, tell me, have you seen my Flora pass this way?' " he murmured. Then a thought struck him. "Hello, kid!" he called out. There was no answer.



The boy was dragging at his gun clumsily, and at last it came. Specimen Jones sprang like a cat, and held the barrel vertical and gripped the boy's wrist. "Go easy, son," he said. "I know how you're feelin'!"

"Of course," said Jones. "Now he's ashamed to hev me see him come out of there."

He walked with elaborate slowness round the corral and behind a shed. "Hello, you kid!" he called again.

"I was thinking of going to sleep," said the boy, appearing quite suddenly. "I—I'm not used to riding all day. I'll get used to it, you know," he hastened to add.

"'HA-VE you seen my Flo'—Say, kid, where y'u bound, anyway?"

"San Carlos."

"San Carlos? Oh. Ah. 'Flo-ra pass this way?'"

"Is it far, sir?"

"Awful far, sometimes. It's always liable to be far through the Arivaypa Cañon."

"I didn't expect to make it between meals," remarked Cumnor.

"No. Sure. What made you come this route?"

"A man told me."

"A man? Oh. Well, it *is* kind o' difficult, I admit, for an Arizonian not to lie to a stranger. But I think I'd have told you to go by Tres Alamos and Point of Mountain. It's the road the man that told you would choose himself every time. Do you like Injuns, kid?"

Cumnor snapped eagerly.

"Of course y'u do. And you've never saw one in the whole minute-and-a-half you've been alive. I know all about it."

"I'm not afraid," said the boy.

"Boy afraid? Of course y'u ain't. What's your idea in going to Carlos? Got town lots there?"

"No," said the literal youth, to the huge internal diversion of Jones. "There's a man there I used to know back home. He's in the cavalry. What sort of a town is it for sport?" asked Cumnor, in a gay Lothario tone.

"*Town?*" Specimen Jones caught hold of the top rail of the corral. "*Sport?* Now I'll tell y'u what sort of a town it is. There ain't no streets. There ain't no houses. There ain't any land and water in the usual meaning of them words. There's Mount Turnbull. It's pretty near a usual mountain, but y'u don't want to go there. The Creator didn't make San Carlos. It's a heap older than Him. When He got around to it after slickin' up Paradise and them fruit-trees, He just left it to be as He found it, as a sample of the way they done business before He come along. He ain't done any work around that spot at all, He ain't. Mix up a barrel of sand and ashes and thorns, and jam scorpions and rattlesnakes along in, and dump the outfit on stones, and heat yer stones red-hot, and set the United States army loose over the place chasin' Apaches, and you've got San Carlos."

Cumnor was silent for a moment. "I don't care," he said. "I want to chase Apaches."

"Did you see that man Ephraim found by the cañon?" Jones inquired.

"Didn't get here in time."

"Well, there was a hole in his chest made by an arrow. But there's no harm in that if you die at wunst. That chap didn't, y'u see. You heard Ephraim tell about it. They'd done a number of things to the man before he could die. Roastin' was only one of 'em. Now your road takes you through the mountains where these Injuns hev gone. Kid, come along to Tucson with me," urged Jones, suddenly.

Again Cumnor was silent. "Is my road different from other people's?" he said, finally.

"Not to Grant, it ain't. These Mexicans are hauling freight to Grant. But what's the matter with your coming to Tucson with me?"

"I started to go to San Carlos, and I'm going," said Cumnor.

"You're a poor chuckle-headed fool!" burst out Jones, in a rage. "And y'u can go, for all I care—you and your Christmas-tree pistol. Like as not you won't find your cavalry friend at San Carlos. They've killed a lot of them soldiers huntin' Injuns this season. Good night."

Specimen Jones was gone. Cumnor walked to his blanket-roll, where his saddle was slung under the shed. The various doings of the evening had bruised his nerves. He spread his blankets among the dry cattle-dung, and sat down, taking off a few clothes slowly. He lumped his coat and overalls under his head for a pillow, and, putting the despised pistol alongside, lay between the blankets. No object showed in the night but the tall freight-wagon. The tenderfoot thought he had made altogether a fool of himself upon the first trial trip of his manhood, alone on the open sea of Arizona. No man, not even Jones now, was his friend. A stranger, who could have had nothing against him but his inexperience, had taken the trouble to direct him on the wrong road. He did not mind definite enemies. He had punched the heads of those in Pennsylvania, and would not object to shooting them here; but this impersonal, surrounding hostility of the unknown was new and bitter: the cruel, assassinating, cowardly Southwest, where prospered those jail-birds whom the vigilantes had driven from California. He thought of the nameless human carcass that lay near, buried that day, and of the jokes about its mutilations. Cumnor was not an innocent boy, either in principles or in practice, but this laughter about a dead body had burned into his young, unhardened soul. He lay watching with hot, dogged eyes the brilliant stars. A passing wind turned the windmill, which creaked a forlorn minute, and ceased. He must have gone to sleep and slept soundly, for the next he knew it was the cold air of dawn that made him open his eyes. A numb silence lay over all things, and the tenderfoot had that moment of curiosity as to where he was now which comes to those who have journeyed for many days. The Mexicans had already departed with their freight-wagon. It was not entirely light, and the embers where these early starters had cooked their breakfast lay glowing in the sand across the road. The boy remembered seeing a wagon where now he saw only chill, distant peaks, and while he lay quiet and warm, shunning full consciousness, there was a stir in the cabin, and at Ephraim's voice reality broke upon his drowsiness, and he recollected Arizona and the keen stress of shifting for himself. He noted the gray paling round the grave. Indians? He would catch up with the Mexicans, and travel in their company to Grant. Freighters made but fifteen miles in the day, and he could start after breakfast and be with them before they stopped to noon. Six men need not worry about Apaches, Cumnor thought. The voice of Specimen Jones came from the cabin, and sounds of lighting the stove, and the growling conversation of men getting up. Cumnor, lying in his blankets, tried to overhear what Jones was saying, for no better reason than that this was the only man he had met lately who had seemed to care whether he were alive or dead. There was the clink of Ephraim's whisky-bottles, and the cheerful tones of old Mr. Adams, saying: "It's better'n brushin' yer teeth," and then further clinking, and an inquiry from Specimen Jones.

"Whose spurs?" said he.

"Mine." This from Mr. Adams.

"How long have they been yourn?"

"Since I got 'em, I guess."

"Well, you've enjoyed them spurs long enough." The voice of Specimen Jones now altered in quality. "And you'll give 'em back to that kid."

Muttering followed that the boy could not catch.

"You'll give 'em back," repeated Jones. "I seen y'u lift 'em from under that chair when I was in the corner."

"That's straight, Mr. Adams," said Ephraim. "I noticed it myself, though I had no objections, of course. But Mr. Jones has pointed out—"

"Since when have you growed so honest, Jones?" cackled Mr. Adams, seeing that he must lose his little booty. "And why didn't you raise yer objections when you seen me do it?"

"I didn't know the kid," Jones explained. "And if it don't strike you that game blood deserves respect, why it does strike me."

HEARING this, the tenderfoot, outside in his shed, thought better of mankind and life in general, arose from his nest, and began preening himself. He had all the correct trappings for the frontier, and his toilet in the shed gave him pleasure. The sun came up, and with a stroke struck the world to crystal. The near sandhills went into rose, the crabbed yucca and the mesquite turned transparent, with lances and pale films of green, like drapery graciously veiling the desert's face, and distant violet peaks and edges framed the vast enchantment beneath the liquid exhalations of the sky. The smell of bacon and coffee from open windows filled the heart with bravery and yearning, and Ephraim, putting his head round the corner, called to Cumnor that he had better come in and eat. Jones, already at table, gave him the briefest nod; but the spurs were there, replaced as Cumnor had left them under a chair in the corner. In Arizona they do not say much at any meal, and at breakfast nothing at all; and as Cumnor swallowed and meditated, he noticed the cream-colored lady and the chain, and he made up his mind he should assert his identity with regard to that business, though how and when was not clear to him. He was in no great haste to take up his journey. The society of the Mexicans whom he must sooner or later overtake did not tempt him. When breakfast was done he idled in the cabin, like the other guests, while Ephraim and his assistant busied about the premises. But the morning grew on, and the guests, after a season of smoking and tilted silence against the wall, shook themselves and their effects together, saddled, and were lost among the waste thorny hills. Twenty Mile became hot and torpid. Jones lay on three consecutive chairs, occasionally singing, and old Mr. Adams had not gone away either, but watched him, with more tobacco running down his beard.

"Well," said Cumnor, "I'll be going."

"Nobody's stopping y'u," remarked Jones.

"You're going to Tucson?" the boy said, with the chain problem still unsolved in his mind. "Good-by, Mr. Jones. I hope I'll—we'll—"

"That'll do," said Jones; and the tenderfoot, thrown back by this severity, went to get his saddle-horse and his burro.

Presently Jones remarked to Mr. Adams that he wondered what Ephraim was doing, and went out. The old gentleman was left alone in the room, and he swiftly noticed that the belt and pistol of Specimen Jones were left alone with him. The accoutrement lay by the chair its owner had been lounging in. It is an easy thing to remove cartridges from the chambers of a revolver, and replace the weapon in its holster so that everything looks quite natural. The old gentleman was entertained with the notion that somewhere in Tucson Specimen Jones might have a surprise, and he did not take a minute to prepare this, drop the belt as it lay before, and saunter innocently out of the saloon. Ephraim and Jones were criticising the tenderfoot's property as he packed his burro.

"Do y'u make it a rule to travel with ice-cream?" Jones was inquiring.

"They're for water," Cumnor said. "They told me at Tucson I'd need to carry water for three days on some trails."

It was two good-sized milk-cans that he had, and they bounced about on the little burro's pack, giving him as much amazement as a jackass can feel. Jones and Ephraim were hilarious.

"Don't go without your spurs, Mr. Cumnor," said the voice of old Mr. Adams, as he approached the group. His tone was particularly civil.

The tenderfoot had, indeed, forgotten his spurs, and he ran back to get them. The cream-colored lady still had the chain hanging upon her, and Cumnor's problem was suddenly solved. He put the chain in his pocket, and laid the price of one round of drinks for last night's company on the shelf below the chromo. He returned with his spurs on, and went to his saddle that lay beside that of Specimen Jones under the shed. After a moment he came with his saddle to where the men stood talking by his pony, slung it on, and tightened the cinches; but the chain was now in the saddle-bag of Specimen Jones, mixed up with some tobacco, stale bread, a box of matches, and a hunk of fat bacon. The men at Twenty Mile said good-day to the tenderfoot, with monosyllables and indifference, and watched him depart into the heated desert. Wishing for a last look at Jones, he turned once, and saw the three standing, and the chocolate brick of the cabin, and the windmill white and idle in the sun.

"He'll be gutted by night," remarked Mr. Adams.

"I ain't buryin' him, then," said Ephraim.

"Nor I," said Specimen Jones. "Well, it's time I was getting to Tucson."

He went to the saloon, strapped on his pistol, saddled, and rode away. Ephraim and Mr. Adams returned to the cabin; and here is the final conclusion they came to after three hours of discussion as to who took the chain and who had it just then:

Ephraim. Jones, he hadn't no cash.

Mr. Adams. The kid, he hadn't no sense.

Ephraim. The kid, he lent the cash to Jones.

Mr. Adams. Jones, he goes off with his chain.

Both. What damn fools everybody is, anyway!

AND they went to dinner. But Mr. Adams did not mention his relations with Jones's pistol. Let it be said, in extenuation of that performance, that Mr. Adams supposed Jones was going to Tucson, where he said he was going, and where a job and a salary were awaiting him. In Tucson an unloaded pistol in the holster of so handy a man on the drop as was Specimen would keep people civil, because they would not know, any more than the owner, that it was unloaded; and the mere possession of it would be sufficient in nine chances out of ten—though it was undoubtedly for the tenth that Mr. Adams had a snaking hope. But Specimen Jones was not going to Tucson. A contention in his mind as to whether he would do what was good for himself, or what was good for another, had kept him sullen ever since he got up. Now it was settled, and Jones in serene humor again. Of course he had started on the Tucson road, for the benefit of Ephraim and Mr. Adams.

The tenderfoot rode along. The Arizona sun beat down upon the deadly silence, and the world was no longer of crystal but a mesa, dull and gray and hot. The pony's hoofs grated in the gravel, and after a time the road dived down and up among lumpy hills of stone and cactus, always nearer the fierce glaring Sierra Santa Catalina. It dipped so abruptly in and out of the shallow sudden ravines that, on coming up from one of these into sight of the country again, the tenderfoot's heart jumped at the close apparition of another rider quickly bearing in upon him from gullies where he had been moving unseen. But it was only Specimen Jones.

"Hello!" said he, joining Cumnor. "Hot, ain't it?"

"Where are you going?" inquired Cumnor.

"Up here a ways." And Jones jerked his finger generally toward the Sierra, where they were heading.

"Thought you had a job in Tucson."

"That's what I have."

Specimen Jones had no more to say, and they rode for a while, their ponies' hoofs always grating in the gravel, and the milk cans lightly clanking on the burro's pack. The hunched blades of the yuccas bristled steel-stiff, and as far as you could see it was a gray waste of mounds and ridges sharp and blunt, up to the forbidding boundary walls of the Tortilita one way and the Santa Catalina the other. Cumnor wondered if Jones had found the chain. Jones was capable of not finding it for several weeks, or of finding it at once and saying nothing.

"You'll excuse my meddling with your business?" the boy hazarded.

Jones looked inquiring.

"Something's wrong with your saddle-pocket."

Specimen saw nothing apparently wrong with it, but perceiving Cumnor was grinning, unbuckled the pouch. He looked at the boy rapidly, and looked away again, and as he rode, still in silence, he put the chain back round his neck below the flannel shirt-collar.

"Say, kid," he remarked, after some time, "what does J stand for?"

"J? oh, my name! Jock."

"Well, Jock, will y'u explain to me as a friend how y'u ever come to be such a fool as to leave yer home—wherever and whatever it was—in exchange for this here God-forsaken and iniquitous hole?"

"If you'll explain to me," said the boy, greatly heartened, "how you come to be ridin' in the company of a fool, instead of goin' to your job at Tucson?"

The explanation was furnished before Specimen Jones had framed his reply. A burning freight-wagon and five dismembered human stumps lay in the road. This was what had happened to the Miguels and Serapios and the concertina. Jones and Cumnor, in their dodging and struggles to exclude all expressions of growing mutual esteem from their speech, had forgotten their journey, and a sudden bend among the rocks where the road had now brought them revealed the blood and fire staring them in the face. The plundered wagon was three parts empty; its splintered, blazing boards slid down as they burned into the fiery heap on the ground; packages of soda and groceries and medicines slid with them, bursting into chemical spots of green and crimson flame; a wheel crushed in and sank, spilling more packages that flickered and hissed; the garbage of combat and murder littered the earth, and in the air hung an odor that Cumnor knew, though he had never smelled it before. Morsels of dropped booty up among the rocks showed where the Indians had gone, and one horse remained, groaning, with an accidental arrow in his belly.

"We'll just kill him," said Jones; and his pistol snapped idly, and snapped again, as his eye caught a motion—a something—two hundred yards up among the bowlders on the hill. He whirled round. The enemy was behind them also. There was no retreat. "Yourn's no good!" yelled Jones, fiercely, for Cumnor was getting out his little foolish revolver. "Oh, what a trick to play on a man! Drop off yer horse, kid; drop, and do like me. Shootin's no good here, even if I was loaded. *They* shot, and look at them now. God bless them ice-cream freezers of yourn, kid! Did y'u ever see a crazy man? If you 'ain't, *make it up as y'u go along!*"

MORE objects moved up among the bowlders. Specimen Jones ripped off the burro's pack, and the milk cans rolled on the ground. The burro began grazing quietly, with now and then a step toward new patches of grass. The horses stood where their riders had left them, their reins over their heads, hanging and dragging. From two hundred yards on the hill the ambushed Apaches showed, their dark, scattered figures appearing cautiously one by one, watching with suspicion. Specimen Jones seized up one milk can, and Cumnor obediently did the same.

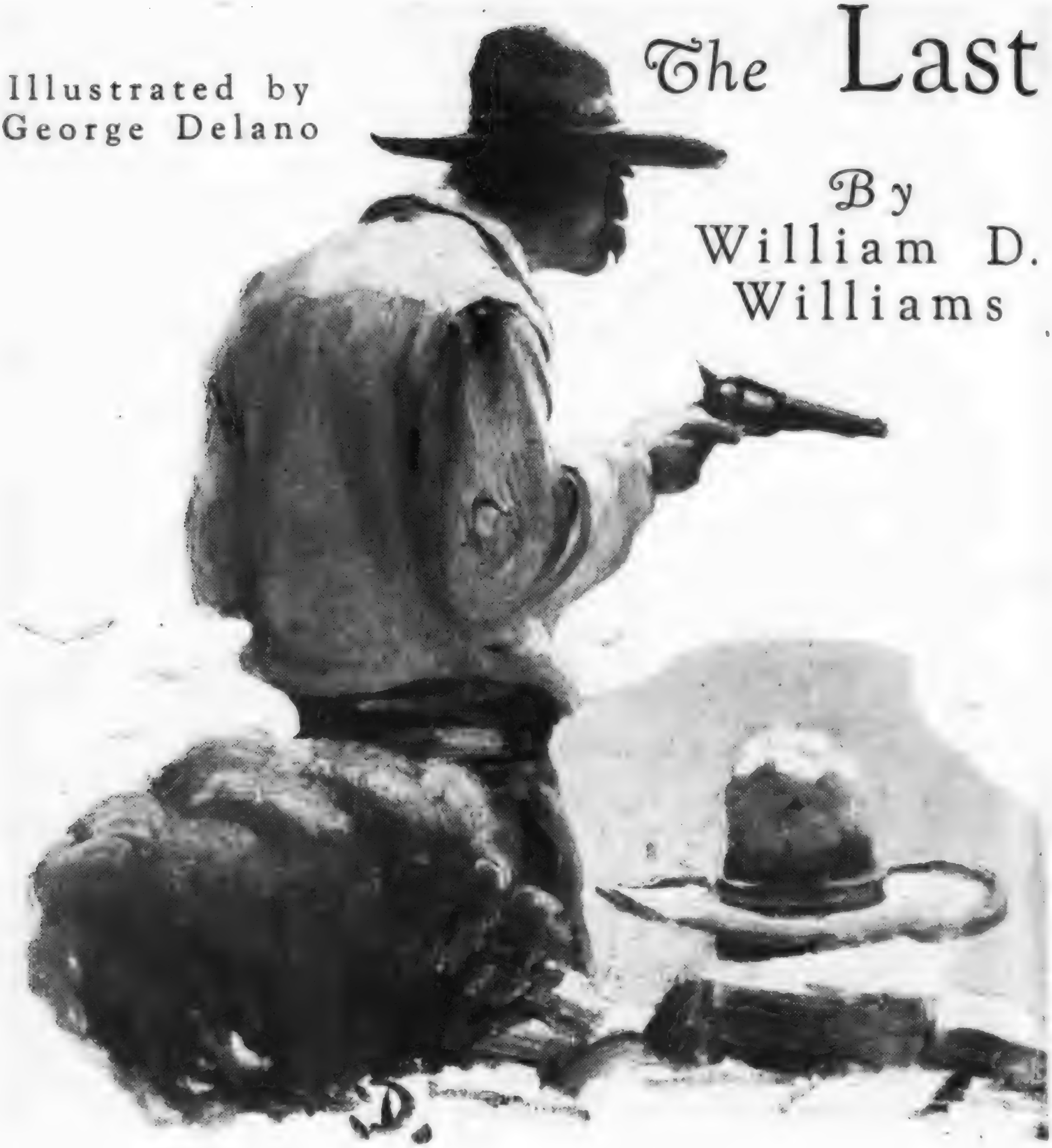
"You kin dance, kid, and I kin sing, and we'll go to it," said Jones. He rambled in wavering loops, and diving eccentrically at Cumnor, clashed the milk cans together. "*Es schallt ein Ruf wie Donnerhall,*" he bawled, beginning the song of *Die Wacht am Rhein*. "Why don't you dance?" he shouted, sternly. The boy saw the terrible earnestness of his face, and, clashing his milk cans in turn, he shuffled a sort of jig. The two went over the sand in loops, toe and heel; the donkey continued his quiet grazing, and the flames rose hot and yellow from the freight-wagon. And all the while the stately German hymn pealed among the rocks, and the Apaches crept down nearer the bowing, scraping men. The sun shone bright, and their bodies poured with sweat. Jones flung off his shirt; his damp, matted hair was half in ridges and half glued to his forehead, and the delicate gold chain swung and struck his broad, naked breast. The Apaches drew nearer again, their bows and arrows held uncertainly. They came down the hill, fifteen or twenty, taking a long time, and stopping every few yards. The milk cans clashed, and Jones thought he felt the boy's strokes weakening. *Die Wacht am Rhein* was finished, and now it was "Ha-ve you seen my Flora pass this way?" "Y'u mustn't play out, kid," said Jones, very gently. "Indeed y'u mustn't," and he at once resumed his song. The silent Apaches had now reached the bottom of the hill. They stood some twenty yards away, and Cumnor had a good chance to see his first Indians. He saw them move, and the color and slim shape of their bodies, their thin arms, and their long, black hair. It went through his mind that if he had no more clothes on than that, dancing would come easier. His boots were growing heavy to lift, and his overalls seemed to wrap his sinews in wet, strangling thongs. He wondered how long he had been keeping this up. The legs of the Apaches were free, with light moccasins only half-way to the thigh, slenderly held up by strings from the waist. Cumnor envied their unencumbered steps as he saw them again walk nearer to where he was dancing. It was long since he had eaten, and he noticed a singing dulness in his brain, and became frightened at his thoughts, which were running and melting into one fixed idea. This idea was to take off his boots, and offer to trade them for a pair of moccasins. It terrified him—this endless, molten rush of thoughts; he could see them coming in different shapes from different places in his head, but they all joined immediately, and always formed the same fixed idea. He ground his teeth to master this encroaching inebriation of his will and judgment. He clashed his can more loudly to wake him to reality, which he still could recognize and appreciate. For a time he found it a good plan to listen to what

[*Continued on page 162*]

The Last

By William D. Williams

Illustrated by George Delano



(Reprinted. See announcement on page 120.)

IT WAS a very commonplace, uninteresting spot, which one would be sure to forget within a single day. There are a million such places, more or less, in the arid Southwest. All around, as far as the eye could reach, the level plain was set with sparse clumps of prickly-pear and grease-weed, but such things really count for nothing in such a country. A mile or more to the east, a barren red hill had, once upon a time, wakened to life and heaved itself aloft; but that was long, long ago—so very long the hill itself appeared to have forgotten about it. The heat waves that flickered in the air distorted the rugged outlines, and set them in seeming motion, as though the hill were about to move again. But all the desert knew better, for, in all the ages since it had possessed itself of that country, that hill had continually threatened to move, notwithstanding which, it had not once changed its position. So the thin, dry grass twisted and curled back upon itself and tried, in every other way, to withdraw itself from the terrible heat of the sun and had not even a languid apprehension that anything would happen.

To the west, right at hand, as one might say, a red, granite rock, big as a house had in other

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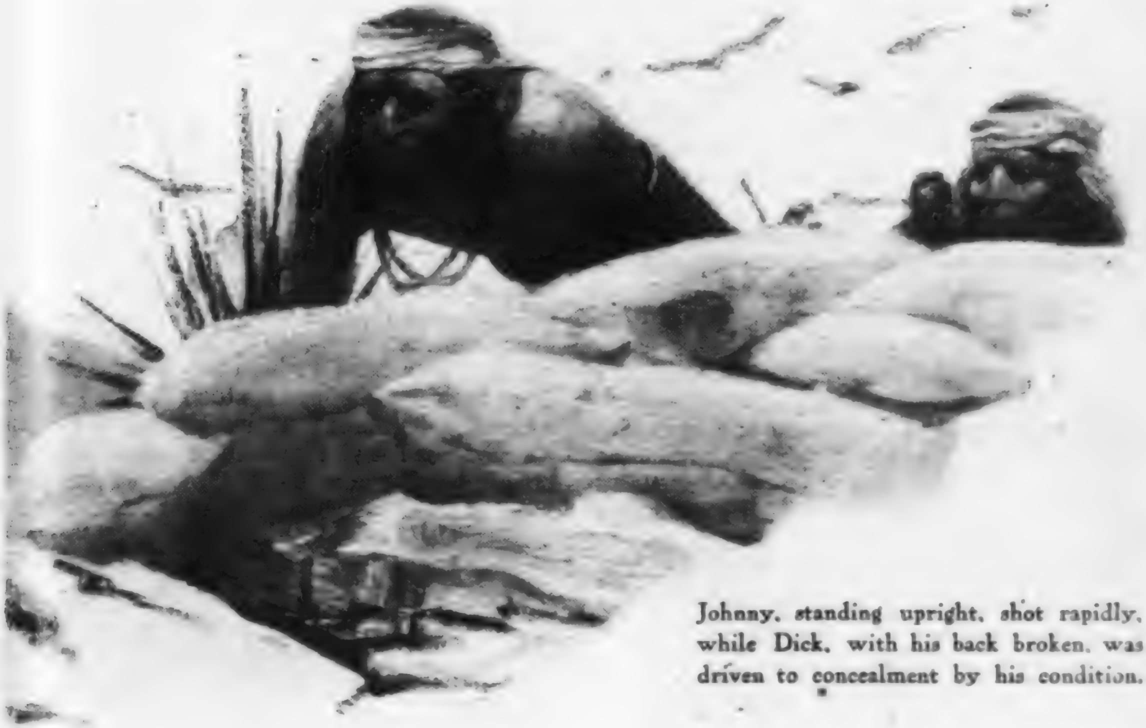
Choice *of* Crusty Dick

A desert episode of high courage and ruthless tragedy in the days of '49



Johnny, standing upright, shot rapidly, while Dick, with his back broken, was driven to concealment by his condition.

ages burst the bonds of the earth, and stuck its head out in the air. But so hot did it find it, and so dull, it was plainly sorry of its reckless eruption; it dropped repentantly, as if promising never to do it again.

In all that commonplace of desolation, absolutely the only thing worth looking at was a slender trickle of water, which perseveringly pushed itself up along the break in the earth made by the protruding rock. In any other country, if anybody had ever noticed its existence, it would have been called a seep, and it would have been set about thickly with waving flags and nodding ferns. In the desert, it was a spring, known and honored by every lonesome, wandering man and beast on one side of the great range, and it was ornamented by a straggling fringe of dry, white bones, which lay upon its bosom like a string of pearls adorning the neck of a bride.

If it be true that every landscape has a story of its own, which can be read in the expression of its features, then one looking at that spot would be justified in believing himself able to see, as plainly as if it had been written in the palm of his hand, these words, "Since the dawn of creation nothing whatever has happened here." Yet, within the memory of men still living, that rock has looked down upon at least one ambush and massacre, as dreary as the scene that surrounded it, and God alone knows what other horrors it has witnessed.

It was in the morning, with the sun part way up the sky, when all around the eastern side of the rock, a swirling tangle of men and horses, of wagons and harness, an intricate and confused current of disorder, set slowly toward the spring. Along the edges the sparse bunches of greaseweed and prickly-pear were exploding rapidly, going pop, pop, pop, as if the surface of the desert were breaking out in a noisy eruption. Out of the popping there rose curls of white smoke, ascending vertically through the dead air, climbing steadily as though set upon some lofty, common errand.

The Apaches had ambushed a wagon-train and the teamsters were driving for the shelter of the rock, there to make such stand as they could. "Hai, whoop!" each man was shouting to his horses, leaning far forward over the tails of the wheelers, seeming by the inclination of his body to add speed to his flight. . . . "Hai, whoop! Get up, Jim! Go on, Kate! Out of this, boys, out of this!" The horses went with a rush, surging evenly against their collars, their bodies glistening with an ooze of perspiration. The wagons bumped and swayed over the inequalities of the surface, the timbers of each groaning beneath its heavy load. Dust sprang up in the air and hung about them, until only vague outlines loomed through, uncertainly discerned, as if seen through a dense fog.

The Indians had abandoned concealment. They stood up, leaning forward with eagerness, shooting with the calm rapidity of an expert hunter killing game. At times they screamed, clapping one hand to the mouth and removing it rapidly, repeating this frequently, producing a broken, wailing cry, that seemed wonderfully feeble in the open vastness which surrounded them.

The whole affair had a singular appearance of unreality, event after event occurring as if each one had been rehearsed with a masterful patience. No third rate painter of cheap scenery could have produced a more commonplace, uninteresting desert. The rifles continued to explode theatrically, the white puffs of smoke rising with stiff deliberation, each exactly like every other, as if they were being lifted by machinery which could not be made to move fast enough to produce the proper effect. The Indians yelled, "Yow, yow, yow," with such precision that they seemed to have been trained from infancy. The drivers cracked their whips and swore at their horses with an appearance of merely perfunctory zeal. The interest they displayed looked to have been drilled into them by persistent effort.

WHEN Gold Finch was shot through the lungs with a soft bullet that drilled a hole, through which one could have run a stick, you would have said he was very far from being surprised. The froth of blood filling his throat precluded speech. With a gentle motion of his hand, he turned over the lines to Crusty Dick, who sat at his side, and, lying down uncomfortably over the back of the narrow seat, went to sleep without a word, and passed out of the play and out of the world. And the rock of their refuge was still a quarter of a mile away.

Dick frowned, and said, "Damn it." He stuck the barrel of his smoking gun beneath his thigh, gathered the four leather straps awkwardly in his fingers, two in each hand, and turning his attention to driving, like a man giving himself, with a world of enthusiasm, to the acquisition of a new trade.

"Here, you, Buck Howard," he yelled to the driver on his left, "don't you keep a-crowdin' on me. Don't you do it." He mumbled to himself inaudible complaints.

An arrow struck his near wheeler in the ribs, sticking out like a leafless weed, and, as the horse plunged under the pain. another appeared, grown fast to the shoulder.

"They'll make a damn porcupine out of that horse," he growled. "I reckon it's my turn now." He leaned over the dead body of the teamster, balancing himself precariously, looking backward through the dust, along the wagon cover. He drew the revolver from his belt, and, in a listless, casual manner, discharged one chamber. An Indian, who had been running in pursuit, holding an arrow drawn to its head in his bow, let the tip slip from between his fingers, stood for an instant, with one leg lifted in its stride, and then plunged head first, like a diver into a bunch of prickly-pear, where he lay, moving his arms and legs jerkily, as if he were swimming.

"I wish I could drive that good," complained Dick. The wagon bumped against a ridge of dirt, throwing him down on Gold Finch's body, and, when he had slipped along to his own end of the seat, he was all dabbled with blood. But the rock was visibly at hand.

Suddenly, one of Howard's leaders staggered and fell to its knees. The driver lashed out tremendously with his whip, the horse lifted itself, plunged heavily against its collar, and fell in a heap. The wheeler stumbled over the leader, the team swung around, locking the wheels, and Howard cursed frantically, calling Heaven to witness that, if he had ever dreamed of such luck, he would have stayed at home with his mother.

Dick was out in an instant, cutting loose the traces, slashing into the gear, loosing the dying animal, with a composure so unruffled and effective it had the appearance of calm deliberation, as if he had been expecting this from before his birth, as if he were prepared for it by ages of forethought.

"Now, look at that damn tongue," cried

Howard, spitting disgustedly, and pointing with one finger extended.

The broken tongue was stuck in the ground, anchoring the wagon in the desert. Bullets were singing mournfully overhead as if filled with melancholy regret for their deadly errand. Others, passing more dangerously near, buzzed like angry bumble-bees. Arrows passed through the air splitting it with spiteful, hissing noises.

Dick looked a moment at the ruin. "Hell," he exploded. "Git in with me. I'm a-needin' a driver a whole lot."

"I don't like to leave my horses," protested Howard.

"Git in," Dick ordered. "Git in. Git right in." His voice was tense and emphatic, his eyes blazed with anger, he seemed ready to spring upon the driver, and tear him to pieces.

Howard took a step toward Dick's wagon. All at once he sat down on the ground, and looked around him, amazement showing in his face. "Lordy," he muttered, "I'm afraid I've gone an' done it now." He turned his eyes sheepishly toward Dick. He tried to stand up, he raised himself with one leg in position, dragged the other after him until he was upright, balanced himself a moment with outstretched arms, and sat down on the ground again. He felt of his leg, withdrew his fingers dripping blood, gazed at them shrewdly and looked again toward Dick, very deprecating, obviously ashamed.

Dick was facing to the rear, shooting slowly and methodically, like a man bored by too long practice at a target. So wonderful was his execution that, in a moment, not an Indian was to be seen, and the vegetation once more began to explode, where hostile marksmen lay concealed.

He glanced over his shoulder toward Howard. "Git in," he complained. "Why the hell don't you git in? D'ye expect me to hold 'em off forever?"

"They got me," apologized Howard, and he began to excuse himself, explaining how it happened. "They broke my leg, an' I couldn't help it. The bone's a-stickin' clean out. You git in."

The vegetation was breaking out in puffs of smoke at close range. The last of the other wagons whirled by in a great cloud of dust. At the rock the drivers were calling back to them: "Git in. Git in, an' drive on. Come on, you damn fools." Bullets, going both ways, passed them, singing mournfully—singing to them of their danger and of the black sorrow of approaching death.

IT WAS done with a rush, a mob of Indians yelling and shooting at their heels. Howard fell into the seat with a groan, dropping heavily on Gold Finch's dead body. Dick took his old place, firing backward along the edges of the wagon cover. At the rock, the drivers yelled their triumph. The whip cracked, the horses pulled against their collars, the wagon labored over the inequalities of the surface, groaning as if in mortal anguish. They drove in, completing the little half circle of wagons drawn up around the spring, but Dick was wounded in the fleshy part of the thigh, and an arrow was sticking out of Howard's shoulder, the feathers swishing about through the air with the pull of the muscles.

It was the sad beginning of a notable tragedy. When the first show was fired and the ambush opened itself to its victims, there had been in the train seven wagons and eleven men. In the half-moon that defended the spring there were four wagons left and seven men, all of whom were wounded. But the retreat was at an end, and no one thought of surrender. In fact, there has never lived a man so brave that he would willingly surrender himself alive into the hands of the Apache.

At noon the barricade had been made as effective as possible. A few Indians were annoying the camp with an intermittent fire, which appeared to threaten no harm. The main body was at a safe distance, stripping the abandoned wagons, and scattering their contents. Blue smoke rose lazily from a fire, which was being fed with lumber from broken packages. Within the barricade the teamsters huddled together under the shade of a projecting spur of rock. The squealing of a horse in pain was borne on the air into their midst.

"What's that?" inquired a gigantic teamster, who had a bloody bandage bound round his long black hair.

"That?" answered Dick. "Why, that's them Injuns a-tormentin' of them horses."

The drivers looked at each other with gloomy, foreboding eyes.

"I wish I hadn't left mine," complained Buck Howard, attempting to rise. His shattered leg twisted under him helplessly, and he sat down again with a groan.

While Dick was lifting him to an easier position, some of the drivers looked out cautiously over the wagon top, and saw that which set them shivering with horror.

"I'd kill myself first," said the black-haired giant, turning back toward his companions and moistening his lips with the tip of his tongue.

Singularly enough, the others appeared to understand, and nodded their heads, gravely approving. Meanwhile, their ears were distracted with the nickerings of the tortured horse.

In the middle of the afternoon, an Indian secretly surmounted the rock, and began shooting down into the camp, as it lay below him, open and defenseless. Dick turned away from the wagons, and, looking up, saw curls of white, powder smoke, projected horizontally, lying upon the air motionless and hard of outline, like some rigid substance which had been violently ejected. The dull gleam of a gun barrel shone indistinctly, and a brown hand and arm, almost indistinguishable in the shadow, lay close along a ragged edge. Dick fired so quickly it seemed as though his gun had been discharged by accident. The line of light reflected from the steel leaped up like a live thing, the gun came clattering down the rock, the brown arm, limply distorted waved in the air, two savage eyes, points of glittering light, looked over the edge, seeming very bright against the dull background. Then Dick fired again, and a naked savage came tumbling down, falling inertly from one projection to another, lodging at last, the head and shoulders strained violently downward, the arms extended full length, seeming to stretch and reach, forever, for something they might never grasp.

It was as theatrical and unreal as if it had been done for stage effect alone. The shots were fired too quickly, Dick's skill was too great, the Apache died too promptly, the effort was too small for the effect produced, actors and spectators were too wooden, too uninterested, for it to be reality at which they were playing. One would not have been surprised to hear an audience clap its hands and shout its approval, to see the Indian who, with the tragic intensity of genius, stretched and strained to grasp that which he could never reach, rise and bow and lay his hand upon his heart, in mimic acknowledgement of the applause.

"You sure gunned him damn quick," praised Buck Howard, while Bartow Johnny and Charley Rudd grinned deprecatingly, as if at some joke which they could not entirely approve. Crusty Dick was sheepish and downcast, having the look of a man caught, red-handed, in some shameful meanness.

AT THAT moment Buck's eye caught sight of a prostrate, gigantic figure, sprawled in the dust beside one of the wagons, its long, black hair bound around with a dirty bandage, spotted with blood. He stared at it idiotically, apparently unable to comprehend. He blew out his breath between his teeth, producing a low, whistling noise, as if he had received an unexpected, painful injury. He glanced from the dead body to Dick, and from Dick to the body, which seemed so appalling in the intensity of its quietude.

"Why, I didn't know that damn Injun had got Black Bill," he groaned. His voice was like a wail.

Black Bill lay in the dust, his face stiffening into an unchangeable expression of pain, as if death had brought to him no relief, as if he were doomed to suffer forever the pangs of dissolution. Out in front of the wagons, the tortured horse was still nickering and shrieking.

"Won't that horse never die?" complained Charley. "It gits onto my nerves."

"I never saw another feller so lucky as that there Black Bill," mused Dick, looking down very gravely at the dead driver.

"That's so," agreed Buck. "He's surely drawed all the good cards this time."

There was no one among them willing to dispute the proposition.

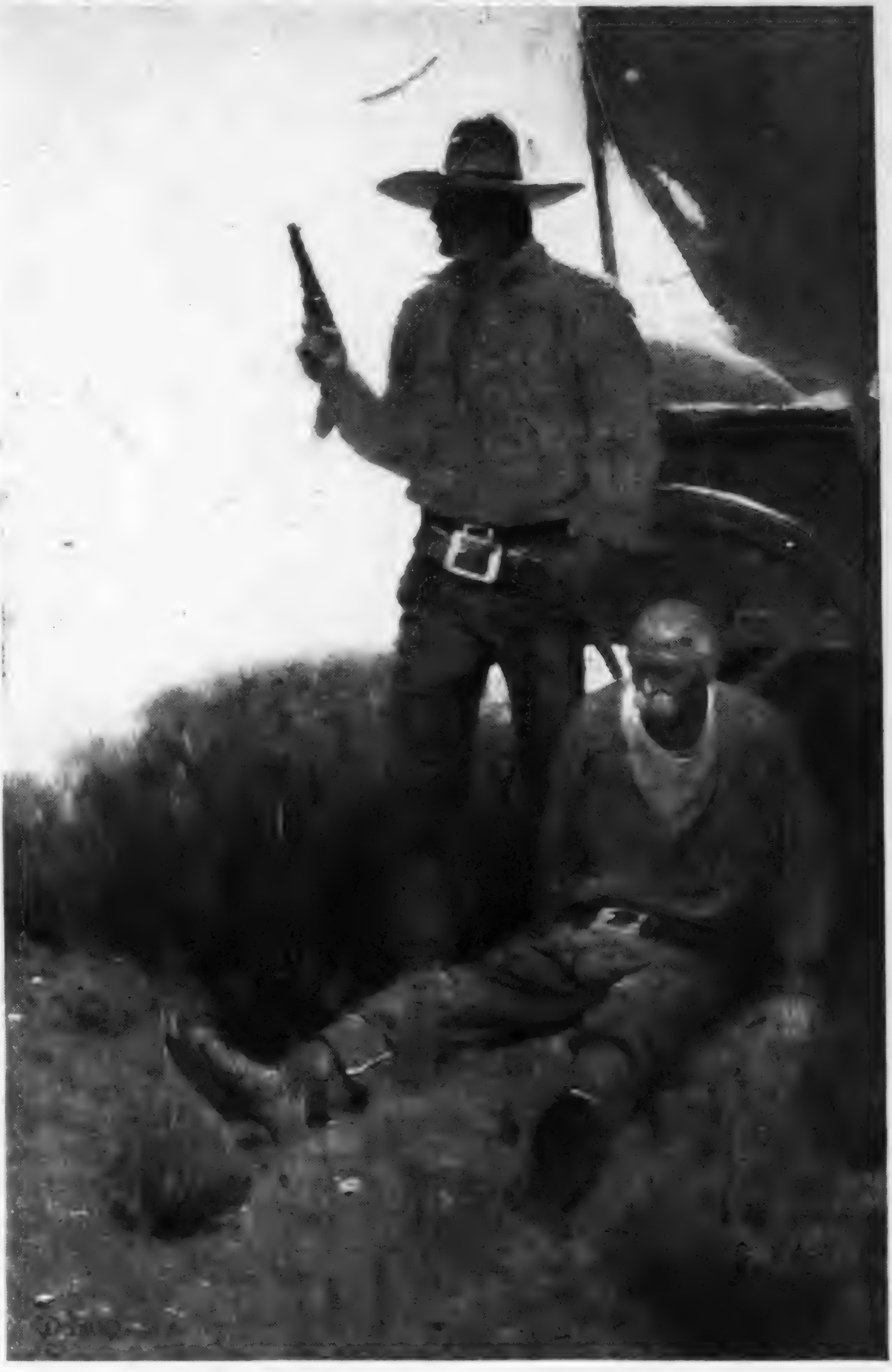
Burning as they were with fever, half crazed with the pain of ill-tended wounds, it was weary work wearing out the hours of that long, hot afternoon. Out in front, rifles held by unseen foes, mysteriously exploded at long intervals in unlikely spots in the sparse, surrounding vegetation. The abandoned wagons, gaunt wrecks in an ocean of sand, stood around, unsheeted and empty, silently dejected. In one, a naked figure, erect upon the driver's seat, duskily outlined against the fierce, harsh sky, called out in a loud voice, making insulting, derisive gestures at the besieged. One after another, the drivers elevated their sights, using rests and aiming with the utmost care, making wasteful, ineffective shots at the distant mark.

When the sun hung right at the crest of the rock, blinding all who looked that way, another Indian scaled it from the opposite side, perching himself at the very summit, from which point he opened fire. When he was finally driven off, there were two more dead in the camp. In the assault that came and was repelled at sunset, another passed away, and Howard was again wounded. That night, he was delirious and did himself great harm, dragging himself about on his wounded leg, and forcing the bone further through the flesh and skin.

It appears to be the belief of an Apache that, if he be killed during the night, his shade will dwell forever in the dark, where it will be tormented, beyond his own wicked imagination, by beings that can see better than he. Therefore, it is only in the greatest need that he will fight when there is no light. With the deepening of twilight the rifle popping ceased, a vast and lonely silence possessed the desert.

Morning came, and every floating wisp of vapor caught the rays of the rising sun, and trailed across the sky, its tattered rags gorgeous with orient colors. From before the barricade came again the noise of lonesome, infrequent shots, and the bullets went moaning sorrowfully through the camp. Curling puffs of powder smoke, dark blue in the faint light, lay flat upon the air, and soared heavily.

At a little distance some Indians stood about a fire, which they were evidently feeding with unseasoned fuel, for dense smoke rose from it in a slender column and sailed aloft, so high, the eye could scarcely discern its summit. They passed a blanket over the fire, holding down the smoke, which they loosed at irregular intervals, letting it go in puffs, so that the column was



Howard took a step toward Dick's wagon, then all at once he sat down on the ground, and looked around him, amazement showing in his face. "Lordy," he muttered, "I'm afraid I've gone an' done it."

broken by clear spaces of varying lengths. As the sun rose higher, one could see, in the east and in the north, other smoke columns, broken also, which were rising at a great distance. The columns, built up of smoke puffs, varyingly separated, rose to the sky with something of the rhythm and cadence of spoken words, as if unimaginable intelligences were answering one another, as if they were speaking together across infinite gulfs.

Dark figures, yelling lugubriously, rolled a wagon wheel across the sand, and dropped it by the fire. The sun, looking red and awful, hung a moment, cut half in two, on the edge of the world, and long shadows, wildly distorted, went capering across the earth. The desert, which appeared so commonplace by the full light of day, bore now a sinister look as if some dreadful tragedy, which it had been concealing in its bosom, were struggling to the light, as if it were opening itself to the light to reveal some soul-sickening horror.

Within the camp, Crusty Dick, red-eyed and wan, climbed upon a wagon and looked out, shivering as if the air had grown cold. Instantly, the rifles, concealed so mysteriously by insufficient bunches of vegetation, exploded more rapidly. Bullets struck, sounding dull and heavy, and others whined droningly, as they passed through the air.

"Come down out of there," commanded Bartow Johnny, angrily. "Reckon if you git hurt, what'll become of the rest of us?"

Then, as Dick, answering nothing, shaded his eyes with one hand, and looked out more intently, Johnny raised himself cautiously, and peeped over the top of the wagon.

"What's that they're doin', out by the fire?" he demanded.

"Oh, that," answered Dick, speaking as if it were something he saw then for the first time. "Why, that's where they're a-fixin' to cook us. They'll tie us to a wagon wheel an' throw us on the fire. An' they'll have some other amoosin' features, before the cookin' begins."

Johnny shivered, as if he, too, were chilled by an uncommon coolness of the air.

"Well, by God," he said.

After all, profanity is no more than a habit. If ever there was a prayer in a voice, it was in Johnny's, as he shivered and cursed.

Dick came down from the wagon. They looked at one another stealthily, those two men, who seemed now so lonely and helpless; they looked at one another as men do who have in mind the same shameful thing, each knowing the thought of the other, both aware of this mutual knowledge. Their eyes were shifty and timid; they wet their lips with the tips of their tongues repeatedly.

Over the granite wall, Buck, bound and helpless, moaned and cursed continually, in his delirium.

"You do it," said Johnny. The same horror that had been shining in his eyes spoke now in his voice.

"D'ye think I'm a damn dog?" answered Dick, resentfully. "You do it for yourself, an' I'll do it for me."

"I'm afraid I can't," whined Johnny pitifully.

"Besides, who's goin' to do it for him?" he asked, nodding toward Buck.

"Well, I'll tend to Buck, but you've got to do your part."

OUT in front, the Indians were closing in from clump to clump. Their fire was slack and infrequent. They were gathering for a final assault. The two drivers walked back toward a small, roughly built barricade, which was intended for their final stand. As they neared it, several Apaches began firing at them from the top of the rock. They rushed under the protecting ledge, which formed the rear wall of their inner defenses.

Dick stumbled, threw out his hands, ineffectually trying to regain his balance, and fell forward upon his face. He lifted himself upon his arms, struggling a moment and looking anxiously toward his legs, and began crawling slowly over the ground, laboriously dragging the lower part of his body, as if it were some unnatural burden from which he could not separate himself.

Johnny turned instantly to work, rapidly filling the broken front breast high with sacks of flour, gaudily branded in large blue and red letters, "Pride of the West." Now and then he would covertly glance at Dick, looking out of the corners of his eyes. When the barricade had been completed to his notion, he lifted a rifle and began firing it furiously; then, observing that there were no answering shots from outside, he put it down and stood at one side. The blood was flowing over his cheek from a fresh wound that ran diagonally beneath the outer corner of his eye, his head dropped, as if the wound were mortal, his arms, hung by his side, as if they were decently composed in death.

"God damn 'em," he cried, gritting his teeth. The tears started in his eyes.

Meantime Dick, who had drawn himself to a sitting position, his back against the rock, was conducting a series of experiments, which seemed of absorbing interest. He pinched the flesh of his legs, one after the other, shaking his head solemnly at each test. He tore the skin with his nails, and watched the blood ooze and flow. He pounded with the hammer of his revolver. He stuck in the point of his knife, trying himself, place by place, from the waist down. At last he desisted, sighing wearily.

"They have surely played hell with me," he muttered. "I wisht I had the —— that done it," and his eyes flittered with an inhuman lust of cruelty.

In another corner, not a dozen feet away, Buck Howard lay against the wall, tormented by a cloud of flies, raving and cursing insanely.

"I can't do it," cried out Johnny, as if some one were urging him against his will. He lowered his eyes, looking down upon the ground, sullen and ashamed.

"You've just got to," answered Dick, his instant comprehension showing that he, too, had the same subject close to the surface of his mind.

"It's a-comin', damn quick, an' you've just got to," he continued.

"They'll just have to burn me. I can't do it." Johnny lifted his hands and turned away his face, repelled with horror of the thought.

"I'll do it," said Dick at last. Perhaps ten seconds had elapsed, but it seemed to him that a lifetime of solemn reflection had preceded the words; it seemed to him he had grown old in thought before he spoke. "I'll do it, an' may God have mercy on my soul."

JOHNNY licked his lips and swallowed, avid with greed, breathless with the joy of gain.

"Let 'em come on now, damn 'em," he said, "I'm tired of waitin'."

"You won't have long to wait," said Dick. "Set me a full gun, where I can reach it."

The silence was deadly. It weighed down the heart with nameless threats, with the vast oppression of a final evil, remediless and dreadful. The buzzing of flies, as they swarmed about the bloody wounds, sounded in their ears, remote and vague, like the rushing of the wings of fate, coming rapidly from a great distance.

There was a yell outside, a mad and fatal cry, diabolically brutal, that seemed to pour out upon the earth an overwhelming flood of insanity and disaster. Naked, red bodies rushed from place to place with incredible swiftness, figures that flitted before them half seen, as ghosts might flit from shadow to shadow, avoiding the painful light of the day. Nearer and nearer they came, disclosing faces bestial and monstrous, eyes gleaming hatefully from cavernous, shadowy orbits, features painted to distortion, infinitely repulsive in their faint remaining likeness to humanity.

Johnny, standing upright, exposed himself without fear, shooting rapidly; Dick, with his back broken, paralyzed from the waist down, was driven to concealment by his condition, and could use his weapon less frequently, firing quickly at vanishing figures, at heads and arms and infrequent bodies that came within the range of his vision and disappeared instantly, as if by magic. He was counting downward, as the Indians began to swarm over the barricade.

"Five." He called the numbers aloud with each shot.

Buck Howard, unconscious in his corner, was moaning softly, like one who, though sleeping, suffers still in his dreams.

"Don't you forget to do it," cried Johnny

"Four."

"Don't you dare forget."

"Three."

"Now, Buck. Poor Buck."

So close were they together, the muzzle almost touched the driver when the cartridge exploded. The groaning ceased upon the instant. The sleeper slept more profoundly. He lay quietly at rest, untroubled now by painful dreams.

"Two," counted Dick.

Johnny was struggling with a painted, sweating savage, who had seized the barrel of his revolver and was pulling at it desperately. Dick aimed in that direction and touched the trigger. Click went the hammer, but there was no report. The cartridge was defective, and failed to explode.

"It's a damned shame," he muttered.

Johnny jerked loose and fired, and the Indian gave way at the knees, threw out his arms, his fingers closing tightly upon his palms, and sank to the earth, with that awkward looseness of the joints that comes of sudden death. But another took his place instantly, springing from the barricade upon the driver's shoulders and forcing him to the ground.

"Hurry, Dick," appealed Johnny, plaintively. "You're a-goin' to let me be took."

"Well, I'm more'n half dead now," said Dick, reasoning with himself against the fear of the torture which had taken him by the heart.

An Indian stooped over and caught him.

"An' it's the part that hurts worst that's dead," he thought.

"Hurry, Dick," implored Johnny.

"An' Johnny, he's alive all over," reflected Dick, "an' he'll hurt all over, too."

"Oh, Dick, Dick," Johnny was begging.

"An' I promised to do it," reasoned Dick.

The Indian grasped his arm so tightly he could not move it. The barrel of his revolver pointed in the right direction. He looked at it, and then at Johnny.

"Hope to God this shell's all right," he prayed.

Down came the hammer, and the explosion followed so closely it seemed to him simultaneous with the pulling of the trigger. The Indian dropped his hand to the smoking barrel, and struggled for the possession of the gun.

"That's good, Dick," gasped Johnny, speaking in a low voice, looking curiously out of the corners of his eyes, as if he were saying something unbecoming, as if he were saying something weak and womanish. "Thank you, Dick." He flattened out under the weight of his captor and lay still.

As Dick lay back against the rock, he could not get it out of his mind how very long the tortured horse had been dying.

The Paavo Nurmi of Lion Hunters

TO BRING home a mountain lion is the ambition of every Westerner who totes a rifle into their mountain fastnesses. Few, however, get within rifle range, for the mountain lion, alias cougar, puma, cat, is the wariest of beasts. But there is one man in the Sierra Nevadas who has shot several hundred mountain lions, and makes a regular business of exterminating this scourge of the Western mountains.

Jay C. Bruce, of San Lorenzo, California, is a lion specialist. He knows lions from teeth to tail tip. By the elevation of his hunting dogs' heads when following a trail he can tell whether a mountain lion or bobcat is just ahead. If he comes across a lion's tracks in the soft ground or in the dust, he can tell whether the animal is a male or female by a slight difference in the imprint—a difference which he was the first to discover.

Knowing the breed more thoroughly than any other man, he has made expert use of that knowledge and has earned the distinction of being the first official lion hunter maintained by any state. For several years before 1919, Bruce sent in so many mountain lion skins for bounty from his home in Mariposa County, California, that the California State Fish and Game Commission created the unique job of state lion hunter, in the fight to keep down depredations of lions among the deer of the game refuges. He has averaged thirty lions slain yearly since that time.

Born of mountaineer stock, Bruce's education has been gained close to nature. Rangy, flat stomached, running with deceptive ease, he has had the lion hunting field pretty much to himself. Occasionally noted hunters have tried to stay with him while stalking lions, but have been forced to give up, or suffer the chagrin of arriving at the end of the hunt long after Bruce has shot down the treed cat.

Bruce is the Paavo Nurmi of hunters. He runs from two to ten miles before his hunting dogs tree their quarry. And this event is not of the cinder path variety. Rather it is accomplished in the roughest of mountain country, for the lion lives at between three thousand and five thousand feet elevation, usually in heavily wooded country, where the underbrush proves a big obstacle in the chase. Up hill and down, across canyons, scaling precipices, crashing through brush, fording streams, anywhere in short that the lion goes, there also pursues Bruce with his dogs.

Hundreds of these Sierra mountain lions are run down cross country on foot and slain single handed by Jay C. Bruce backed by his dogs.

When the harassed lion finally seeks a tree, the hounds cluster about the trunk, baying their triumph. When Bruce comes up he draws his revolver—he long since gave up the use of the rifle as too cumbersome—and then circles the tree until he can get in a head shot. If the limbs prevent such a shot, he is forced to climb the tree to a point where he can shoot the cat through the head.

Generally he wings the lion from the ground, holding his revolver in both hands for steadiness. Needless to say he is one of the most expert pistol shots living.

After bringing the quarry to earth, Bruce measures and weighs the carcass and skins it. The pelt is then carried to the Fish and Game headquarters at San Francisco, where he collects his bounty. If the pelt is in good condition he sells it as a rug for from fifteen to twenty dollars. The state pays a bounty of twenty dollars for males and thirty dollars for females. His salary, in addition, is a hundred dollars a month. With bounties and pelt sales,

[*Continued on page 178*]

Children's Portraits in Bronze

FOUNTAINS and fauns, fairies and elves—these, every one admits, are indissolubly linked with gardens. Sculptors carve them in bronze and marble. Rich men buy them to adorn their estates. Recently, a newcomer has entered this world of gardens. The newcomer is Bonnie MacLeary, a well-known young sculptress from Texas, who is creating personality portraits in bronze. Miss MacLeary's range in sculpture is wide. "Aspiration," one of her first designs, is now the property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Her speciality, however, is in sculpture designed for gardens. Perhaps the best known of these, of which she has made many replicas, is her famous "Ouch," the figure of a baby with a crab clinging tenaciously to one finger.

At the time when the idea of personality portraits for gardens occurred to her, Miss MacLeary was designing a pool for George W. Hill, vice-president of the American Tobacco Company, and owner of a forty-acre estate in a suburban town outside New York City.

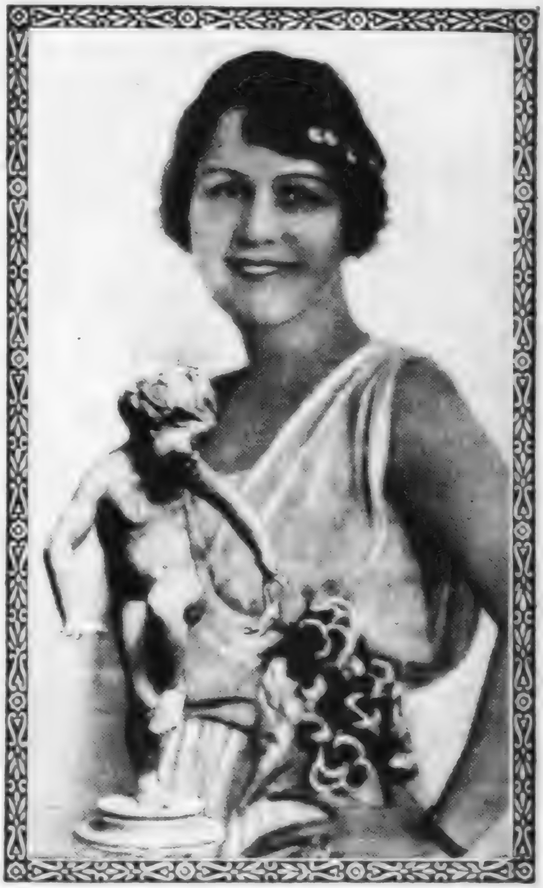
"Why," thought Miss MacLeary, "shouldn't a portrait of some member of the family, particularly a child, form the motif of a decorative garden group instead of some fictitious or mythological character?"

She spoke of this to Mrs. Hill who immediately became enthusiastic. Miss MacLeary was to do a group for their grounds, and a portrait of their little three-year-old son should form its principal figure. Bonnie MacLeary went to work. The result is "Val's Pool." Val is the baby's nickname. At one side of the pool are leaping, fairy fish; at the other the curly-headed youngster steps out of the water.

Another of these personality pieces is a sundial portrait of little Tommy Richardson, the grandson of Frederick Fisher, president of another great corporation.

Personality portraits for gardens now form a large part of Miss MacLeary's orders.

"Don't think that I have deserted fairies for these portraits," Miss MacLeary said to me. "I could never do that. You see, I was brought up with them."



"Ouch," the famous bronze youngster with the tenacious crab, is one of many real babies Bonnie MacLeary of Texas has charmingly portrayed.

Bonnie MacLeary has much of the spirit of gardens in her. She has both their breeze and their dreams. She is tall and lithe with dusky hair and a face that is bright with fun and vivacity when she smiles and very serious in repose. For Bonnie MacLeary is a serious person. Her affinity for gardens is also expressed in her personal tastes. She likes brilliant colors and wears them well. "I'm also crazy about perfume—just perfume—I don't care what it smells like," she says.

Bonnie MacLeary was born in San Antonio, Texas. Much of her childhood was spent in a wonderful old garden with books of fairy-tales as companions.

"I saw a fairy in every flower," she said simply. "I never doubted their existence for a minute. I don't now," she added whimsically. "However, I was terribly disillusioned when, at five years of age, I was taken on a trip to New York. I looked forward to it eagerly, for I had been told that I would ride on a ferry boat. I was much excited for I pictured a boat of mother of pearl with silken sails, drawn by butterflies. Imagine my consternation when I saw what I had understood as 'fairy' boat. It was a tragedy. I have never gotten over the shock of it. Even today I never get on a ferry boat without living it all over again."

There is a serious turn to Bonnie's nature,

[*Continued on page 168*]

His Donkey Pulled Him Through

DOWN in Florida, where almost anything can be bought—for a price—there is a friendship that began seven years ago and has grown stronger and more priceless with the years. Frank Elliot is a sixty-year-old man; Honey Boy is a twelve-year-old donkey. They are true-blue friends, these two, each of whom has saved the other's life—friends that have suffered together, shared privations and a few simple joys together, and friends that would, if necessary, die for each other.

Friends? You bet!—the most devoted companions in the world. There's no room between them for pettiness, bickerings, small hypocrisies.

Frank Elliot has one leg, the other having been amputated more than ten years ago as the result of a poisonous ulcer. Frank Elliot was a healthy man then, and strong, and looking the whole world in the face—with money in the bank, friends, and "good times" for the having.

But when a man loses a leg, friends often drop him, for he can't hit the figurative and literal pace of so-called friendship, they think. Then too, the usual work pales into realms of the physically impossible; and pleasures don't seem to be quite the same any more.

So Frank Elliot, at the age of fifty, faced a new and very strange world.

He left his home town in Indiana and came to Miami, Florida. His meager store of money was almost exhausted; he limped laboriously about the streets looking for a job. But, there wasn't much for a one-legged and prematurely old man, unless it was selling pencils with an I AM CRIPPLED sign. And Frank Elliot was a little too proud to do that.

An acquaintance, knowing his plight, finally said to him: "I have a little wagon equipped to sell ice cream. You can stock it up, and I know where you can buy a donkey to haul it around."

So into Frank Elliot's lonely life came—Honey Boy—pert-nosed, inquisitive, waggish-eared, skittish, young Honey Boy and Honey Boy grew to know and obey his master, and very gravely he'd trundle the little wagon about the city while Frank Elliot would stoutly cry out, "Ice cream today! Vanilla ice cream! Choc'late ice cream! Five cents a cone!"

That was six or seven years ago. Today Honey Boy's heels don't kick out so blithely, and his ears lie back a little more solemnly, and he isn't so very frisky, except in cool weather. Frank Elliot is grayer, too, and seemingly older, but oddly—or naturally—enough, he doesn't feel as old as he did the first day he saw Honey Boy. The explanation is simple. He's found a friend to stand adversity or prosperity with him.

Friends in adversity or prosperity are Frank Elliot of Miami and "Honey Boy," who pulls his ice-cream cart, and once even saved his life.

There's been a little prosperity, too; and when a day's sale of ice cream, or oranges and grapefruit, or vegetables and other produce, has been a bit bigger than usual, the master treats himself to a little luxury—but he buys something for his faithful Honey Boy, too. Maybe it's just a few lumps of sugar, or an extra quart of corn or oats. Anyway, Honey Boy knows when it's fair weather.

And, so when it's ill weather he doesn't kick, literally or figuratively. There have been some days when Frank Elliot had only one quarter, but fifteen cents of that quarter have gone for loose corn for Honey Boy, while the remaining ten went for coffee and doughnuts for himself.

But Honey Boy is more than a good donkey, for, on occasion, he's shown his intelligence

[*Continued on page 171*]

Fire-Lookout Is Her Job

PUFF! On a mountain-side fifteen miles across the high pitched spurs of the Cascades a thin column of smoke spirals skyward. The young woman in the square glass box on the mountain peak lays down the glasses with which she has been sweeping the wilderness of jagged peaks, and leans over the "fire-finder." She quickly sights on the faint column of smoke and makes some hasty figures on a sheet of paper with one hand. Before she has finished she is already reaching for the telephone to send the exact location of the incipient blaze to the nearest forest ranger's station. The entire operation has taken about two minutes.

Miss Shasta Leila Hoover is one of the last of that valiant feminine crew who released the men fire-lookouts for service during the World War—positions, because of the accompanying formidable hardships, not generally coveted by women today. Indeed, it requires a peculiar make-up of either sex to withstand not only the physical labors involved but also the mental strain of excitement and responsibility during a busy season. For the lookout must be on the job often for several consecutive days and nights at a time. Then there are the weeks of living absolutely alone in the awful solitudes of these mountain peaks.

Miss Hoover's post is Mt. Bachelor, elevation nine thousand and forty-five feet above sea level, in the Deschutes National Forest Reservation, Oregon, one of the twenty-two Government reserves in the Northwest Forestry District. The small square station-house, perched anglewise on the loftiest point of the reserve to facilitate observation, is lashed securely to the rocky pinnacle by strong woven wire cables to keep it from flying into space during one of the sudden terrific storms frequenting such altitudes. It is built in accordance with government regulations, surmounted by a little box of an observation tower, which is glassed in on all sides.

Because each article in the cabin must be packed in on horseback—or in the case of major peaks, such as Mt. Hood, Mt. Ranier, or Mt. Shasta, on the shoulders of men—the cabin is furnished with the minimum necessities for actual living conditions. However, it is always equipped with a telephone, the lookout's only link with the outside world, and an Osborne Fire-finder, a simple yet ingenious instrument, invented by an Oregonian, W. S. Osborne. It consists of a series of circular metal disks superimposed one on the other, and mounted on a track by which it may be oriented due north, then clamped into position. The lower fixed rim of this fire-finder is graduated into three hundred and sixty degrees. The upper disk is covered with a map of the region surrounding the station, the center of which is the station itself. By means of a rotating front and rear sight—one of which is fitted with a hair-line—and by means of a vertical delining tape, which is connected with it, the fire up to forty miles away may be located on the map by an azimuth reading in exact degrees in both vertical and horizontal scale.

On a nine thousand foot peak of the Cascades, Leila Hoover's lookout cabin was made less lonely by "Pinto," this friendly squirrel, and his tribe.

On one tour of duty Miss Hoover lived at Mt. Bachelor station from June 12 to September 20, 1924, and because of the great prevalence of forest fires that season was not once absent over night. For a period of three weeks she saw no human being and went without adequate sleep and food for days at a time in the performance of her duties. During ordinary conditions the lookout must survey his or her territory every

[*Continued on page 180*]

Everybody's Chestnut Tree

***Editor's Note:** Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.*

What Mountain Dew Mought Do

The tumble bug was rolling his own down a Kentucky pike. The sun was mighty hot.

Mr. Bug stopped to rest, for he was all in.

Just then a mountaineer dropped a nearly empty bottle of moonshine whisky near Mr. Bug. He sniffed the fumes, wiggled a little, and then crawled into the bottle and drank a drop. Then he took five more drinks. His legs shivered. His body shimmied. He looked for the ball which he had been rolling but could not locate it. Then his blurred eyes rested upon a hay stack. Backing up to the stack he stretched out his legs and shouted, "Come on, big boy! Let's go!"

What He Meant

A young man of Boston who had failed to pay his laundry bill, endeavored to turn his Chinaman aside from inquiry by an attack upon the Celestial's manner of speech.

"Why do you say Fliday, John?" he asked.

"Say Fliday because mean Fliday," replied John tartly. "No say Fliday and mean maybe week after next like you Melican man."

The Sole Judge

Out at the Country Club there is a sporty golf course. To make the first hole one has to drive over the lake in front of the club-house and past a grove of trees, so really good scores are few and far between. Two caddies were waiting at the caddy-house one day:

"What kind of score did that guy make this morning?" asked the first caddy; "the one that you were carrying for?"

The second replied beligerently: "That guy gave me two bucks an' his score is whatever he says it is."

No Definite Mandate

"Remember," said the serious friend, "your country is calling you."

"I know that," replied Senator Sorghum, "but different parts of the country are calling me different things."

Couldn't Kid Him

An amiable drunk sagged down on the lobby lounge beside a dignified clergyman.

"Thish's fine hotel," he began.

"Yes, I have found it very comfortable," said the curate icily.

"Whadya shay to havin' a drink?" asked the boozy one genially.

The clerical one's face set severely. "No thank you, I never touch the vile stuff."

"Shay," chortled the other, leering triumphantly, "whatcha givin' us. You gotcha, hic, collar on backwards right now."

A Scotch Report

A Scotch subaltern was one day on guard with another officer at Gibraltar, when his friend fell off a precipice and was killed. The subaltern, however, made no mention of the accident in his guard report, but left the addendum, "Nothing extraordinary since guard mounting," standing without qualification. Some hours afterward the general demanded an explanation.

"What do you mean, sir, by reporting, 'Nothing extraordinary since guard mounting,' when a fellow officer has fallen down a precipice four hundred feet deep and has been killed!"

"General," said the lieutenant, slowly, "I dinna think there's aething extraordinar' in that. If he had faun doon a precipice fowerr hunnert feet deep and *nae* been killed, that would hae been something like."

Jackie Wasn't So Dumb

The sailor approached the officer at the gate with a knowing leer. "Say, skipper," said he, "if I bring off a few little souvenirs tomorrow will it be all right? I'll make it all right with you."

"Sure," said the officer "what time will it be? I want to be here myself to see you go through."

"Make it two o'clock," said the sailor.

The next day at that hour along came the sailor, glancing furtively from side to side. As he approached the gate the customs officer and two huskies jumped him and searched him. Not an atom of dutiable stuff could they find.

"Lost yer nerve, huh?" laughed the officer.

"No," said the sailor, "I was taking it out yesterday when we met."

Why the Rush?

Old Farmer Tightmoney wasn't stingy. He was merely economical in the management of his big farm and all his hired hands. One morning while repairing the curb to his underground cistern he very unexpectedly fell in, pulling the rope in with him as he went down. Having always been a good swimmer, he had no trouble in keeping afloat; but the water was cold and he couldn't climb out. His wife was helpless, alone and without a rope.

"John!" she yelled excitedly down to him. "I'll ring the dinner bell so's the boys can come in and pull you out."

"What time is it?" he yelled.

"'Bout eleven o'clock."

"No, dang it, let 'em work on till dinner time. I'll just swim around till they come."

Sauce for the Gander

A little old lady was taking her first ride on a railway train. She noticed that at every station the conductor descended from the train and, after the passengers had debarked, raised his arm and waved his hand in a peculiar manner. Finally she stopped him when he passed through the car and said "Who are you waving at in every town where we stop?"

The train was late, the conductor was grouchy and he snapped: "I don't know as it's any of your business, but that's what we call the 'high-ball.' It's my way of telling the engineer to get to hell out of here." A little later he remembered how gruff he had been to the old lady and his conscience smote him. He went back and said to her: "I'm sorry I spoke to you as I did. Everything has gone wrong today and I felt cross or I would have been more courteous."

"Oh! that's all right," said the old lady demurely, and raising her arm she gave the conductor the "high-ball."

Where the Heart Is

For many years John D. Rockefeller, Sr., used to visit the Bon Air Hotel, Augusta, Georgia, for winter golf. He would always attend the Negro Baptist Church on the first Sunday after his arrival, the First Baptist Church (white) on the second Sunday, and St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of which his secretary was a member, on the third Sunday.

After noting this sequence for several years, a prominent member of St. Paul's asked an old negro: "Look here, William, how is it that every winter when Mr. Rockefeller comes down here he goes first to your church, then to the white Baptist church and then to St. Paul's Episcopal?"

William replied: "Lawd, boss, dat's easy. It's dis a way: At St. Paul's you bu'ns 'lectricity, at de w'ite Baptist church dey bu'ns gas, but we bu'ns kerosene!"

Socking Socrates

A young lawyer was trying his first case in a small town in Arkansas. In an effort to impress the judge and jury with his vast learning, he made many references to characters and events in Ancient History and mythology, and delivered, as he thought, a very masterly address indeed.

The defendant's lawyer, an old gentleman, ripped the youngster's defense to pieces and ended as follows: "You have heard the able argument of the plaintiff's lawyer, and, no doubt, were impressed with his scholarly attainments. I grant that he has delved into the depths of erudition. He may have roamed with Romulus; sot with Socrates; and ripped with Euripides, but what in hell does he know about Arkansas law?"

When the Shoe Pinches

One of the world's great violinists, accompanied by one of the world's great pianists, was listening from a stage box to the violin concert of another virtuoso. As the artist on the stage achieved one masterpiece after another, and the vast audience went mad with enthusiasm, the violinist in the box grew more and more restless. He wriggled, sighed, scratched, shuffled his feet, and ran his fingers around inside his collar, while cold beads of perspiration came to his brow.

During one particularly frenzied burst of applause he turned to his ecstatic companion and whispered:

"Don't you think it's awfully hot in here?" Her bright eyes took in the enthusiastic audience, the beaming artist bowing on the stage and her uncomfortable companion with an understanding glance. She replied sweetly: "Not for pianists!"

The Busiest Dog Doctor

[*Continued from page 34*]

where the inmates speak in whispers out of the corners of their mouths; some are the abodes of great artists, of fabulously wealthy bankers, where the dog reclines on thick piled rugs from Asia; some are homes like those of most of us, homes which taken together give a sum that is America.

It is among these dogs that Dr. Garbutt finds his practice. It is because he is the head of the A. S. P. C. A. animal hospital that he may be called the busiest dog doctor, treating as he does more than a hundred dogs and a miscellany of other animals every day, besides performing about thirty major operations a week.

Dr. Garbutt is one of the many veterinarians of the country who are what is known as small animal practitioners. They make their calls in automobiles quite as impressive as the machines in which your doctor rides when he comes to take your temperature. A generation ago these veterinarians would have been catalogued as "hoss" doctors. That was a day when if the horses were sick the street cars did not run or the fire department was helpless or country courting became less romantic. But for most of us there are no horses any more; and so the smart young "vet" finds his best opportunity for service—if he lives in the cities—in small animal practice, doctoring pets.

"WOULD you think," asked Dr. Garbutt, "that night after night I have to be getting out of bed to climb into my car and go chasing off somewheres to relieve a bad case of bull terrier indigestion caused by a four button kid glove? Or a Pekinese pain from too much French pastry? You'd never think people would be so silly as to feed a dog hard-boiled eggs, would you?"

"You don't tell me," I exclaimed with a simulated horror to cover the embarrassment I felt at recalling all the things given to Blue Belle at a recent picnic, and she, heavy with puppies. "And what should a dog be fed?"

"Meats and cereals and vegetables are just as good for your dog as they are for you, but there are certain things as unfit for a dog as watermelon rind for a baby. Ice-cream and pastry, even though the dog shows a perverted appetite for them, are bad for his digestion. So are potatoes. Only an exceptional dog can digest potatoes. Hard-boiled eggs, boiled liver, corn, rice, beans, parsnips, chicken, chicken bones and sweets should not be offered him. Some babies might seem to thrive on coffee and beer, but who would say that coffee and beer are good for babies? It's like that with dogs.

"And what should you feed him? A fair question. Lamb or mutton or beef. Plenty of big bones and no small ones. A good wheat breakfast food, spinach, asparagus, cauliflower, cabbage, turnips, and onions. A little bread won't do him any harm unless he has a tendency to grow fat.

"Now about the hard-boiled eggs. It was one o'clock in the morning, or maybe it was half-past one. Anyway, the telephone rang. A voice, and such a tremulous voice, said, 'Doctor, my chow has been acting terribly ever since I came home from the theater.'

"It was an actress speaking, a star, moreover. You could almost guess who it was when I tell you that she's a big, fine looking woman who has mistreated a couple of husbands, but has the power to make people shiver for her when she is threatened by a stage villain.

" 'What seems to be the matter with the chow?' I asked her trying to get the sleep out of my voice.

" 'The poor thing hasn't been himself since I gave him his supper after getting home from the theater. Some creamed eggs and a wee snip of camembert.'

" 'I'll be over with the stomach pump,' I said and started. You should see that apartment with its soft lights and hangings. The actress was pacing over rugs as thick as a steak at Billy the Oysterman's. She was like a tigress in negligée; the red dog was howling louder than his mistress, and a French maid wringing her hands and crying. In half an hour I had the dog back where he was before he'd eaten. In the morning, though I'd lost a couple of hours of sleep on that call, I had as usual to look after a hundred dogs and an assortment of cats, monkeys, ferrets, and deodorized pet skunks at the hospital."

You should see that hospital. It is no more than a stone's throw from some of the most gruesome machinery of New York—the dank morgue on the East River, the odors of a huge hospital, the fiendish racket of monstrous trucks—a place honeycombed with dark tenements. It is called a shelter; a fine big fortress of dark red brick just across the wide pavement of Avenue A from a public bath.

There are not many towns, even the smallest, without some kind of a dog pound, and the first floor of this shelter is New York's dog pound. It is also a cat pound. In the course of a year some forty thousand stray or homeless dogs and at least two hundred thousand cats are poured into its hopper. Some of the dogs are bailed out by their owners; others are given to persons who have the sense to recognize that they need a dog, but the remainder and the great majority of the cats are herded into a gas chamber which is for them the end of the world.

The captives there are hopeful prisoners to the last of their moments in the wire pens with saw-dust floors and the pungent atmosphere of a zoological garden.

There is also a garage for ambulances and collection wagons of the society as well as an office where in the late afternoon you may be privileged to see in trim khaki blouse and skirt, Mrs. Blanche Freeman, one of New York's most skillful dog and cat catchers. A slender creature from Greenwich, Connecticut, is Mrs. Freeman. In her girlhood, she will tell you, there was nothing more to suggest the career upon which she is now engaged than a single pet cat on her family hearth.

"Just look at my arms," she exclaimed when I saw her. They were bare to the elbows. The white skin was a netting of long red scratches that had been engraved by the claws of frantic cats. A thumb was deeply pierced in four places by the fangs of some East Side Tom. As she spoke she coiled, with the deftness of Will Rogers, a short lasso, the marshal's baton of her office.

"We made two raids today," she explained. "My partner, Jean Gregorson and I got three hundred and forty-eight cats in three short blocks between Avenue A and the river."

"How do you get them? Catnip bait? By stalking? Kind words?"

"No catnip, but we do stalk them with a treacherous, 'Pussy, pussy, come puss.' Shrewd animals. They must be able to read our badges. The little cage wagon no more than turns into a block when the cats and dogs rush for cover. I don't understand it. The scent of the wagon must tell them something. Nothing fools a cat. We always catch them by the scruff of the neck but our problem is to get our hands on their necks. Yesterday I didn't get a scratch and look at me today! Arms like a plate of raw meat. Three or four of them gave me a time of it, one right after the other. Dogs give us no trouble as a rule."

UPSTAIRS the varnished benches in the waiting-room might be the anxious seats of a hospital for mankind, except for certain betraying signs. The woman in the corner, thick waisted, heavy limbed, and a shawl on her head, has a basket in her lap. Protruding is a woolly white head lolling a twitching tongue like a strip of boiled ham.

"Whist, darlin'," pleads the woman, "the docthor u'll have a look at your sore foot in no time at all. Then we'll go back to the market."

Next to her is a bearded Jew in shabby working clothes. Hung on his bent arm at the elbow is a black bridle with brass mountings. Sometimes Dr. Garbutt, too, is a "hoss" doctor. If his medicine fails, an East Side family may taste deeply of sorrow.

Beyond the man with the bridle is a fashionably dressed woman, slender, alert, silken. Her wire-haired fox terrier is shivering in the arms of a man in dark gray whipcord and a cap with patent leather visor—a chauffeur. The dog's nose and eyes suggest a bad cold, but it is far worse than that. He has distemper and an interne in white duck hastily arranges for the admission of the poor little beast to the distemper ward.

There are other dogs there, a score or more, all held prisoners in baskets or on leashes. One by one they are admitted to the office of the hospital, for a consultation, a prescription—or a a death sentence.

Dr. Garbutt was about to start on his inspection round of the hospital when one of the women with a dog in her arms claimed his attion.

"I've come all the way from Nova Scotia," she said. "This fox terrier has an enormous lump just under its right foreleg, doctor."

Dr. Garbutt in a white smock that covers him from heels to throat poked gentle, skilled fingers under the chest of the patient.

"Tumor," he reported. "An operation will be necessary and not especially dangerous."

The woman began to weep and had to be soothed before the veterinarian could resume his inspection. He passed through a long ward where in two tiers sick dogs were feeble prisoners in clean pens. None could see his neighbors for top, bottom and three sides of each pen were of enameled sheet metal. Only the front was open. In these box-like chambers Scotties, Airedales, Shepherd dogs, chows, Pekinese, collies, and mongrels sat or reclined in complete boredom.

For each dog there was a chart giving his temperature, the state of his appetite, and certain other facts about his condition. Some of these were convalescent surgical cases.

"Ever hear of a dog suicide?" asked Dr. Garbutt.

"We had a dog almost well from a severe operation not long ago. He had swallowed the stopper from a bath tub. An X-ray had shown us what was causing his stomach trouble. But the dog brooded for his mistress. A week passed. She failed to come to see him. One morning I came in here and found him dead. He had pulled out the stitches of his incision. Suicide? Who knows?

"I know of at least one dog that starved himself to death in spite of everything that could be done for him. A bull terrier, he was. His master, a professor of languages in an Eastern university, was killed in an automobile accident in New York. Sedan turned over in a collision. The dog, all white except the spectacle patches on his eyes, was only slightly hurt. His master was killed. That dog never could be induced to eat. We tried everything, tonics and stimulants. Explain it anyway you want to. I have my theory.

"Some dogs have uncanny mental powers. One day a shabby man came into the hospital. He seemed to be a bum. He was full of booze and had under his arm a little fox terrier with a broken leg. We set the leg, put it in splints, and sent them away happy and talking loudly to each other. Later I found out that the man was a shell shocked soldier with a silver plate in his head. At regular intervals he gets a check from the government. Each time he gets drunk, and sometimes I see him along the waterfront sleeping it off in a doorway, the little white dog beside him baring his fangs at any one who so much as looks at his master. No 'jack roller' makes a haul from those pockets. The little fellow knows they eat when they have money and go hungry when they have not."

The distemper ward is sheltered behind locked doors. Many precautions are taken to keep from infecting other dogs in the institution with this most contagious of dog diseases. Distemper is the dog plague. Every year it destroys uncounted thousands of valuable animals to say nothing of nameless pups that become its victims. As little is known about its cause as we know about the cause of influenza or cancer.

THERE are three forms of distemper, the pneumonic, the gastro-intestinal and the nervous type. Sometimes a dog is stricken with all three forms in combination. The mortality rate is high and many dogs that make a recovery are permanently weakened or crippled. Dogs seldom contract the disease twice. Dr. Garbutt, who naturally has made a careful study of it, says there is no remedy that he can recommend.

"The principal hope for a dog with distemper," he told me, "lies in careful nursing. If he can keep his strength, if he can be made to eat in spite of a failing appetite he may be brought through. The disease is from nine weeks to three months in running its course. Frequently it is followed by a paralysis so general as to make it necessary to destroy the animal. There is so much distemper that many dog trainers will not bother to train an animal that has not been made immune. This immunity is generally sought for by exposing puppies to a mild infection. Many die, of course. Those that survive are so much more valuable. Not much sentiment there.

"If your dog's limbs begin to twitch violently, look out. If there is a discharge from his nose and eyes, isolate him from other dogs and send for the veterinary."

There is one disease to which dogs are subject which is worse than distemper. It is worse because a dog shares his susceptibility with man and most other animals. It is not necessarily a dog's disease although it is so regarded. This is rabies. And because a rabid dog who bites a man transmits this horrible affliction to his victim there has been a growth of superstition akin to that which caused the witch burnings of the seventeenth century. Many a poor animal because of frantic behavior arising from indigestion or constipation has found himself transformed from a household pet into a pariah.

"Have you ever seen a case of rabies," I asked Dr. Garbutt.

"Three or four times a year," he replied, "we encounter a rabid dog among the thousands and thousands we handle. The last time—"

Then he told me about Rocco, an Italian boy, who came to the hospital one day with his brown, long-eared mongrel pet, a short-haired animal with a stumpy tail.

"I heard an eerie howl in the reception room," said the doctor, "a long drawn out cry that came from pain and delirium—a mad dog. Once heard it is not likely to be forgotten. A rabid dog is as much to be feared as a rattlesnake. I hurried out and found a small boy sitting on the benching holding on a short rope leash this brown mongrel. The animal's lower jaw sagged and just as I appeared he expressed that distinctive howl.

"What's the matter with your dog, son?" I asked.

" 'Oh, Mister Doctor, he acts crazy. He howl all a-time. He eat stones, sand, bolts, anyt'ing.'

" 'Has he bitten anybody?'

" 'No, but he acts like he would.'

"We took the dog and carefully isolated him. In two days he was dead. A microscopic examination of his head revealed the parasite which caused it. Dogs never develop rabies spontaneously. That causative organism is invariably present, introduced by the bite of an infected animal. This organism pursues its existence in the brain and nervous system of its host; which is why rabies is an acute disease of the entire nervous system. It is why rabid dogs are truly mad dogs.

"Rabies is rare and preventable. England was free from it until recent years, when a rabid dog was brought past the quarantine by an aviator flying from France.

"For its control stray dogs should be rounded up, and all dogs should be kept muzzled and leashed. Usually an outbreak is traceable to some small slum town where there are many mongrels running loose. They bite cattle and horses. Sometimes they bite wild animals and the contagion runs as a dreadful plague that transforms harmless, affectionate creatures into wild and venomous brutes.

"Many a dog, though, has been shot as rabid when all he had was the stomach ache or an ordinary fit caused by intestinal worms or prolonged exposure to the sun. The dog should not be shot until it can be determined whether he has rabies. If he has, extraordinary precautions should then be taken to check any spread of the infection. In the meantime he should be penned up."

"Do you ever get bitten?" I asked Dr. Garbutt as he examined the back teeth of an aged, watery-eyed, spotted coach dog.

"Sure," he said, "lots of times. And that reminds me, be sure your dog's teeth are clean. Have a veterinarian look them over about twice a year. Dogs get rheumatism and other diseases from bad teeth just as we do. I shouldn't say four out of five, but it's a big percentage. Too much soft food."

"But were you ever bitten badly?" I persisted.

"Well, I've never really been 'chawed' by a dog, but once a boxing kangaroo I was treating for athletic heart took a sock at me with his hind toes, and another time a performing brown bear, although strapped to a board so I could look into an infected throat, slashed me across the hands with claws like steel hooks. I've had dogs bite me lots of times. I treat such injuries with iodine usually.

"Cases of serious dog bites are exceedingly rare, but there is little excuse for any. The legal requirements of towns that inflict muzzles on dogs are just. An adult dog suddenly forced to wear a muzzle becomes very unhappy. The thing to do is to train your dog to wear a muzzle while he is a puppy. As he grows older he will accept it just as you accept clothing."

Fleas are one of the facts of a dog's existence with which Dr. Garbutt has little patience.

"That was a phony philosopher," he declared, "who contended that fleas were put on a dog to keep him from brooding over the fact that he is a dog. Fleas are enough to drive any animal frantic, and it is easy to free them from these biting parasites. Wash your dog thoroughly in warm water using a good dog soap. Rinse him just as thoroughly and then apply a solution of a milky fluid made by using one teaspoonful of creolin to a quart of water. A stronger solution would burn the dog's skin, so be careful. Maybe a few flea eggs will escape this fluid. Repeat the process in a few days. Thoroughness will do the job and your dog's improved disposition, his general health and content should be adequate payment for the trouble."

Dr. Garbutt has a way with animals. Most of them recognize in him a friend the minute he approaches them. Perhaps it is instinct or some subtle intelligence more effective than our own character reading ability.

ON ONE of my visits to the hospital I heard a series of screams coming from the examination room. I went out on the heels of the doctor to see what was causing it. A tiny rhesus monkey, sunk in a heap on a white enameled surgeon's table, was making the frightful uproar. He was terrified because of his helplessness and his surroundings—odors he could not interpret, strange faces, big dogs. Yell after yell left his tiny throat, but he could not run because of a bone disease that had crippled his legs. He could only swing himself on his hairy arms as a legless beggar might scuffle along a sidewalk.

Dr. Garbutt spoke a few words to him and then, reckless of teeth like white nails in a steel trap, he began to stroke the small monk's head. There began to come a space of silence between the yells. Then the yelling stopped and a hand, pathetically human and infantile clutched one of the doctor's hands. A friendship was born that quickly.

"Do you think I need any more than that to make me try to save this chap's life?" asked the doctor.

"What's he got?"

"We call it osteomalacia. The bones have become chalky. Probably because of defects in his diet. It carries off hundreds of them every year.

"There was a little monkey here a while ago who belonged to a vaudeville singing and dancing act. They used to take him to the theater with them each day. One night a performing ape, jealous of the little monk, grabbed him by the leg and tore his hip open. I sewed it up but in healing the leg stiffened. We used violet rays on him and he'd thrash about with his tail. This was full of juice and shocked whomever it touched."

As the doctor talked that other little monkey kept a clutch on his thumb and began to chatter softly. It required only a little fancy to think of him as asking.

"What about it, doc? Will I get well? Have I got a chance? Hey doc?" Really, of course, it was just a birdlike sound, an affectionate, wistful phrase trying to bridge ten hundred thousand years.

"I can tell a lot about the masters of animals as I deal with their pets," remarked the doctor. "A snappy little dog means a nervous, irritable owner, some one poorly adjusted to life. Show me a well-trained, self-respecting dog and I'll bet on his owner being a well-mannered lady or gentleman. There would be less work for this society if people would only remember it is the man who must be trained, not the dog. People expect more of a dog than they do of a child. Control yourself and you can make your pup understand what you want of him. He's glad to obey—unless you've spoiled him—if he only understands you. Don't strike him. It only injures his spirit and makes it harder for you to teach him anything."

When I left the little monk was still prattling away and the hands of the veterinarian were going over his poor deformed limbs.

The Man They Hanged

[*Continued from page 114*]

But this morbid and reverend gentleman would do nothing for me, saying that my captain was done with all mundane and temporal affairs, and should not be disturbed in his ghostly preparations to meet his Maker.

I could not prevail upon this gloomy hollow-cheeked clergyman to use his influence for an interview or even to carry to my captain any message. No, the stubborn Ordinary was too busy with his well-meant attempts to extort a confession from a poor gentleman who had nothing to confess. And let me say at once that never did my captain yield to the cruel pressure of this reverend zealot, or to any promised political protection from the opposition, or ever consented to perjure himself and name any of the noble lords as conspirators, or seek to buy his life with a lie.

My Lord Derringdale thrusting personal safety and interest aside, went to my Lord Halifax and admitted that it had been he who had been with Captain Kidd, and offered to appear before the lords of the admiralty if anything he had done had embarrassed Lord Halifax.

But that nobleman used my kinsman very courteously, and loyally, saying that he did not care a tinker's dam what Government might say or think concerning him, and that Lord Derringdale had best remain very silent in case his Dutch Majesty at the last moment, might be pleased to pardon my captain at the Tree itself.

So my kinsman came to me, where I was huddled all distraught and shivering with the horror of it, in his house near Green Park, called Dale House, awaiting word of his démarche.

"Dirck," said he, "there is talk in Parliament that the king means to reprieve and pardon Captain Kidd at the foot of the Tree. I know not if it be true. But Lord Halifax is very kind, and he hath warned us to make no move to alarm or further irritate this damned king, but let him quiet and soften if he will, and presently discover a disposition to pardon this poor sea captain whom the real and noble culprits would send to his death.

"My God, sir," said I, "how can I help my captain then, who am like to destroy even this feeble hope if I discover myself or even seek a last word and handclasp?"

My lord shook his head, and we sat, heavy with foreboding, in that darkened house, and heard the loud alarming voices of ragged rascals on the street a-calling broadside and ballads, and all about the Bloody Pirate, Captain Kidd, who lay in Newgate awaiting the terrible justice of God and man upon him for his wickedness.

To wait, helpless, while a beloved friend remains in mortal peril, is the cruelest of all martyrdoms. To realize that any attempt to aid, or even to communicate, must only make certain and hasten the fatal moment, is the most dreadful of ordeals.

I scarce slept at all, and if I ate I do not now recollect.

But one rainy and gloomy afternoon, when my lord had gone again to my Lord Halifax for any news, I, wandering through the house, came into the quarters occupied by the private chaplain when my lord is in residence. Here I noticed the chaplain's band and cassock, and other emblems of his holy office.

And that afternoon I fell asleep from very misery in a chair, and there did dream how I dressed me in this band and cassock and went to Newgate Prison, and there had access to my captain.

WAKING, all chilled and sweating cold, and scarce knowing what I was about, I crept again into the chaplain's chamber and put on his dress over my own, and keeping my sword, not even yet knowing what I meant to do.

The rain fell very heavily as I left the house, not answering the footman who let me out, or noticing any servant. And afterward they said I was deathly white and seemed like some sick man who walked in his sleep.

I know not how I came to Newgate, but as soon as I was arrived, there I was instantly aware of what I meant to do. And if my captain refused to disguise himself in my chaplain's garb and so escape, then I meant to decoy the Reverend Paul Lorrain into that dim cell, and fell him, and truss him up, and so, in cleric's garb, also, escape together with my captain.

Now, when a turnkey came to the iron grille, he would not unlock it or admit me, saying that the Reverend Ordinary was now a-praying with my captain, and that I must go into a corridor which he showed me, and which was outside the inner prison gates, and there await the pleasure of the Reverend Paul Lorrain.

So, as he, in a very surly manner, refused to let me in or even disturb the Ordinary with any message from me, I went across the stony court and into a wet and dirty corridor where, on the right, was an iron door.

Here, the sullen turnkey had bidden me enter and wait. There was nobody in the corridor. I opened the rusty door and went in, and closed the door behind me.

By a barred window I saw a man sitting upon the only bench there. He wore a hat with a wet feather in it, a leather shoulder belt, and a sword, and his spurred jack-boots were all filthy with mud.

He turned to look at me, stood staring intently as I approached the bench.

Suddenly I knew him.

As he sprang to his feet I leaped back and bolted the door, then walked toward him freeing my body of the flapping cassock so I could come at my sword.

"Murderer," said I, striving to control my choking voice, "so you have come back in this hour to make more certain of your victim."

Villain that he was, this fellow had never been a coward, and now he turned very red, and gave me a tiger's glance, and, swift as thought, his long straight blade was out, and I had scarce time to catch and engage it with my own.

Holding him, I said very calmly, "Mr. Bradenham, you shall never live to add another falsehood to those thousand lies which send my captain to his death. Now God punishes you. Now. And thus—"

As a viper strikes too swift to follow with the human eye, so my point flickered and stabbed and glittered and stabbed twice, where the jaw-bone joins the ear. And out of his gasping mouth boiled a great volume of blood to suffocate and drench him where he swayed toward me. Then I passed my point into the false and perjured heart of him, and, whipping it clear, looked upon him as he fell.

His coming here had meant my captain's ruin, his end could not avert it.

I took up his soiled and muddy sleeve and wiped my sword on it, then let the dead arm fall, and went and unbarred the door, once more passed out, turned the great key and took it with me across the court to the inner grille, hiding it under my cassock.

"Turnkey," said I, "I must have instant access to the Ordinary upon a matter of life and death. And here's for you—"

I thrust a bag of English gold through the bars, but he stood away from me and would not touch it.

At the same instant I heard a great trample and clatter of horsemen behind me, and turning, around, saw a company of horse riding into the courtyard, and knew that my only chance was gone.

As they came crowding in, their wet horses slipping and stamping and striking fire from the pavement, I went out of that accursed place and presently gained the street. And so to my lord's house and there went to my closet and upon my knees and prayed God's mercy on my captain's guiltless soul which I knew, already, was near its passing, unless the king took pity on him at the Tree.

On the morrow I was still sleeping the deathly sleep of exhaustion when I came to dream of rain falling, and of a gallows, and I seemed again to hear the wet drums a-beating and once more looked upon poor Leisler where he prayed upon the scaffold. And heard Milbourne's bitter death-cry—

I awoke shaking in limb and body, and saw the sun shining on the leaded panes where the Derringdale arms were set in stained glass.

Then, by my bedside I saw Lord Derringdale seated, who, as I awoke with a cry of fright, took me by the hand, holding mine in a firm, kind clasp, and gazed upon me out of sad and tender eyes.

I seemed to understand, and presently bowed my head and fell a-weeping.

When at length, I made out to control and compose myself, and began to understand that it was now too late, and late afternoon, and that I had slept all day since a little before dawn. I asked my lord in a trembling voice if all was over. And knew already that it was ended; and that no mercy of the King had saved my captain at the Tree.

My Lord said in a still, serene voice, "He met his end like a very gallant gentleman. He had nothing to confess, and confessed nothing, only those simple, worldly sins to which all mankind is born. I would not have you witness the sorrowful spectacle, so left you sleeping like the dead on your bed and went alone to the river. And saw the Silver Oar borne past, and the clergy with the condemned a-walking very slow, and heard the low drone of prayer. And so—and as is usual. . . . And what this poor man's slayers shall do with his dead body at Tilbury Fort upon the shore, betwixt high water mark and low—well, what matters the martyr's body? . . . For your captain's soul is with God, I think."

I nodded.

Then I got out o' bed and kneeled down, and my lord kneeled beside me, and there we prayed.

And, while praying, I heard the harsh cries of the vendors of broadsides and ballads in the street a-crying at tuppence, "The Last Dying Words of the Pirate, Captain Kidd."

WELL, my story is told, and as truthfully as I know how, the story of the man they hanged.

Yet, if you would hear what little remains to be known, I shall endeavor to tell you as briefly as I may.

My own fortune was all gone. And the crown confiscated the estate of my captain leaving the unhappy widow and little Betty penniless save only for the estate which Sarah Kidd had brought my captain when he married her.

Yet, to her, and to Sancia, I must go as soon as ever I could devise a way and still keep clear of prison.

So first I went into France, and there lay awaiting word from my Lord Derringdale who was moving heaven and earth with the King to grant me a pardon. A *pardon*—for crimes I never had committed. Yet that was the only way, or I could not go into America at all where I should be instantly arrested by order of John Nanfan.

So I wrote to my dear captain's lady, telling her all I knew, and to Sancia, by every ship and waited in a little hamlet near Calais for some word from my Lord Derringdale.

In September came his letter, at last, and he had for me papers granting me a full pardon from his King; so that now I was free to sail to New York and find my wife and my captain's widow, and endeavor to earn a living and care for them as long as ever I lived on earth.

My lord's letter was very kind. He sent to me a noble sum of money, saying that as but one life lay between me and the Derringdale title, and that I might yet live to wear it, what money he sent me might even be called my own, though prematurely inherited.

"Dirck," he wrote, "I am at ease to know you to be a Hazlett every inch, in soul and mind and heart and body. And am persuaded that your lady is all that any Derringdale countess ought to be.

"Derring Court is your home whenever you choose to make it so while I am alive. And you may bring your captain's widow, too, and her little daughter. For if you never become the Earl, and your wife never becomes a Countess of Derringdale, nevertheless, latent within you both abide these qualities. And the event is with God."

So I took a sloop to Berwick, and thence shipped to New York, and came in seven weeks, within Sandy Hook, and so to an anchor off the ship-yard below Maiden Lane.

Much had the city changed, and, through tears I looked upon it and could scarcely endure to see it where once I had known such happiness.

But I lost no time, and although my little house had been restored to me under the Royal pardon, I went not thither but to the King's Arms on Broadway where I hired a horse. Thence—with my horse and saddle-bags, and two great sacks full of my effects—to the waterside, and by a ketch, to Jersey.

There I loaded my horse and also mounted and set off for the lonely little farm, where were gathered under a lowly roof all that I most loved on earth.

IT WAS Indian summer, and a tender sunset of rose and gold when I rode to a picket-fence gate, and got off my horse, and led him into a yard where the grass was still very green, and a few brown leaves lingered on the shrubbery and trees.

I saw also a slim girl at the well who had a pitcher in her hand, and who now turned to look at me.

Then Sancia let the pitcher fall upon the grass, and ran to me with a strange cry and took me around the body and held me with a grip like one a-dying.

That was our meeting. And that was many years ago. Yet, in this year that I am writing, often she takes me thus, even if I be absent from her but an hour, and so we hold to each other as though some sly and evil fate might lurk near to rob the one of the other. For what we have passed through and endured in this world has taught us how hazardous and brief is life, and how strange, sometimes, is God's purpose.

We do not dispute Almighty God. Only we do not undertsnnd His designs. And so, cling very closely to each other and to Sarah and Betty.

We are quiet folk and live in retirement, submissive to God's will and purpose, loving one another, not sad and despairing but with tenderness and courage, living each day through that dawns, and remembering, at bed-time, to kneel together and return becoming thanks, and to pray for the soul's repose of the most honest, kind, and gallant gentleman I ever knew—the man they hanged.

THE END.

Half-a-Leg Onward

[*Continued from page 33*]

"It's not," says Sammy, "and you *are* interested. At least, you're interested in good horseflesh that will win races. We've got a colt that will beat your imported colts, and your eastern purchases, every time they meet. Well bred, as Mr. Johnson says," and he waves a hand at me. "Sound, and ready to run all day."

"One bad leg?" queries Mr. Moore, sarcastically.

"Nothing of the kind," says Sam. "Sound as a dollar used to be before you bankers began deflating so fast. Two women who own interests in the colt undertook to cure that soreness, and between them it seems they've done it. One put a lard, salt, and vinegar poultice on that leg, and the other one followed it with a bread and milk. Strange as it may seem, the leg is all right today, though no horseman in the world would have applied those treatments."

"Nor would any spirited horse have stood for them," laughed Moore, though he didn't want to be good natured.

"This one didn't, said Sam. "He kicked one off, and ate the other."

"We offer you a bargain, and we need the money we obtain, to promote this partnership," I said. "We propose to put the money to work, instead of splitting it among ourselves."

"What sort of offer do you make?"

"We'll sell an eighth interest—"

"Half a leg," says Sammy.

"For three hundred seventy-five dollars," I said.

"Not interested," snaps old man Moore.

"Wait a minute," says Sam. "You've been paying many times that amount for whole horses, and pedigrees, and you haven't had a real winner yet. Here's a chance, for a small sum, to buy a share of a winner. We guarantee a winner. Del's owned him and developed him, and trained him. I will ride him—"

"In the races?" demands old man Moore. "You'll do nothing of the kind. First you get a job driving a taxi, which is bad enough," he said. "Then you spend your last cent on a horse. Ride it every morning when you ought to be in bed asleep. What in the name of time are you trying to do, anyhow?"

"Raise money to finance me through medical school," replied Sam, simply.

"What for?"

"So that I can be a surgeon," laughs Sam. "Ask me something hard."

Well, sir, old man Moore just sits there and stares at him, as if he didn't believe a word he had said. It was news to me, too.

"Why in the name of all that's holy didn't you come and tell somebody what you wanted to do?" asked old man Moore, finally.

"If I understand who you mean by 'somebody,'" said Sam, slowly. "I would say that the last time he invited me anywhere, it was out, not to come back."

OLD man Moore shook his head. He didn't want to cave in, but it begun to look like he'd have to, as things stood. Here's a different kid from the one he'd chased outa his house and told not to come back.

While he was sitting there thinking this thing over, Mrs. Sullivan spoke up. I remember wishing she'd gone on keeping still, but she'd been boiling over, I guess, and couldn't help taking a nasty crack at the old man.

"Perhaps," she says, very sarcastic, "Mr. Moore would prefer to make a loan with the colt as security, in the same way his bank has lent money to others in the past. The older Mr. Edgerton, for instance. Then he could take the colt—"

It *was* a dirty dig. I tried to signal her to keep still, but she didn't pay any attention. Just why she didn't queer the whole deal is more than I can say. All I know is that old man Moore completely ignored her, like she hadn't said a word. You couldn't have heard a rolling-pin drop, for the noise my heart was making. But pretty soon the old man shook himself together, took a long breath, and surprised the whole bunch of us. As well as himself, I guess.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I accept your original offer. I'll give you three seventy-five for an eighth interest—half a leg, on one condition," and he tries to smile, sort of friendly. "That is, that you sell me half of that white-stockinged leg I laughed at when it was hurt. Least I could do, and I'd send a veterinary to make sure the leg is all right."

"Nothing doing on that offer, Daddy," I heard a girl's voice saying. And we all looked around to see Bethel Moore standing in the door. "That white limb is mine, and you can't have it."

"Sentiment, with me," explains the old man. We all stand up, and Bethel comes in the office. "And a matter of necessity with your partners," he adds.

"Nothing doing," insists Bethel

"Tell you what we will do," suggests Sam, yawning again. "Subject to the approval of our partners, we'll sell you an option to buy the colt, price to be agreed on later, for the same figure. Option to run until our colt has run against one of yours."

That was an insult to the old man's judgment, because it implied we'd lick one of his high priced youngsters.

"Why, you young whipper snapper," exclaimed the old man, shaking a skinny forefinger at the boy as if he wanted to reach out and grab the kid. "I'll take that offer. And as soon as your colt *does* meet one of mine, I'll buy yours for eight dollars and forty cents. That's what I think of your horse!"

"Your judgment," mutters Sammy, "has cost a lot more than ours, and it ought to be better. But we'll risk it!"

That made the old man so mad he could hardly sputter. Bethel started to say something, and then, noticing that Sammy sorta wobbled on his feet, she jumped to his side and took his arm.

"What's the matter Sam?" she asked, anxiously.

Well, sir, it would have been funny if it hadn't been so tragic. This poor kid had been working nights so long, and losing sleep mornings to ride the colt, and getting up afternoons to see the girl, that he was just naturally out on his feet.

"Oh, nothing," he says, taking a brace. "Just all in, I guess."

"Then you come out of this," says Bethel, right brisk. "It's ten o'clock and you need your day's sleep. I'll run you home in my car, and if I hear any more of your overdoing things, I'll—I'll—"

"Just what will you do, young lady?" demanded her father.

"Well, the worst thing that could happen to him would be for me to sell you my leg of Freelover," she smiled, mischievously. "Come on, Sam. Are you going, too, Mrs. Sullivan?"

I waited till they had gone, and the door was shut behind them. Then old man Moore sat down and wrote out a check, and asked me to write him a receipt showing what it was for. And he also said I'd better have a veterinary for the colt, and get him in shape for a good licking so we'd have no excuses.

"Although I understand he is a fair colt, at that," says the old man.

I TOOK the check and got on out of there. I was busy. Snooped around and found out something about the racing cards, the day of the Derby being pretty close now. Learned that War Baby, a high priced English bred colt, the pride of Moore's stable, was entered in a race at a mile and seventy yards on Derby Day. Made up my mind right then and there to ready Freelover for that race, and start him, and back him if I could get the jack, and hired the best jockey that was foot loose at the minute.

"But Del," says Sammy, three days later, when we were schooling Freelover at the barrier. "You've got to let me ride Freelover in this race!"

"Oh, no, kid," I said.

"You've got to," insists Sam. "I've ridden him in all his work. I've schooled him on the break, he knows me, I know him, Del, and we'll make a team. Save money. Besides, I may never have another chance to ride in a race—"

"How's that, Sam? You're not going to get hurt, or anything," I said.

"No, but I'm going to study surgery," he says. "And besides, when I get some sleep, I'll be too heavy to ride. And too old."

"Why, how much do you weigh, kid?" I asked him.

"A hundred and twelve pounds," and he grinned. I blame near fainted. Ofcourse I'd noticed he was white, and thin, and worn looking, but I didn't suppose he'd got down as much as twenty-five pounds. Skin and bone, he was, and awful tired looking. So I said I'd think about it, but he'd better get some sleep, or he wouldn't be strong enough to sit on a horse, let alone handle him in a race.

And we had a lot of other problems. Mrs. Moore and Bethel split on the question of Sam's riding, at our next stockholders, or legowners meeting. Bethel was for it, sort of scared. Mrs. Moore absolutely opposed. Mrs. Sullivan stepped in.

"Anybody that can handle one of my taxis in crowded traffic," she says, "can certainly handle a baby horse among ten or twelve others. They don't run as fast as taxis, and they all go the same way!"

So the day of the Derby and a hundred thousand race fans arrived at last. Our big test was on hand, before the whole world, and all that. Sam was determined to ride, so I let him. He was six pounds over the weight assigned to Freelover, but I figured his knowing the colt would more than offset those six pounds. Besides, I figured Freelover could give these other horses weight and lick 'em, even War Baby.

Mrs. Sullivan skirmished around and bought seats in the clubhouse, though how she got 'em at the last minute is more than I could tell. That woman's efficient. She invited Mrs. Moore and Bethel to sit with her, and blamed if they didn't accept the invitation because they'd had a row with old man Moore, who wanted 'em to sit with him in his box. He tried to read 'em the riot act about the whole business again, and they walked out on him. Mrs. Sullivan had a seat for me, too, but I had to tell her I couldn't get near the clubhouse, what with my work of saddling the colt, and talking to Sam, and everything.

Last time I saw the party, they had old man Moore with 'em, he saying that if they wouldn't sit with him, by George he'd sit with them, accepting Mrs. Sullivan's kind invitation. Sam and I were standing near the jockey quarters, waiting for time for Sammy to go in and be locked up till race time in the jockey-room. They all came along, on the way to the clubhouse.

"So you're going to lose your mind completely and ride in this race, are you?" demanded Moore, when he could make himself heard over the women's talk with Sam.

"Yes, sir," says Sam. He's laid off work the night before and slept.

"All I've got to say is, that just about finishes you in my estimation," growls old man Moore. "After that, you're through, understand?"

"Unless I should happen to win?" asks Sammy.

"Regardless, but you won't," snaps Mr. Moore. "Not with War Baby in that race. War Baby, the best bred English colt on the American turf, and O'Toole, my crack jockey, riding. You've no chance."

"I'd like to bet on that," smiled Sam. "But I'm broke."

"Lay you your college education against your interest in Freelover," says Mr. Moore. "Take it or leave it."

"You're on," and Sam smiles at Bethel, who's put her hand on his arm.

"Good luck," she whispers. "We'll win."

They must have had a pleasant party in those seats of Mrs. Sullivan's, with old man Moore and his family mad at each other, and Mrs. Sullivan hating his shadow, and all, with the rivalry of the race to boot. But I didn't have any time to think about them. I'd saved out about two hundred dollars of the money paid me by Moore for the option of Freelover, and I disregarded all company rights in it, by going and putting it down on Freelover to win. And I don't think anybody else in all that big crowd made a bet on him, because—but that's getting the cart before the horse race.

TWELVE horses line up at the barrier, right in front of the big crowd. Sam's on Freelover, pretty as a gold watch, on the extreme outside, next the stands. War Baby's on the inner rail, a big, handsome, black colt, mean as the dickens, but looking to be full of run. I only told Sam one thing:

"Get in front when it looks like you can," I said, "and stay there as long as you can. You don't need any instructions."

Well, I stood on some steps near the judges stand, so's to see the whole race. Freelover's nervous and restless before such a big crowd, with all the noise going on, but he don't act bad. Sam sits him quiet, talking to him all the time, and keeping his eye on the barrier. The crowd's on edge, because it's a good sized field, and lined up right square in front of them. The starter fusses and frets, and his helpers rush here and there on the track with their whips, and after about a week of delay, it seems to me, they get away.

"Whang!" and up goes the leather. "Hoomm," a thud, a muffled roar, and they are off, the crowd yelling as usual. It's a good getaway.

"Look, look!" people begin to scream at each other, everybody telling each other what they all see. They saw a solid column of horseflesh rise, thrust forward, kick and spring into full run, all just like the front column of a platoon of cavalry. And for half a dozen jumps they raced in a perfect line. Then the quick beginners began to pull out—but I wasn't watching this picture. I kept my eyes on Sam's shoulders and Freelover's head, over here on the outside.

Now, two things in a horse race take extreme nerve. One is to ride your horse into a tight place on the chance you'll get through. The other, is to try to outrun your field and cut across from the break to the first turn and grab the inner rail. This race, for instance, eleven other horses and jocks driving right at you. Crash you, for a cent.

But does little Sam Edgerton hesitate over his chance to break his neck. Not Sam. He's riding for two big stakes. So in a minute, my heart in my throat I tell you, though I've seen a thousand races, I see Freelover, swinging in a little, just as Sam gets his head in front of the next horse on his left. Two jumps, and he swings in some more, running like the Twentieth Century, and heading on a bee line for the rail at the turn.

"Thatta boy, Sam, game guy," I yelled, like he could hear me. And I remember thinking Bethel and Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Sullivan must have got a thrill out of it, although they didn't know what a chance the boy was taking.

Then they string out for the turn, and the fight is on in earnest. Sam and Freelover have scored, because they've landed in the front tier of the long swing, with only two between them and the rail, and nine other horses taking their dust.

"Now, we'll see if Sam's smart enough to know his next move," I said to myself.

He is. He settles Freelover in his stride, lets the middle horse of the three, a bay named Trombone, get out front a little, and takes back to let Freelover's head and neck lap along this Trombone's hips. Beautiful position. What? Oh, yes, that's War Baby on the rail, holding his position and running free, if somewhat crowded between Trombone and the fence. So they go!

All I can see is Sammy's cap, bobbing along on the other side of the mass of horseflesh, all around the turn, and far down the backstretch. Trombone holds on top, but when he moves to shoot ahead and grab the rail from War Baby, O'Toole takes War Baby along with him. And my smart little Sam goes right with 'em, on the outside. Trombone eases up for the far turn. Somebody goes rushing up from the bunch, on the outside of the turn, trying to head around Freelover, but Sam lets out a wrap and holds him off. This guy drops back, and so does Sam, to save ground around the long turn. And then they all hang in a bunch, getting their breath, looking like they're standing still.

"If the kid's got it in his arms to help the colt, we win down the stretch," I said to myself. I'm sweating like a Turkish bath. Look up at the crowd, wondering how that queer foursome is getting along in Mrs. Sullivan's seats.

The crowd's climbing to its feet, for it senses a beautiful, battling, horse race to the finish. I can see Trombone's head come swinging around the last turn. Looks like he's leaving the others, but that's the illusion of the curve.

"If Sam can wait a minute," I whispered to myself. "Mustn't make his run too soon. Long way to the wire, long way—" I must have been wild.

In a jiffy they're straightened out for home, and then I see Trombone's jockey watching over his left shoulder, an eye on War Baby. O'Toole's bringing up the big black colt. On comes War Baby's black head, inch by inch. For a sixteenth, they fight it out.

"Thatta boy, Sam," I say. "Let 'em fight it out, then *you* come on."

So I turn from Trombone and War Baby to see my Sweet Lover's baby, and my boy Sam. The kid's crouched low, out along the chestnut mane, handriding and holding, lifting and rolling with the long, free swing of my brave Freelover's stride. Of a sudden I see Sam sorta turn his head a second, catch a glimpse of Trombone and War Baby, and he's taking up Freelover's head and setting him down to sprint.

I follow his look at Trombone and War Baby. Man, the kid's picked the split second. Timed his run to perfection, for War Baby's head is out in front of Trombone's, and O'Toole's counting his race won. O'Toole takes hold of War Baby to save him for a breather, and right there he makes his mistake, for Trombone's not the colt he has to beat.

Out flings Freelover, his head fighting to be clear of Sam's hold, his long trim hind legs driving like a powerful tractor's drive, his fine forelegs reaching and pulling. White stocking flashing in the sun. Halfway to the wire, he's passed Trombone, and has his head at O'Toole's leg before O'Toole knows he has another horse race on his hands. O'Toole shakes up War Baby, Sammy's sitting down to ride, and Freelover is head and head with the great English colt.

On they come, stride for stride, jump for jump, and O'Toole's gone to the whip. He's fighting mad, for Sam's outsmarted him, caught him when he's eased up a little thinking his race won! In a jiffy he has War Baby fairly running away, but in that jiffy, too, Freelover's head is winging in front. Yards to the wire, a scant few feet, Freelover running free and clear, War Baby blowing up like a storm cloud.

All the time, Freelover's white stockinged right foreleg flinging and reaching, pulling and lifting, flinging to the fore again, and again. Like a white winged bird taunting and motioning War Baby and the rest of the field, as if they were a battle fleet chasing a will of the wisp. Maybe I've got my ideas mixed, but—

At the finish, War Baby's up again, head and head with my beautiful chestnut, War Baby under a furious lashing. Freelover winging under my Sammy's handriding. A dead heat, a dog-fall, no decision—but no, the crowd's gone crazy. My Freelover's coat flashing in the sun like a burnished shield, and that white stocking reaching and flinging, have hypnotized the thousands. What do they care if it is an upset?

"Freelover, Freelover, Freelover!"

The din is terrible, deafening, and I go crazy. Too much for me! And they're past the white line, Freelover's white stocking, Bethel's leg, the half leg that old Hankins Moore wanted to buy, does the trick. I can see it, plain as day. That white forefoot flashing across the finish catches the judges' eyes, and even if War Baby and Freelover are head and head, nose and nose, my Sweet Lover's colt wins.

Up flashes the number on the board—a great big 12! And for second place, number 1. The crowd lets out an approving roar, and then wilts under the excitement. Just like me, although I'm wondering, sort of semi-conscious, how the Moores and Mrs. Sullivan are standing up under the strain.

Sammy is a long time getting around to the barn, what with weighing out, changing clothes and so on. I'm busy with the colt, who I can't do enough for, when he comes up, but I notice he's with some horseman, who's handing him a piece of paper. But this fellow goes away, and I stop working on Freelover to fall on the kid's neck.

"Perfect ride, kid," I said. "Thatta old boy!"

"Hear the odds?" he said, sort of cold and disappointed. "Seventy-four dollars for a two-dollar mutuel, and we didn't have a nickel."

"*Didn't* we?" I yelled. "Only two hundred, at thirty-six to one!"

"Seventy-two hundred dollars?" he asked, hardly able to believe me.

"To split among us partners," I said.

When we quit celebrating, Sam asked me to let him handle old man Moore. So after while we go over in the grandstand and hunt up our folks. I'm not going to try to describe what happened, except to say that old man Moore is a dead game sport, though sore, and Mrs. Moore is all smiles, and Mrs. Sullivan tickled to death. Bethel? After she kisses Sammy with a great big hug while old Hankins scowls, she, yeah, she turns around and does the same thing to me.

"I'll exercise that option, if you don't mind," says Moore, trying to be cool. "If you partners can agree on a price."

"We won't have any trouble agreeing on a price," said Sammy, deliberately. "And you needn't exercise your option if you don't care to. We have a very fair offer, elsewhere," and he flashes the piece of paper I saw the other horseman handing him. "We have an offer of twelve thousand dollars, now."

"But we do not want to sell," protests Bethel, pouting. "I want to keep my white stocking!"

"You may," says Mr. Moore. "I'll give fifteen thousand for Freelover."

"That's fair enough," says Sam, grinning, as he looks at me, Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Sullivan to see if we're agreed.

We split a total of twenty-four thousand dollars four ways. Sam's just finished a seven-year course in medicine and surgery. Married last week, and old man Moore's the best friend he's got. Father-in-law, too. He's going to specialize in surgery, but he is taking care of our little girl, Peggy. Yeah, whooping cough.

What? Oh, yes. I'm in the taxi business, now, Peg figuring a man can be some help in business. We haven't divided up the tires or wheels among us, like that other partnership. And I haven't put any lard, salt, and vinegar poultice on the tires yet, either.

He Would Be a Hatter

[*Continued from page 16*]

Later I saw what he meant. As Mr. Cavanagh talked to me he would take a hat from this or that lot, poise it on the end of his finger, look at it as an artist does his canvas, put it on, turn the brim down slightly, or roll it up as he might fancy. Then some one would stick a head in the door, and he would say. "This brim has no style. Make it an eighth of an inch narrower,"—and—"Put a pearl band on this hat," and so on. Each lot of hats goes to him for the stamp of his (artistic) approval.

Right here seems the place to give John Cavanagh's philosophy of life. It seems the place because, coupled with his gift for artistic expression, it has formed the keystone of his success. He told it to me in one word that came out with a vigor that was almost a shout. "WORK."

Then he showed me a quotation.

"I came across this a few years ago," he said. "It expresses exactly what I mean. I always have it where I can see it."

The quotation was from something by Henry Van Dyke.

> This is my work, not my doom.
> Of all who live, I am the one by whom
> This work can best be done in my own way.

It is this spirit of regarding work as a privilege to be accomplished in an individual way that has made John Cavanagh one of the most forceful and inspirational figures in the industrial world today.

MR. CAVANAGH is one of six children. He had a happy, jolly childhood, marred by only one thing, the fear that something might happen to his mother. "I'd run home from my games to see if she was all right," he told me.

"It never occurred to me to become anything but a hatter," he continued. "Hatting was the only industry in our town. Every boy who did not go to college went into a factory.

"I had intended to finish high school, but during the summer vacation of my third year, like all the boys in my class, I wanted to make money. I set out selling a glass measuring cup to the housewives of the community. I made a lot of sales and felt quite proud of myself until the time came for delivery. Ninety per cent. of the cups were accidentally smashed in freight transit! I was heart-broken. I took the whole ones to customers from whom I knew I would receive cash. The first home I visited was that of William A. Brown of the William A. Brown hat factory. I delivered the cup to Mrs. Brown and told her my story. She was very sympathetic and suggested that I should go to work for Mr. Brown.

"Crofut & Knapp was the leading factory in the town and the goal of ambitious boys. I had always hoped to learn the trade there. However, I realized that I had a slim chance of getting in. They were a union shop and took on only four apprentices a year. The Brown factory was independent. I talked it over with mother, and the next day I accepted Mrs. Brown's offer.

"My first job was stoking the fires which heated the slugs for the finishers' irons. Now these slugs are electrically heated. But in those days iron blocks were heated in furnaces, and then fitted into the hollow irons. Many a time I stayed out all night at a dance and went to the factory in my evening clothes to build the fires. I had to start them at six in the morning so that the slugs would be hot by the time the men came to work at seven.

"When I wasn't stoking fires I ran errands. By the time the summer was over I had a pretty fair idea of how hats were made. And I decided I might as well stay on and learn the trade instead of going back to school."

That fall John Cavanagh went to work at the bench.

"I not only learned how to make hats in William A. Brown's factory," said Mr. Cavanagh. "I also learned a lot about human nature. Due to the fact that this factory operated independently, the men were odds and ends, all kinds and all nationalities, some geniuses, some not altogether savory. Working next to me was a big, good-natured Irishman whose simplicity and kindness were beautiful. I remember how surprised I was one night when I found a policeman about to arrest him as the ring leader in a drunken brawl. I hired a hack and took him home. The next day two detectives from Jersey came to the factory and took him away as a murder suspect. He wasn't the man they were looking for, but he was an example of the type of men I came in contact with."

I asked Mr. Cavanagh how he accounted for the fact that he had made steady progress instead of acquiring the vagabond qualities of his fellow workmen.

HIS face broke into its quick, genial smile. "Well, for one thing, I 'stayed outside the tent.' In those days most hatters drank. Even though I was just a kid, it didn't take me long to see that if you drank you didn't get ahead. We used to go off to county fairs together. Most of the men would immediately make for the beer and stronger drinks. But a few of us would form a coterie of our own and wait for the others outside the tent.

"My mother's influence was largely responsible for this. She and I were great pals. Thanks to her, by the time I was twenty-one years old I had saved five thousand dollars, and I had become an expert in the job requiring the greatest skill in hat making. I had become a curler.

"In those days stiff hats were universally worn. The highest art was that of curling the brims of derbies. Today when not many derbies and relatively few high hats are worn the curler is much less important than when I finished my apprenticeship. Then the curler styled the hat. Stiff hat brims are accurately trimmed. Then they are curled by hand with the aid of tools called shackles to turn the brim. It is this hand curling that gives distinction. Just as the characteristics of a person are revealed by his deeds, so the characteristics of a curler come out in the brims of his hats. If he is accurate, so are his brims, if artistic, the hat becomes a creation."

FEW of us have any idea of the processes necessary before the fur of small animals becomes the hat on our heads. Most of us think, if we think at all, that a hat is cut out of a straight piece of felt. It does not occur to us that felt has to be *made*. In fact many people probably do not realize that felt, or at least hatter's felt, actually is a thick mat of light animal hair not woven but pressed together and held closely interlocked by the minute barbs or scales with which all hair is provided. At least it did not occur to me until Mr. Cavanagh showed me the hundreds of five-pound bags of fluffy fur stored in one room of the factory.

"You see we first catch the rabbit," he said jocosely. This is literally true, for in that room was rabbit fur from Australia and Tasmania, hare fur from Saxony and Russia, northern England and Scotland, American beaver and muskrat. Rabbit fur, by the way, is often technically known as "coney." I was surprised to learn that no American rabbit fur is used. The furs of our native rabbits are of an inferior quality to the imported ones.

Mr. Cavanagh told me the story of the discovery which has resulted in the industry of hatting. Centuries back, as the story goes, St. Clement had to make a long journey on foot. His feet became very sore. Fortunately he was lucky enough to kill a rabbit. He made pads of its fur and placed them as cushions under his toes. When he reached the end of his journey he found that the acids of the body had acted on the fur blending it into a tight fabric which could not be pulled apart. Thus felting was discovered.

Fur of itself will not felt. Early hatters, mindful of St. Clement's discovery of the action of body acids on fur, perfected what is known in the trade as a "carrot," a solution of mercury dissolved in nitric acid. All the fur used in hat making is given a bath in this solution in order to open the scales or barbs of the fur fibers and cause them to adhere to each other.

The best hats are made from Saxony hare. No hat, however, is made entirely from one fur. Because of the different working properties of the various grades of fur, hats are made up of mixtures, according to the kind and quality desired.

"Now let me show you a pretty sight," said Mr. Cavanagh.

He took me into a long room and showed me the mixed fur fed into a blowing machine for a final thorough cleaning from hair. The machine consists of several sections with an arched roof of a fine, wire mesh. As the fur is fed into one end a current of air catches it and tosses it from section to section like a cloud of whirling feathers. The hair which is heavier than the fur drops to the bottom of the sections, and the clean fur comes out between a pair of rollers in a loose bat.

"Come on, I'll show you a transformation," he said.

Again I followed, this time somewhat gingerly, for he led me up a flight of narrow steps and along a single narrow board platform where I could look down into the forming machine. I saw enough fur for one hat fed into the machine where controlled air currents collected it on a perforated copper cone in a thin film. *This* was the transformation. For when the film was removed, the fur became a cone-shaped hat-body about two and a half times larger than the finished hat.

After a hat body is formed it is ready for the successive steps of sizing, dyeing, blocking, finishing, shaping, and trimming, each a specialty requiring skilled workmen. Each of these processes John Cavanagh learned thoroughly. When he reached the choice position of a curler, during his fourth year with William A. Brown, he had left no gaps in his equipment.

His first ambition to rise higher than a curler was kindled when Mr. Brown told him that his work excelled that of any journeyman's at Crofut & Knapp's. Crofut & Knapp was known to have the best skilled workmen in town.

It wasn't long before he got the chance to advance himself. The William A. Brown factory became a union shop, and John Cavanagh went to work as a curler in the factory of Crofut & Knapp.

He had been there but a short time when a strike was declared and the plant closed for a year. After a few months, he got a job in a factory in Brooklyn, but he was not happy. It was too far from home. He had been away less than a year when he heard there was an opening in one of the smaller factories in South Norwalk. When he got back he found that the Crofut & Knapp factory had opened.

For the second time he went to work as a curler for Crofut & Knapp. He didn't want advancement. He wanted more than that. With the confidence and arrogance of youth he had decided that he wanted to go in business for himself. If he made only one hat a day and had to sell it on the street corner he *would* go in business for himself. The good wages he received, however, kept him from embarking on this venture for the time being. He was a quick worker and, being paid by the piece, he often earned his ten dollars a day and was able to take part of the afternoon off.

As a matter of fact, he never did get away to start his own business. He found himself becoming intensely interested in the problems of rehabilitation that were facing the company. The factory was in need of alert young men. There was lack of organization. The spirit of the older men had been broken by the year of strike. The late James H. Knapp, then the head of the firm, recognized the valiant and dynamic spirit of this youth as a valuable asset. Inside of three months he made John Cavanagh foreman of the curling department.

Then came years of rigorous training under Mr. Knapp whom Mr. Cavanagh characterizes as "a real leader of men, dominant, inspirational, and a great influence in my life." Now that John Cavanagh had mastered the details of hat manufacture, he set himself to the mastery of other phases of the hat business.

THE company thought that it could rebuild its strike losses simply on its old and honored reputation. With this John Cavanagh did not agree. He was merely a foreman, but he expressed his ambition.

"I won't be satisfied," he said, "until I see this factory running every working day of the year."

Hatting at best had been a seasonal industry. And since the strike the slack season had become longer than ever.

His first step toward realizing his ambition was to make a list of the clients whom Crofut & Knapp had lost as a result of the strike.

"What has happened to these people?" he asked.

"They still exist," Mr. Knapp answered sarcastically, with the pride of an aristocrat who cannot solicit favors.

The young foreman said nothing more. He tilted his hat at a rakish angle and, his bright blue eyes a brighter blue with the zest of anticipated conquest, he set out for New York. He went to see the most important of Crofut & Knapp's former customers.

"I wouldn't buy a hat from your concern this side of hell," the former customer told him.

John Cavanagh bowed. "At any rate I should like to have the pleasure of contact with you," he replied pleasantly. He went to New York frequently, and each time he dropped in for a casual call, but he didn't mention selling. It wasn't long before the hatter asked him out to lunch. He accepted. Soon the luncheon engagements became a regular thing. Each time his host insisted that he would never again buy from Crofut & Knapp. Each time the young man laughed and changed the subject.

"I knew he would exhaust himself if he kept up his opposition long enough," said Mr. Cavanagh. "And he did. One day out of clear sky he gave me a large order. Today he is one of our best customers."

This experience confirmed John Cavanagh in his conviction that more attention should be given to the sales department. Crofut & Knapp, then employed one salesman at a salary of five thousand dollars a year. On the strength of his one success Mr. Cavanagh went to Mr. Knapp and recommended a young man whose live-wire salesmanship for a local hat factory had attracted his attention. "Why don't you hire this fellow? He could do something," he told Mr. Knapp. Mr. Knapp demurred and advised caution.

"Yes, be cautious and make little progress," came the undaunted reply.

The upshot was that Mr. Knapp pensioned his old salesman and hired the man John Cavanagh recommended—a Mr. R. A. Holmes. Today he is at the head of the Crofut & Knapp sales force which has grown to twenty-five men.

At the time Mr. Holmes was hired, the regular selling territory reached as far west as Omaha. Before the strike the company had sold California to some extent, but only through jobbers. And even that trade had fallen off considerably.

Enthused by his success in New York, John Cavanagh persuaded Mr. Knapp to give him time off from the factory and send him to California on a selling trip.

"I had a wonderful time in the train," said Mr. Cavanagh. "But when I got to my hotel room in Los Angeles, I suddenly realized that I was a long way from home and that I didn't know a thing about selling hats. And right then I was beset by 'ghosts that ain't.' By 'ghosts that ain't' I mean the fears, the hesitations we put on ourselves that keep us from getting the best out of things. My 'ghost that ain't' was the fear that I could not talk hats convincingly. For a time it had me, as the results showed.

"The next day I visited the hat stores, but I couldn't get any of the proprietors to come to the hotel to see my samples. They were tied up with other companies, they said. This situation kept up for several days. Finally I made up my mind to slay my 'ghost that ain't.' In desperation I took the negro porter up to my room and showed the samples to him. At last I was going over my line with some one. And as I talked hats, my confidence returned. In the morning I went to one of the merchants and told him that I couldn't get any one to look at my samples, so I showed them to the negro porter. Well, he said, he guessed if the porter could take time to look at them, so could he.

"My 'ghost that ain't' was slain for that time. I sold that merchant and others in the town. Then I went on to San Francisco and succeeded in opening several accounts.

AS A result of Mr. Cavanagh's trip Mr. Knapp hired a salesman to cover Far West territory.

In 1893 the Crofut & Knapp Company reorganized. They took two young men into the firm. John Cavanagh was one of them.

The condition of this partnership was that each young man should buy ten thousand dollars' worth of stock. John Cavanagh still had the five thousand dollars which he had saved when he worked for William A. Brown, but he had been unable to add to it. He did not know where to get the rest of the money.

It was his habit to stop every night at the rectory of St. Mary's church and smoke a cigar with the Monsignor, in whose company he took great pleasure. On the night of the day that he had received the offer of partnership he stopped as usual for his hour's chat. He was unusually silent.

"What's troubling you, John?" the Monsignor asked him.

"Nothing," answered John.

The Monsignor did not press him, but later followed him to the porch and said, "Now John I want you to tell me what it is."

John told him.

The Monsignor thought a minute, then he said, "there's five thousand in the —— bank. It represents my savings since I was a curate. I'm going to send it to you. Pay it back if you can. If you can't no one but God Almighty and you and I will know anything about it."

"I walked home that night instead of taking a car," Mr. Cavanagh told me. "I was very much touched by my old friend's offer. It acted as a spur. I decided that I wouldn't take his money. I'd get it myself! In the next few days I managed to get cash value for five thousand dollars' worth of life insurance."

Mr. Cavanagh was promoted to the position of superintendent when he was taken into the firm. The first thing he did in this larger position was to set the example he expected his men to follow.

"For instance," he said, "I was always an early worker. I got to the factory long before time to open. As a consequence the men began coming earlier. I was never troubled with tardiness. That was before the days of the card system. I worked out my own system. I am a great believer in personal contact. All that comes from scientific management is based on personal management. Men are fundamentally loyal and kind, capable of direction, and they take on the characteristics of those who are over them. I say to my foremen today, 'Remember, your department reflects you.'"

Mr. Cavanagh continued his activity in the selling end of the business. With progressive methods and a force selling every part of the country the output was brought up to two hundred dozen hats per day. However the factory still suffered from slack seasons.

Up to this time Crofut & Knapp had manufactured derby hats exclusively. Indeed Crofut & Knapp was the concern that introduced the derby hat to America. Mr. Knapp had developed it from the English hat which is universally known to Britons as a "bowler." When the question of a style name came up, an English clerk said to him, "Call it the Derby." Thus the stiff hat in this country was given an English name which over there refers not to a style of hat but to a horse-race.

John Cavanagh foresaw soft hats supplanting derbies in popularity. He also had a hunch that the manufacture of soft hats would obviate the danger of the slack seasons caused by inactivity in the stiff hat trade. The man, according to his employees, has an uncanny faculty for guessing right. The company acted on this guess. In 1906 in spite of the predictions that soft hats were so dead they could not be revived, Crofut & Knapp had the courage to manufacture them. They accompanied this venture with modern advertising. They came out in a popular weekly with a double center spread. In those days that was the height of audacity, and created a great sensation.

In 1907 John Cavanagh was made General Manager of Crofut & Knapp.

In 1908 he started the Dobbs Store in New York City to provide an outlet for Crofut & Knapp products, and to give the company an opportunity to set its own standard of style.

In 1913 the busy General Manager invented the Cavanagh Edge Hat, a man's felt hat in which the hat brim is felted instead of sewed. In order to accomplish this, greater skill and accuracy are required throughout the process of manufacture but the result is a hat which will outwear hats of a similar quality manufactured in the ordinary way.

"Why did the derby hat go out?" I asked Mr. Cavanagh.

"Because it was uncomfortable," he answered promptly. "It died with the increasing use of automobiles and participation in sports. Then the war came on and precluded the necessity for dress. Today people still wear the soft hat."

In November 1908 two months after the

Dobbs store was opened came the blow that ruined most of the hat factories of Norwalk, and for a period crippled the plant of Crofut & Knapp.

A hat factory moved from Boston to Philadelphia. The bill of prices was lower in Philadelphia, but the union insisted that the factory pay Boston rates. Whereupon the Hat Manufacturers' Association forbade its members to use a union label in their hats. Thus began the "Great Hatters' Strike" which lasted until 1912. The union put a boycott on all factories that did not use its label.

Crofut & Knapp closed for three months. Then it reopened as an independent shop with its sales force, an office force of fifteen and its four principals. Foremost of them were Mr. Philip Knapp, a son of Mr. James H. Knapp, who upon the retirement of his father was now the active head of the company, and John Cavanagh, the dynamo of the firm.

THE four principals went right to work at the bench.

"What did *you* do?" I asked Mr. Cavanagh.

"Sized hats the first day," he answered.

"What does that mean?" I asked him.

"Sizing involves both sizing and felting the hat," he explained. "The delicate cone-shaped hat-body which is taken from the forming machine is shrunk by immersing it in boiling water and by expert hand manipulation. This operation is repeated until the body is sufficiently reduced in size. The action of the hot water and constant hand working bring the fur fibers closer together, finally forming a tight felt."

"And you hadn't forgotten how to do this?"

"I hadn't forgotten anything about making a hat," he answered.

The first day the factory opened, two Hungarian women with shawls over their heads were the only applicants for work. They were hired.

"Each day after that men came in and men went out," said Mr. Cavanagh. "Often as many as twenty at a time would leave. But we were always left with a gain of one or two. I kept telling the boys that so long as we gained, we were progressing. An employment bureau in Philadelphia furnished us with men at ten dollars a head. They weren't particular about the quality. They sent us criminals and scabs with a few good fellows mixed in. We reopened in February 1909. By the next September we had five hundred and twenty men on our payroll. But during that period two thousand two hundred men had gone through our hands.

"The next five years were absolute struggle in fighting the boycott. We not only had our troubles with the men and the union. We also had trouble with internal division. We were losing money and discontented stockholders questioned the wisdom of continuing to operate."

At one directors' meeting a lawyer who owned a few shares of stock suggested that a receiver be appointed. Mr. Cavanagh took him aside, "Look here," he said, "All I've got in the world is here. You've only a few paltry dollars invested. I believe I can save your dollars and mine. But if you come to another meeting and advocate receivership, everything is finished." The lawyer did not again suggest receivership.

During the five years of struggle the General Manager drew a salary of eighteen hundred a year instead of fifteen thousand dollars. His first raise was to five thousand dollars. Three years after the reopening, the factory began to pay expenses.

"Just how did you come back?" I asked Mr. Cavanagh.

"Through the perseverance and cooperation of a determined bunch of men," he answered. "Through our reputation as a great and honored house. Through the splendid work of our sales force, and through the marvelous loyalty of our customers."

The General Manager himself did much toward effecting the rehabilitation by making trips to all parts of the country and establishing cordial personal relationships.

In 1912 Mr. James H. Knapp died. In 1916, his son, Mr. Philip Knapp, became president of the firm and John Cavanagh was made vice-president. Owing to the ill health of Mr. Philip Knapp, the entire management of the affairs fell to the new vice-president.

Since 1913 he had again begun to realize his ambition of running the factory one hundred per cent. of the time. Then came the war and with the impetus it gave to industry, Crofut & Knapp came back solidly. Because of wise buying and an anticipation of trade conditions, they did not feel the post-war slump.

John Cavanagh always has some dream to realize. As soon as the rehabilitation was accomplished, he turned himself toward another achievement. Crofut & Knapp had outgrown their factory. Though their building was good as compared with most hat manufactories, from the standpoint of modern efficiency it was antiquated and inadequate. For ten years John Cavanagh had had engineers studying their needs in equipment.

As a result in 1924 the new plant was built. It covers eight acres of ground and houses eight hundred and fifty employees. Its present output comprises men's felt hats, straws and caps and women's tailored hats. In order to realize this ambition Cavanagh had to interest two million dollars' worth of capital at a nominal rate of interest.

The financial output of the business in 1909, the first year after the great strike began, was four hundred thousand dollars. In 1924 it was ten times that.

In April 1923 John Cavanagh had already been made president of Crofut & Knapp.

"Has life never seemed too much for you?" I asked him.

"Never," he replied promptly. "I've often been discouraged—but not for long. Where there's a purpose, there's always a way to accomplish that purpose."

Specimen Jones

[*Continued from page 131*]

Specimen Jones was singing, and tell himself the name of the song, if he knew it. At present it was "Yankee Doodle," to which Jones was fitting words of his own. These ran, "Now I'm going to try a bluff, and mind you do what I do," and then again, over and over. Cumnor waited for the word "bluff;" for it was hard and heavy, and fell into his thoughts, and stopped them for a moment. The dance was so long now he had forgotten about that. A numbness had been spreading through his legs, and he was glad to feel a sharp pain in the sole of his foot. It was a piece of gravel that had somehow worked its way in, and was rubbing through the skin into the flesh. "That's good," he said, aloud. The pebble was eating the numbness away, and Cumnor drove it hard against the raw spot, and relished the tonic of its burning friction. The Apaches had drawn into a circle. Standing at some interval apart, they entirely surrounded the arena. Shrewd, half convinced, and yet with awe, they watched the dancers, who clashed their cans slowly now in rhythm to Jones's hoarse, parched singing. He was quite master of himself, and led the jig round the still blazing wreck of the wagon, and circled in figures of eight between the corpses of the Mexicans, clashing the milk cans above each one. Then, knowing his strength was coming to an end, he approached an Indian whose splendid fillet and trappings denoted him of consequence; and Jones was near shouting with relief when the Indian shrank backward. Suddenly he saw Cumnor let his can drop, and without stopping to see why, he caught it up, and, slowly rattling both, approached each Indian in turn with tortuous steps. The circle that had never uttered a sound till now receded, chanting almost in a whisper some exercising song which the man with the fillet had begun. They gathered round him, retreating always, and the strain, with its rapid muttered words, rose and fell softly among them. Jones had supposed the boy was overcome by faintness, and looked to see where he lay. But it was not faintness. Cumnor, with his boots off, came by and walked after the Indians in a trance. They saw him, and quickened their pace, often turning to be sure he was not overtaking them. He called to them unintelligibly, stumbling up the sharp hill, and pointing to the boots. Finally he sat down. They continued ascending the mountain, herding close round the man with the feathers, until the rocks and the filmy tangles screened them from sight; and like a wind that hums uncertainly in grass, their chanting died away.

THE sun was half behind the western range when Jones next moved. He called, and, getting no answer, he crawled painfully to where the boy lay on the hill. Cumnor was sleeping heavily; his head was hot, and he moaned. So Jones crawled down, and fetched blankets and the canteen of water. He spread the blankets over the boy, wet a handkerchief and laid it on his forehead; then he lay down himself.

The earth was again magically smitten to crystal. Again the sharp cactus and the sand turned beautiful, and violet floated among the mountains, and rose-colored orange in the sky above them.

"Jock," said Specimen at length.

The boy opened his eyes.

"Your foot is awful, Jock. Can y'u eat? Y'u can, can't y'u?"

"Not with my foot."

"Ah, God bless y'u, Jock! Y'u ain't turruble sick. But *can* y'u eat?"

Cumnor shook his head.

"Eatin's what y'u need, though. Well, here." Specimen poured a judicious mixture of whisky and water down the boy's throat, and wrapped the awful foot in his own flannel shirt. "They'll fix y'u over to Grant. It's maybe twelve miles through the cañon. It ain't a town any more than Carlos is, but the soldiers 'll be good to us. As soon as night comes you and me must somehow git out of this. I don't know how, but we must."

Somehow they did, Jones walking and leading his horse and the imperturbable little burro, and also holding Cumnor in the saddle. And when Cumnor was getting well in the military hospital at Grant, he listened to Jones recounting to all that chose to hear how useful a weapon an ice-cream freezer can be, and how if you'll only chase Apaches in your stocking feet they are sure to run away. And then Jones and Cumnor both enlisted; and I suppose Jones's friend is still expecting him in Tucson.

Next month's offerings in the Old or New series will be "The Fool and the Idiot," by Maarten Maartens, and "The Doll's House" by Katherine Mansfield.

New Gods for Old

[*Continued from page 85*]

him to change his mind, for he paused uncertainly, then went on to his office without speaking.

All that morning Freddy Clark avoided Mr. Goulding's eye. But when his chief was engaged, Freddy studied him with a haunting intensity that was almost pathetic. Gradually, he became conscious of a kind of strength hitherto foreign to his ken. Of a power in restraint, a gentleness without weakness, a loyal, "responsible" courage of which he knew Barney Collins to be incapable. Mr. Goulding, unknown to himself, was being silently measured for the most important post that an older man can ever achieve. The pedestal was forlornly vacant.

Just before noon he heard a self-conscious cluck by the side of his desk. Mr. Goulding looked up.

"Good morning, Fred. What's on your mind?"

"Why-er," said the boy, very red and ill at ease. "I just want to say I'm—I'm awful sorry about those municipals, sir. I—I had a man home to dinner an' I—" he faltered, staring fiercely at the blotter.

"Oh," and Mr. Goulding's eyes looked through and through him, not unkindly. "That's all right, Fred—now. I was young, once, myself—a long time ago."

"An' another thing," blundered Freddy. "I been thinking, an' talking it over with Elsie—an' she says you're dead right about that job here in the bank, sir. Do you really think I could swing it, if I took those courses, an' all that?"

"I'm sure of it," said Mr. Goulding slowly, "and I'm glad, Fred, because I went so far as to enroll your name, hoping you would. They closed yesterday, and I couldn't find you at the last minute."

The boy rose clumsily, his face working with some emotion stronger than gratitude. Of a sudden, he thrust out his hand. "Gee, that's white of you, I'll say. Thanks a whole lot, Mr. Goulding."

"Pshaw, that's nothing," responded Mr. Goulding, and blew his nose loudly. No one had looked at him just like that for a long, long time. Freddy backed off a few steps, then turned, and asked, diffidently: "An' some time sir, could I—could I see your medals?" The old gods died hard.

"You just bet you can," said Mr. Goulding warmly, and the pedestal was occupied once more.

White Babirussa

[*Continued from page 48*]

throat and only just missed the jugular vein.

With an instantaneous movement the striped killer sprang back and snarling fearfully began to circle the babirussa, rushing in now and then to deliver one of his swift clawing strokes. Each time the boar side-stepped the attack and countered with a ripping upper-cut of his keen tusks while his fierce grunts mingled with the snarls of the tiger and the chatterings and squeals of excitement from the monkey-folk.

The babirussa's jaws dripped with blood and foam. His red eyes gleamed like rubies as they followed every motion and movement of the tiger and although streaming with blood from a score of wounds, yet he was still as lightning-fast on his feet as ever.

The end came suddenly. Although squealing with rage, the babirussa never for a second allowed the red mist of battle to dim the caution and the coolness with which a wild-pig, no matter how enraged, always fights.

It was the high-tension voltage of the cat-nature which was the tiger's undoing. Unused to any long-continued resistance on the part of an opponent, the babirussa's slashing counters had roused the beast to such a frenzy that he suddenly staked everything on one last spring—and lost.

As he left the ground the babirussa flashed from under his descending paws, evaded their strokes by a hair'sbreadth and, pirouetting on slim, swift legs, as the great cat landed, ripped his curved, eviscerating tusks along the whole underside of the tiger's body. For an instant the orange and black bulk stood motionless with the hot blood flowing from the gashes in great jets. Then, very slowly, it sagged to the ground.

In a second the boar was trampling the tiger underfoot, slashing the striped body again and again with his whirling tusks until, with a snarling yell, the great beast sank back, a film came over the flaming eyes and with a long, convulsive shudder his fierce life passed out. For a moment the great babirussa stood over the tiger's stark body staggering with weakness, but still on his feet. One by one the other boars grouped themselves below where he stood, gashed, blood-stained, exhausted—the unchallenged leader of the Maikal Jungle.

A Master Craftsman Bigger Than His Job

[*Continued from page 68*]

that made each generation of certain New England families thinner-lipped and surer than the preceding one. But the son of Nathaniel and Abigail Swasey was not so much interested in farming as he was in the opportunity it gave him to experiment with the mechanics of their few farm implements.

In 1840 the railroad had reached Exeter, cutting its way across the front yard of the Swasey homestead. A New England hillside farm lay at his back door. Primitive locomotives clanged their way past his front door. The pull of the soil wrestled with the call of machinery, but the fascination of those crude locomotives triumphed, and small Ambrose used to trudge off to the district school with the clanking of machinery running riot in his imagination.

The training acquired in that New Hampshire district school of the 1850's was all the formal education that Swasey ever received. He left school early to become an apprentice at the Exeter Machine Works. Here he met a young man of his own age from Massachusetts, Worcester R. Warner by name. They became friends. They still are. Moreover, they have been business partners for the past forty-five years. Even that has done nothing but cement more firmly the friendship spontaneously begun back in the 60's when a common aptitude for mechanics first brought the two together.

IN 1869 young Swasey and his friend Warner, having completed their apprenticeships, went to Hartford where they entered the employ of the Pratt and Whitney Company, then as now, manufacturers of machinery. Here we find him for eleven years working away at knotty mechanical problems, one of the most difficult of which was the satisfactory cutting of gears. He proved his inventive ability in a few years with a new gear-cutting machine for generating and at the same time cutting the teeth of spur gears.

Now this is just the kind of work in which the rigors of cold facts often freeze up the milk of human kindness. There would not seem to be much human interest in cutting gear teeth. Nor was his next step of the sort that usually develops the warmth of the soul of a man. In 1880 he and Warner combined their savings to establish the firm of Warner and Swasey for the manufacture of machine tools. In other words, he entered the commercial world in a vigorously mechanical field in one of the most highly competitive businesses. Here was a problem stiff enough to crush the gentleness out of almost any nature. After forty-four years of it they gave the John Fritz Medal to "Ambrose of the Kindly Heart."

It is fascinating to hear this warm-hearted, entirely human technician tell of the thrill he gets out of work that the world too readily passes over as "dry as dust." Apparently he was born with a love for accuracy, and early in life he became interested in the refinements of accurate measurements. While others were satisfied to reckon in feet and inches, he conjured with ideas of thousandths of an inch or the fractional part of a wave of light. The history which interested him most was not that of wars, or of the rise and fall of empires. The story of how astronomers of old arrived at the accurate division of the year into three hundred and sixty-five days, and each day into its minutes and seconds, held an enchantment which the adventures of Indian fighting could never rival.

In later years, when business success gave him freedom to travel, with all the zeal with which a painter seeks the Louvre, he went to Rome to see the Gregorian Tower in the Vatican Observatory.

"That room was the most interesting part of the Observatory to me," he recalls. "It was here that on March 11, 1582, Pope Gregory ordered that the date be changed to the twenty-first of March instead. For his astonomers had demonstrated to him that the old Julian Calendar which had been in use for 1600 years was ten days in error. I saw the devices they used in their demonstration and they were simple in the extreme. In the center of the room a large marble slab formed a part of the floor. On it was cut a fine line, and upon the line was a special mark which indicated the altitude of the sun at noon of a certain day. In the south wall was a small hole through which the direct rays of the sun passed at noon, projecting a bright spot on the line cut in the slab. The accuracy of those Sixteenth Century astronomers was one of the most remarkable achievements of that age. So great was their precision that our present Gregorian Calendar will continue for twenty thousand years with an error not to exceed a single day."

When you hear him tell this story you understand how naturally he turned to telescope building. For here was a field needing the utmost accuracy both in design and construction. And here was a man who got the thrill of his life out of just such accuracy, and who had been interested in astronomy ever since his youth.

I asked him to tell me about his first big telescope.

"It was back in 1886," he said. "The

trustees of Lick Observatory had been commissioned to have a telescope built larger and more powerful than any in existence. It was to be a thirty-six-inch refractor and they called for designs and bids for the mechanical mounting. I guess I forgot to mention that we had built a small telescope at that time, a nine-inch instrument for our own use, but nothing for an outsider. We designed a mounting for the Lick instrument and made a bid for the work. Ours was the highest bid made, but the committee liked the design so much that they unanimously voted to award us the contract. Well, it was a serious responsibility for us, for we were young and inexperienced in that line. It was to be not only the largest refracting telescope in existence, but the first one to be adapted to the triple purpose of visual, photographic, and spectroscopic work. I went out to California myself in the winter of '87-'88 to supervise its erection at Mt. Hamilton. It is still doing good work," he added modestly.

"We have made a lot of instruments since then. The Chabot Observatory, Yerkes Observatory, United States Naval Observatory, in fact observatories all over this land and in other countries as well are using our instruments. We soon set aside a corner in our shops for astronomical equipment." He smiled reminiscently. "But Warner and I would have been in the poorhouse long ago if we had tried to get our living out of making telescopes. We make our living in the big shop manufacturing machine tools but we get a lot of glory from the corner where our telescopes are."

His remark reminded me of one made about him by a well-known astronomer recently who called him "a man who got rich in building instruments for impecunious astonomers at less than cost."

"IF PEOPLE only knew more about the manufacture of astronomical equipment," he continued, "they would not wonder that we find it interesting. For instance, when we make a micrometer its two chief requisites are a screw and cross wires. The screw is often made with a hundred threads to the inch, which may be remarkable enough to the layman, but what do you suppose we use for the cross wires? Spider lines, common, ordinary spider lines. There's a creature that has a lot of enemies among the human race, but certainly you never hear an astronomer say anything against it. For after many years' experience he has found that the spider furnishes the only thread which can be successfully used in carrying on this work.

"Platinum wires can be made fine enough, and they are excellent cross wires for instruments where low magnifying powers are used, but as you increase the power the wires become too rough and uneven for accurate measurements. Spider lines, although but a fraction of a thousandth of an inch in diameter, are made up of several thousand microscopic streams of fluid which unite to form a single line, and they remain true and round under the highest magnifying power. They are durable, too. The spider lines in the micrometer of the transit instrument at the Allegheny Observatory were in constant use from 1859 to about 1906 before they were changed."

Mr. Swasey himself has all but rivaled the spider in the matter of fine lines. In the construction of astronomical instruments it is necessary to "graduate," or evenly divide circles with the greatest accuracy. Years ago he designed a Dividing Engine for this purpose which is still the most accurate one in existence. It automatically divides circles of forty inches or less in diameter with lines so fine that they can scarcely be seen with the human eye. So great is its accuracy that in dividing such a circle into more than ten thousand parts, the error does not exceed "one second of arc." The average man may get some idea of "one second of arc" by the fact that if these ten to twenty inch radius lines were extended for a distance of three miles, the error at that point would equal one inch on the total circumference!

Needless to say, Mr. Swasey numbers some of our best known astronomers among his close friends. For the human side to that mechanical problem of the Dividing Engine lay in the men of science it was to serve, and these men repay Ambrose Swasey in the rare coin of friendship for his contributions to the perfection of their work. When in 1920 he and Mr. Warner presented to the Case School of Applied Science their private observatory "to be helpful in the work of training and developing young men for life's duties and responsibilities," Mr. Swasey's contribution to the dedicatory program was brief, but revealing of the side of his nature that sets him apart as a man rare among technical men. Saying nothing of himself or his gift, he told his audience that his association with astronomers had amply compensated him for his astronomical work. Then, recalling more than a score of them by name, he said:

"These men stand out as first magnitude stars in the realm of astronomical science, and to have had some part in their great work for science and humanity is indeed glory enough, and compensation enough."

It is, therefore, not strange that one of his closest friends was John Brashear, Pittsburg's popular old lens maker and astronomer, who died in 1920. Each had a genius for friendship and a devotion to mechanical perfection. At meetings of learned societies many years ago these two self-educated men read papers before scientists of the highest education and training, and were listened to with respect. A friendship was formed which grew and ripened with the years. One of their mutual interests was a love for travel, and together they made some memorable trips. In the fall of 1916 Swasey persuaded his friend Brashear to go to China with him so they might be there the next spring for the dedication of the Hall of Science, which he had presented to the University of Nanking. It was Brashear's first trip to the Orient, but Swasey's third. (He has been around the world twice and to Europe no less than fifteen times.) On their way they stopped to visit observatories all over the Orient and in the islands of the Pacific, many of which had been supplied with lenses made perfect by Brashear's sensitive hands. They stopped, too, at the Canton Christian College to visit Swasey Hall there. Brashear, in his recent Autobiography, pays splendid tribute to his "genial host" on this trip, "Ambrose Swasey, my friend for many years."

"It was through travel that I received my education," Mr. Swasey says, "and by continual association with people who knew more about a lot of things than I did. I always keep my eyes and ears open along the way. When I was a young man I could not see my way clear to go to college. Lack of a college education is a severe handicap that it takes years of effort for a young man to overcome. Sometimes, though," he added seriously, "it takes years to eliminate the bad results of a college education. But the young man who has it comes out on top.

"To help young men to an education is one of the greatest things in the world. Out in our Cleveland plant we have a four-year course of apprenticeship to the machinist's trade where boys who cannot continue their education in higher schools can fit themselves for a useful lifework. We pay them while they are going to school and they receive a gratuity of a hundred dollars when they complete the course. You usually think of an apprenticeship course as being merely shop training, but we give our boys classroom instruction aimed to make them not only better machinists but better citizens.

"PEOPLE say to me sometimes, 'Why do you put so much expense in training young men when they are free to leave you after it is over? Other shops are reaping the benefits of your work.' But that is a small way of looking at it. No matter where those boys go, they are better fitted for their work, and industry as a whole reaps the benefit. Whatever benefits industry, benefits mankind, and that ought to be reason enough for anybody! As a matter of fact, our boys stay with us to a large extent, and our biggest jobs are being filled constantly with men who are graduates from our school for apprentices."

I was talking with Mr. Swasey in the headquarters of The American Society of Mechanical Engineers one afternoon last September about the bust Daniel Chester French had made of him. He was peculiarly at home in the elegant simplicity of the rooms of the Society he had helped to found a half century before. Massive furniture of graceful line, soft, deep carpet, hangings of rich heavy velvet, tables with technical magazines, writing paper, pen and ink here, there, and everywhere under technically correct electric lights—this was a perfect setting for his radiant white-haired figure.

I had been remarking how French, in modeling the face, had captured and delicately held the keenness of expression which in nearly eight decades had never reached asperity, and the inherent strength which had remained yielding to the call of beauty and human relationship.

"The next generation will never believe this is the face of a technical man," I told him.

"And why not?" he asked. "There's a human side to every mechanical problem and the technical man can develop both sides of his nature just as easily as any other person. You're a writer, aren't you? Every day you have to shut yourself away from people to work at the actual mechanics of writing. Does that make you cold and inhuman? Certainly not, and neither does working at the mechanics of machinery make a man inhuman. He is doing something that makes life easier for the rest of the world, and he is getting a genuine satisfaction out of it.

"Take our business, for instance. Back in 1880 when we started out, one of the first problems we tackled was machinery for manufacturing sewing-machine parts. I had watched my mother labor many a day and night making clothes for our family, and you can believe me that improving the design and construction of that one piece of labor-saving machinery held a lot of human interest for me.

"Machinery," he went on, "is a good bit like money. It is a means to an end, but not an end in itself. When I decided a few years ago to set aside a half million dollars for what I called 'the good of mankind,' I could think of no group of men better fitted than technical men are to administer the fund and spend its income for just such a purpose. So I established the Engineering Foundation under the auspices of the four great national Societies of Civil, Mining and Metallurgical, Mechanical, and Electrical Engineers. They are men qualified by experience and natural bent to make money serve mankind."

I had known about the work of the Engineering Foundation, but it seemed like a cold proposition when compared with other foundations I knew about; for example, with the work of the Rockefeller Foundation. I told him so.

"It all depends on how you look at it," he told me. "To me, metals are just as interesting as bugs and bacteria and in some ways they are just as much like human beings. One of the first things those engineers did with funds from the foundation was to work out extensive tests on the 'fatigue' of metals.

"Metals get tired just as we do, and when they are overtired they break, just as human beings do, under a strain which ordinarily they could stand. Did you ever stop to wonder just what makes the metal part of an airplane break at an unexpected moment when it means death to the aviator? Or what makes an elevator cable snap, or the propeller of an ocean liner break? Every time that happens, human lives are in danger. It's a mechanical problem all right, but it has its human side, hasn't it?

"Some of the foundation's money was set aside so that Professor H. F. Moore at the Engineering Experiment Station of the University of Illinois might carry on tests to find the endurance limit, or the fatigue limit, of all kinds of metals—steels, aluminum, bronzes, brasses, coppers, and their alloys. There is still much work to be done, but already the fatigue limits for many of these metals have been determined. In other words, we know just how much strain a metal will stand without danger of breaking. But before we found out, it was necessary to make thousands of tests, two at least of which were continued for four hundred days and nights without stopping.

"Since all research work sponsored by the foundation is open to the public—we are like the medical profession there—" he added as an aside, "the commercial firms who used metal parts were given quick access to the results of Professor Moore's work. These so-called 'cold and inhuman' machinery manufacturers were so glad to learn that research was being conducted which would make their products safer for men to use that they immediately asked to be allowed to contribute men, money, and metals for the furtherance of the tests. Their substantial aid has carried the work far beyond the place where the foundation could have taken it at the present time.

"I believe thoroughly in the value of education, and that sums up my reasons for establishing the Engineering Foundation back in 1914 'for the furtherance of research in science and engineering.' *Research is education.* So the Engineering Foundation is primarily another educational institution for the good of mankind.

"I'm not a rich man according to twentieth century standards, but the success I have had which enabled me to make this gift I owe not to myself but to the fact that I have had a good mother, a good wife, and a good partner in business."

All due credit to those who have helped him, but the kindly heart that beats in Ambrose Swasey's breast is the measure of no other than of the man himself. Throughout a long life he has been faced by many decisions, and in making them he has always remembered that a man is bigger than his job, and that no science is quite so important as the fine science of learning how to live. The day came in his business when his younger men told him they could make and sell double their present production of machines. It meant vastly increased profits if he heeded their urgent arguments for expansion. The way he met this problem is typical of his whole philosophy of life.

"If we double our production, we double our shop. Then Warner and I would no longer be cheerful on top of our job but bowed down beneath its burdens.

"As things are now we have the leisure to satisfy our individual fondnesses for fine mechanisms, leisure to travel, to look about us, to pass some time with our friends, and to really enjoy the good things of life."

And there you have it! Joy in work and time for the good things of life. Time to collect rare old Chinese bowls and jade; time to develop an interest in architecture and to serve on church and college building committees where his knowledge might be useful; time for an interest in books and fine bindings, and for a collection of old coins and medals with some rare examples; time to be a hardworking layman of the Baptist denomination; time not only to give two buildings to Denison University, but to take an intelligent interest in the groups they serve. But beyond all this, more time for his friends. In the fullest and completest sense of the word, Ambrose Swasey is a true craftsman.

Powdering Miss America's Nose

[*Continued from page 23*]

So it is in concentration. Almost any odor becomes repelling if sufficiently concentrated. But if you will make the effort to throw your prejudice overboard you will find, the next time you encounter skunk musk properly diluted by the vapors of the wood-pussy's night haunts, that in actuality it is a fairly agreeable perfume.

In addition to being strong a perfume must, to have any chance to succeed, be "alive." It should hop right out of the box or bottle to meet you, instead of waiting for you to stick your nose down to it. Left to itself it should spread out and fill any room into which it is introduced, overlaying all the lesser odors.

Then it should be lasting and constant—that is, it should still smell after it has dried out, and it should smell the same when dry as it did in the bottle. And finally it must be itself, or as the adwriters say, distinctive. This is not for the purpose of giving its user a distinctive and individual scent. Any perfume that actually did such a thing would *de facto* commit commercial suicide. But it should have sufficient individuality to make it recognizable to the consumer. Otherwise it cannot profit by that most valuable of all intangibles—word of mouth advertising.

Having given all these factors consideration, it still remains to guess what kind of an odor will appeal to the people. Who shall define his or her preference in odor? My own, aside from rose, is for coffee cooking on a bright spring morning, or for steak and onions. I dislike the smell of boxwood bushes and lily of the valley. Yet the roseate perfumes languish, while only a few short years ago lily of the valley was the only perfume the great American public "would have nothing else but." Style and tastes change in perfumes as in everything else. The floral bouquets so popular with our grandmothers have long been out of fashion. Aromatic perfumes, based on the various balsams, on camphor and on sandalwood, and those odors in which musk and amber strike the predominate note have the call today; though there appear signs that we may expect a revival of interest in the not far distant future in the florals—the lilacs and lavenders, tuberoses and "new mown hays."

WHETHER the perfumer is an artist or craftsman is a question that has long been in debate. Down through the ages he has walked on in various rôles: as medicine man and high priest, as alchemist and physician, and as merchant adventurer. The Three Wise Men of the East brought frankincense and myrrh. Marco Polo went to China after perfumes. A toilet vinegar, known as "The Vinegar of the Four Thieves," was widely used as a preventive of the plague at about that time. Of course it was the quest for perfume materials that led to the discovery of the new world.

Those who maintain the perfumer is but a craftsman are apt to liken him and his works to the chef and all that comes out of the kitchen, or in these arid days to rate him as a cousin once removed from the distiller, brewer or vintner. There is just enough truth in the comparison to make it plausible. The psychologists say that we can distinguish only four flavors—bitter, sweet, sour and salt—by our sense of taste, and that all the rest of our tasting is in reality smelling. In point of fact the perfumer is, or should be, an artist more closely allied to the musician.

It is when the perfumer starts composing that he really begins to do his musical stuff. Which must not be construed as implying he lets his hair grow long so he can get a good grip on it in the fervor of artistic creation; or that he strides up and down the room with one hand thrust carelessly in the bosom, the other holding his brow in place the while he murmurs olfactory incantations. He may, if he chooses, do these things as a private citizen, but he is more likely to follow the inconspicuous way.

The perfumer, perforce in private life reeking of his trade will he nil he, has quite all he can do to bear the whips, scorns and arrows of outraged masculinity without adding temperamental exhibition to injury. Many a man who might otherwise have risen to fame, wealth and power in the perfumery profession has been hounded out of it by the suspicious eyeing and sniffing of strong men and the sniggering of small boys. So he taxes his histrionic talent no further than is necessary to hide himself away in his laboratory. Once there he schemes out his new aromatic compositions in much the same way our popular song writers evolve their hits. That is, he turns to history—borrows—revamps—combines—and lo! he too may have a hit.

Come what may, however, the only true test the perfumer can apply to his product is that one voiced by the elder Ungerer, the best perfumer this country ever had:

"Do people buy it? Then it's good perfume."

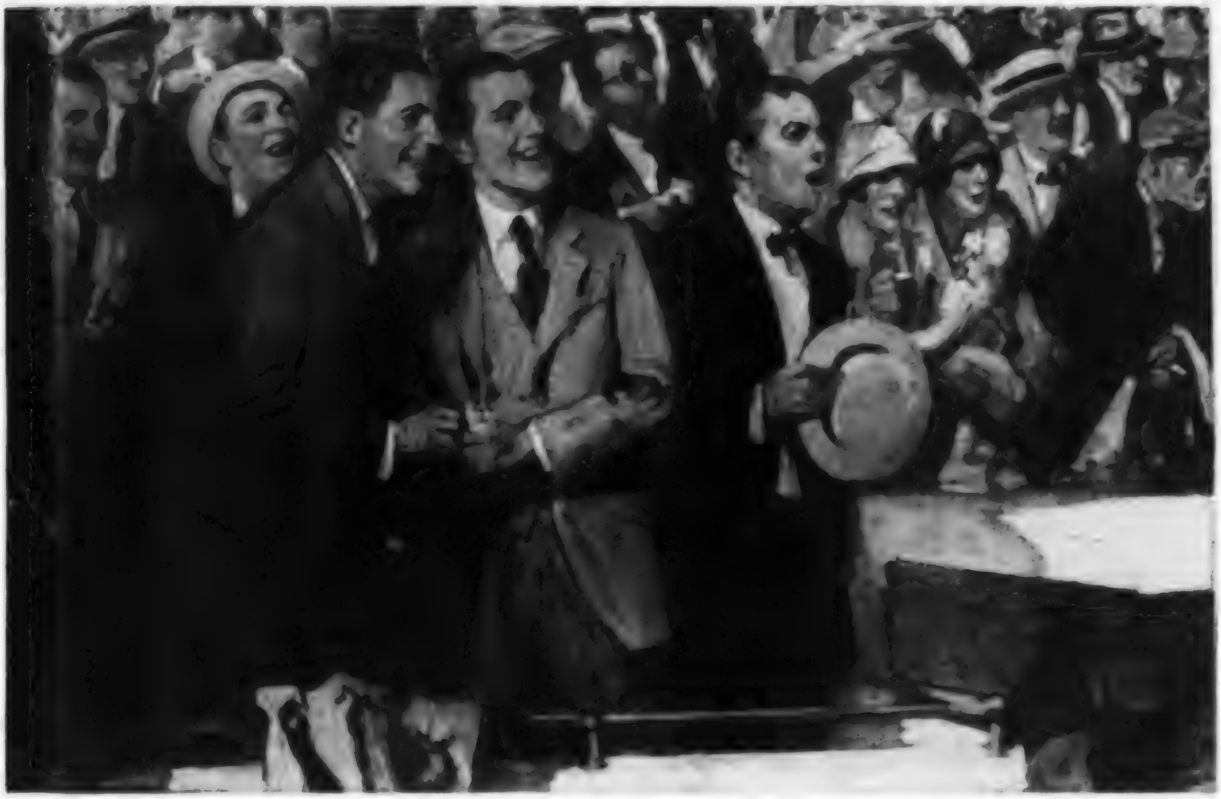
Children's Portraits in Bronze

[*Continued from page 141*]

probably accentuated by the fact that in her childhood she spent much time with scholarly grandparents. She heard Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* read aloud before she was nine years old. Both her grandfathers were physicians, and Bonnie spent a lot of time with curious picture books as complements to her fairy stories. These were none other than ponderous books on anatomy which became as real and as fascinating to her as dolls were to other children.

At an age when the other children were making mud pies she modeled animals and dolls from the mud of the San Antonio River. Then she covered them with flour. "I knew that statues should be white," she explained. "I couldn't stand the conventional toys. When I wanted a doll I made it." When she was seven years old her father told her the story of Pygmalion and Galatea. Straightway a mud Galatea rose at the edge of the garden. This, too, became white by means of a coating of flour.

When you and spring are thrilling to the first ball game of the year —and your favorite player drives out a homer —have a Camel!



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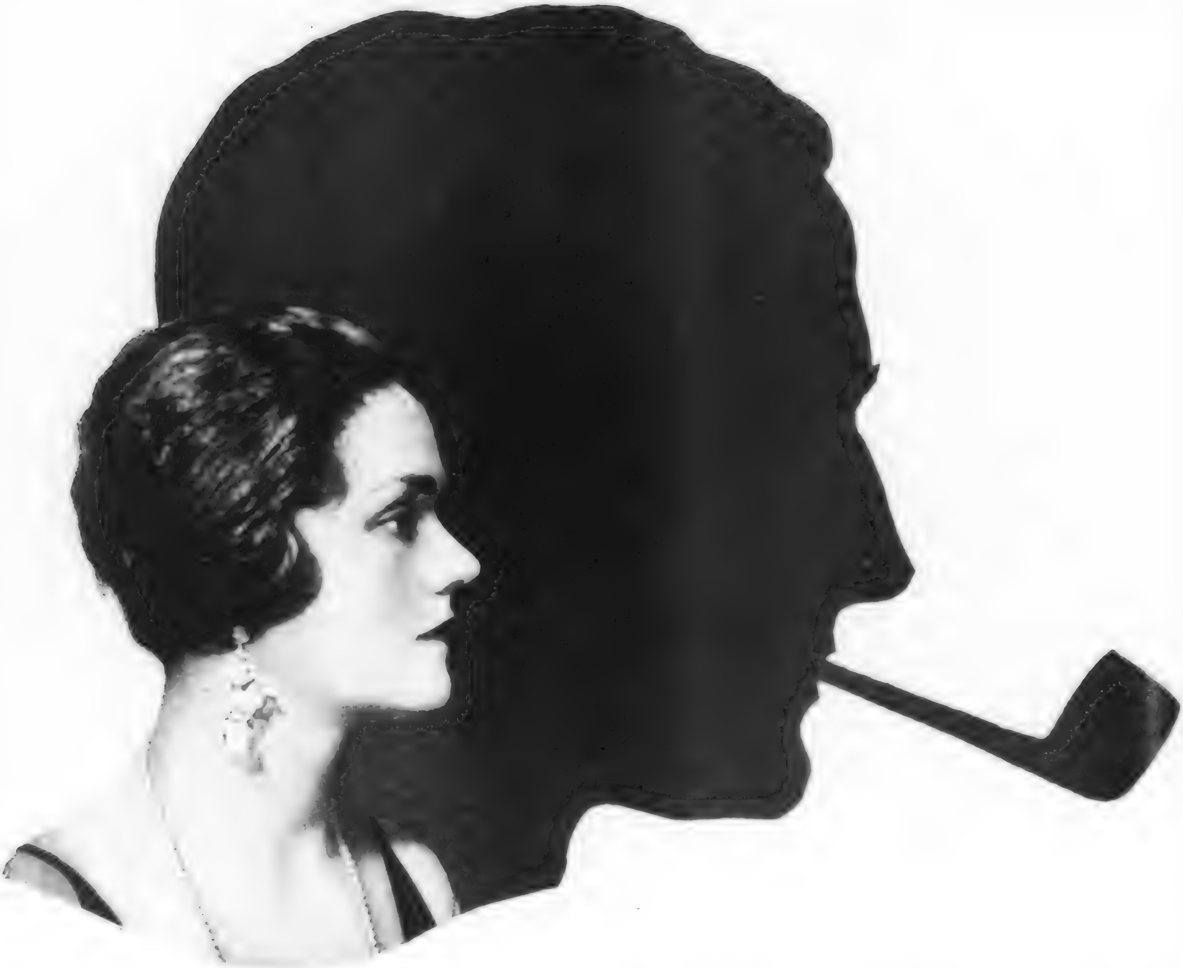

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A State Fair was held in San Antonio. From all over the town women sent in samples of their cookery. Bonnie hurried down to the river, modeled a mud cake in three layers, frosted it with her unfailing flour, and with her father's approval entered it in the contest. A few days later to her surprise, her father told her that she had taken a prize. She giggled much to herself, wondering what people would say if they happened to taste the cake.

SHE began drawing when she was six years old and, like most artistic children, hated regular school. Her parents understood this and entered her in the Art School in Paris at the age of eleven. Bonnie drew enthusiastically. Her artistic nature and her serious nature were in conflict, however. The frivolities of the girls in the class horrified her so much that between poses she set a sober and devout example. She withdrew from the rest of the class and assiduously read the New Testament.

Following two years of study in Paris she entered a convent in New York where she remained until she was sixteen. Then she entered the Art Students' League in New York City and studied sculpture under James Earl Fraser.

After completing her art course she spent the next few years traveling with her family in Europe and the western United States, with intervening periods of home life in Porto Rico, where her father was a Judge of the Supreme Court.

All this time she worked untiringly, gradually accumulating a collection of sculpture which she toted about the world with her. While she was living on a ranch in New Mexico her entire collection, representing about eight years' work was destroyed by fire.

In 1920 she opened a studio in New York City and sent two pieces, "Aspiration" and "Goosey-Goosey," a fountain piece, to the National Academy of Design. They were accepted for exhibition. Up to this time Miss MacLeary had made no attempt to place her work before the public she said:

"First I wanted to be sure that it had merit."

This was soon proved, for since the time of her first exhibition Miss MacLeary has had more orders than she has been able to fill.

"Aspiration," three years later, was bought by the Metropolitan Museum of Art for its permanent collection. Many replicas have been made for fountain designs of "Goosey-Goosey," a very frightened girl with two geese pecking her toes.

One feels a psychic quality in Bonnie MacLeary—a closeness to subjective and intangible values. Indeed one might say that this quality often manifests itself in tangible results.

"I don't know why it happens," Miss MacLeary told me, "but always when I need a particular type of model, that model comes to me. At one time I was working on a group piece which included the figure of a Cuban Indian. I made inquiries about town, but no Cuban Indian was to be found. I had just finished the other figures in the design when one day my sister called me and said there was a model downstairs.

" 'I don't want to be bothered,' I answered. 'But you must see him. Just come and see him,' she persisted. I went downstairs. There stood my Cuban Indian. He had come to see me about getting work, but he had no idea that I was looking for a model of his type."

Still more extraordinary is another incident that occurred when Bonnie was working on her best known figure—a baby with a crab clinging tenaciously to one finger.

"I couldn't find the right model for my 'Ouch'," said Miss MacLeary. "One day when I had almost given up hope, my sister and I were going up in the elevator of a department store. A little hand slipped into mine. I looked down. A baby was looking up at me with the most captivating smile in the world. I nudged my sister. 'My "Ouch",' I whispered. I am not a very courageous person, but my sister is. She immediately approached the parents with the result that the baby became the model for 'Ouch'. "

Miss MacLeary sees her designs as finished, before she begins on them. She starts work at nine in the morning and continues while the light lasts. Generally she works six days a week, although she never attempts to force herself when she does not feel like working.

Indeed, all of her work seems guided by an intuitive awareness. For instance she can accomplish nothing unless the model's personality emanates the quality which she wants to put into that particular piece of sculpture. Often, she says, models have the physical qualities she wants, but she will find herself unable to work with them. "It's like an invisible wall standing between them and my clay. The quality I want won't come out. I, myself, feel bound. I have often had to let models go just because of this intangible thing."

Bonnie MacLeary dreams about sculpture.

"I have often worked out knotty problems in my sleep," she told me.. "Once I was greatly bothered by the problem of working out an armature. I dreamed an old man met me, led me into a church and showed me an armature on which he was working. 'See,' he demonstrated, 'Put the head on a pivot and work it from side to side, instead of back and forth (as I had been doing)—get the movement you want, then put in the braces.' In the morning when I woke up my problem was solved."

Bonnie MacLeary believes that every bit of beauty helps the whole world, and that every ugly thing pulls it back. Therefore her goal is to create beauty, and always—more beauty.

NINA PURDY.

The Best of Them Get Stage Fright

[*Continued from page 98*]

failure, if you want to show people you are a coward, you needn't go on." This was the proper tonic for her nerves.

It is the harassed mind that threatens the greatest danger in this matter of stage fright. Never would John Barrymore have suffered as he did suffer during the short time in London preceding his essayal of *Hamlet* before a British public if he had not pictured "glorious tradition" to himself. But he conjured up in his mind the picture of himself daring to tread the path that Irving had trod, and he bethought him of the numberless *Hamlets* that had regaled London audiences since the time of Burbage, actor friend of Shakespeare. It does not take long for a nervous temperament to work fancy into reality. It made no difference to Mr. Barrymore that he had just come from New York where he had rivaled Edwin Booth in over a hundred nights' run of Tragedy in the Big City, reputed to love only farce-comedy and risqué revues. An American laying siege to a new world which was the old—that worried Mr. Barrymore until he found himself at last acclaimed.

The Barrymore family are all subject to these nervous attacks and the mere matter of their being members of a theater family has been no guarantee to them that stage fright would not assail them. Miss Ethel Barrymore, in speaking to me of this matter, has always sounded the dominant note of fright when she faced a crucial test: fright when she made her first appearance one matinée with Uncle John; fright when she faced Charles Frohman and asked for an important rôle in *His Excellency the Governor;* panic when she walked through a side street in New York and saw her name in electric lights above the entrance of the Garrick Theater—fright always on an opening night.

Let the amateur actor comfort himself by realizing that this thing of many signs and symptoms is not a token of amateurism; that all America's actor families have had to face it, to go through it. Joseph Jefferson declared once that when as a small child he was taken on the stage for a Fourth of July celebration, to sing *The Star-Spangled Banner*, he asked the audience so many times *Oh, say, can you see* that they began to laugh and he began to cry and hurriedly hid his wee face in the lap of his mother. Edwin Booth recalls that once he forgot his lines while playing with his father, the dread Junius Brutus. In tragic tones sufficiently somber to make the hair rise on the head of any unsuspecting youth who was in the throes of fear, his father exclaimed "Get off the stage, you fool." E. H. Sothern has the same story to tell about a line given him in a play of his father's which went utterly from his mind, and he was told by E. A., "For heaven sake, say something." No, stage fright is no respecter of actor families!

MANY throat specialists have interesting cases to detail of loss of voice through fright, the nervous state of mind having unfortunate effect upon muscular response. Evelyn Herbert, now starring in *Princess Flavia*, the musical comedy made from the play, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, was a victim of such trouble. She had just completed an engagement with the Chicago Civic Opera Company, when she found her voice gone completely. She was desperate, for her voice was her fortune, and to be without it meant years of penury. Then she learned that a new voice might be built up, and for over a year she submitted herself to the arduous cure.

She was finally persuaded to accept an engagement to sing at the Capitol Theater in New York. The time approached for her appearance. She was in terror. What if her voice should fail her again! Her throat was parched. She rushed to her manager and declared she was going home. He held her firmly and led her to the stage. "I'll have your understudy near," he said, "and if you fail just stand there, make a motion with your lips and she'll sing for you."

This was reassuring. Miss Herbert went on; a thunder of applause greeted her. Her knees shook, her hands were icy cold, she glanced despairingly toward the wings, she opened her mouth, she was sure that nothing came out of it—no sound, no sensation at all. But far off, she could hear her understudy doing her bit and was thankful for her manager's considerateness. But the song it seemed to her would never end. She was tired making motions with her lips; it was agony—the muscular exertion trying to sing with the understudy, yet not singing.

Finally, the end came, she beat a hasty retreat amidst a sea of hands clapping. "Splendid," exclaimed her manager, "your voice is as good as ever; better, maybe, for the rest it has had." "But I have no voice," exclaimed Miss Herbert, "you know it was the understudy." "It was you," persisted the manager. And then it was that Miss Herbert realized that the far-away voice she had heard was her own, striking upon her subconscious ear. She had been so fearful of results that she did not know she had been singing.

Stage fright knows no obstacle, no deterrent, when once it starts a-going. An eminent actor one evening, while playing *Macbeth*, when the banquet scene arrived sat in the chair intended for *Banquo's* ghost. He knew better, but it was one of those accidents that can upset a whole train of events. *Banquo's* ghost arrived—and promptly sat in his lap!

Stage fright plays the most unaccustomed tricks. It doesn't care if you are distinguished. That's the comforting thing. Wherever a spine is, with a nervous center; wherever a brain is; wherever a human being is, *there* stage fright is sure to be. Eloquence, charm—how we all long for them when we are on our feet before an audience! But poise does not mean imperviousness to fear. What it really means is arrested stage fright—the conquest of self.

His Donkey Pulled Him Through

[*Continued from page 142*]

and real friendship in a very practical way.

One evening about dusk on the outskirts of Miami, Frank Elliot was returning home after a long, hard day's work, when he was hailed by two strange men. They began to talk, too suavely, too politely, so the peddler thought, and very cannily he eyed them. So, too, did Honey Boy, who was impatient to get home for a much deserved rest. The strangers kept on talking, and Frank Elliot became more and more suspicious. Then one spoke of money, and the other said: "You must take in quite a tidy sum in a day selling fruit." As a matter of fact, this particular day the pedler had over twenty dollars in his pockets and about five of them were his own profits. Then the first man said: "Well, old man, let's not fool any longer. Come across with it!" And with the threatening words he reached forth a determined hand. But at the same moment Honey Boy came suddenly to life and his swift little hoofs beat a hurried tattoo down the paved street. A minute later an astonished, but delighted pedler was out of sight of an equally astonished but chagrined pair of presumptive robbers!

"YES, sir," Frank Elliot told me with conviction; "he knew they didn't mean any good, so he up and ran away. The very first time he ever did such a thing, too!

One time on the busy streets of Miami the peddler was urging his donkey to cross a thoroughfare, but Honey Boy, instead of going forward, backed up a few feet—and a second later a sirenless fire engine whirled by on the same spot the wagon had been! If Honey Boy didn't actually save Elliots' life at the time of the attempted hold-up, he probably did this time. Often, says Frank Elliot, when on a crowded street he thinks he sees a chance for his slow wagon to get through the maze of traffic and urges Honey Boy on, the donkey won't go—and then a few seconds later, as a careening truck whizzes past, he realizes the folly of his intention.

"I let him have his way in the heavy traffic," says Frank Elliot, "for he knows better than I. I trust him more than I do myself!"

Several years ago a wildly driving negro chauffeur struck Honey Boy's head and shoulders a terrific blow with his heavy limousine. Somehow the pain-stricken and bleeding animal managed to pull the wagon the short distance home, for, of course, his master was crippled and, though desperately wanting to, could not help him. In his stall for three or four weeks the little donkey lay, moaning with the intense pain. Frank Elliot tenderly cared for him, lifting his head to his own lap to feed him a little oats or corn; carefully he rubbed soothing liniment over the swollen and bruised neck and shoulders; affectionately, forgetting all else, he stayed with the animal, talking to him and comforting his friend.

Honey Boy recovered, but it was Frank Elliott's careful and tireless nursing that made him well; and Honey Boy knows this, too. Since that time every morning while his master is currycombing him he will abruptly turn and lay his long, gray-brown head on the man's leg and look up into his eyes as if to say: "I know what you did, old top, and I appreciate it, too!"

Last year the two went on a trip to Nashville, Tennessee. Three months and twenty-two days it took to get there, and exactly four months to come back! Seven or eight miles a day! A tiresome journey? No, on the contrary, wonderful! They met so many kind people along the way, they never had to camp out a single night, for if they weren't near a hotel or rooming house then some friendly farmer would insist on their staying at his place. Frank Elliot and Honey Boy got to know new folks and to see new scenery, and they were very happy. Honey Boy could frisk along or he could sedately walk—just as he wished. Many big, shining automobiles sleeked past, making probably hundreds of miles per day on their journey; but not one passenger in any of them, opined Frank Elliot, could have been more content than he and Honey Boy. No, sir!

Frank Elliot lives in a faded white tent on a vacant lot in a Miami suburb. The tent isn't furnished extra well, and it's old and weather-beaten, and sometimes when it rains very hard a little water comes in, and sometimes in midwinter it gets a trifle cold and uncomfortable. Sometimes in July and August the heat is pretty bad, but Frank Elliot doesn't seem to mind; he stays cheerful all the time.

And near-by stands Honey Boy in a crudely improvised stall. Honey Boy gets wet rather often, and on Sundays the sun stares down blisteringly, and the flies are bad in early spring—but he doesn't seem to care.

Every morning without fail at precisely six o'clock he brays, a regular alarm-clock bray, and Frank Elliot comes out of his pleasant slumbers at the imperative call. He currycombs and feeds Honey Boy; then he gets his own breakfast. And after that Honey Boy methodically steps between the shafts of the wagon, and a few minutes later they start off on the daily itinerary. Honey Boy knows the routes and he stops at the right place at the right time. Only when the sun begins to sink in a dull red glow toward the western horizon does he turn his tired head back toward home.

It's the same every day, practically; and to most people this would appear to be a decidedly cheerless and lugubrious existence; but, as philosophers have said since time immemorial, happiness is the pursuit, the goal of all men; and this often elusive goal has been successfully captured by the two staunch and faithful old friends—Frank Elliot, man, and Honey Boy, donkey. JOSEPH FAUS.

A Princess in Distress

[*Continued from page 67*]

Cordelia, and in its place was a graceful Hepplewhite writing-table with a mauve quill and a crystal inkstand on a pale gray blotter.

"I've opened the wrong door," she cried.

The maid who had drawn her bath that morning came in smiling and assured her that she had made no mistake. "There's been an army of men working here since you went away this morning, Miss. The gentleman said he could not abide the place. And the to-do there was over getting that armoire out. It hasn't been moved in fifty years they do say. Do you like the room, Miss?"

Kyra sat down suddenly, with a feeling that in another moment she was going to weep. The room was no longer overwhelming, it was filled with the friendliest sort of charm. Shadowy spring like chintzes at the high windows, a pale mauve-gray carpet under her feet, armchairs in primrose yellow brocades, a tea-table in gay lacquer. There were flowers everywhere. Even the black-browed marble mantel had been transformed under a primrose valance and great bowls of lilac.

"I am some one in a fairy tale," she thought. "I shall wake up soon and find myself walking down the Boulevard de Pera on my way to the *Red Sarafan*." Then: "If it is a fairy tale then I'm going to enjoy it while it lasts. I'm going to be happy, happy, happy!"

Two hours later she stood dressed for dinner. The woman from Madame Sophie's had arrived with a mountain of boxes. She had chosen sparingly, but with a sure instinct for line and color. She had finally put on for this evening a dress of chiffon that floated airily like blue smoke about her slender body.

Remy Sazonoff had sent up his card just as she finished dressing, but she told the maid to express her regrets. She was dining out. She did not quite understand her own action, but she did not want to see Sazonoff this evening.

She had had the maid light all the candles, so that Corcoran when he came might get the transformation of the room at its best. But his gaze kept coming back to her, as if he, too, were finding it difficult to believe in the reality before him. His face was a trifle solemn, a shadow of awed wonder was in his eyes.

"Don't look at me like that," she protested laughingly, "as if I were something rather frightening."

"A fellow can't help being a little scared when he sees something coming true that he has given up hoping for. Promise me you won't just vanish in a minute or two."

"Not until this evening is over at any rate. I want to have the gayest possible evening. I want to be foolish, not to think of anything, not of anything at all."

"That is exactly the sort of evening we are going to have. The whole town is ours, and anything your heart desires you're to ask for. I say, we didn't buy those slippers, did we?"

"No, they came with the dress, stockings and all. Wasn't Madame Sophie clever, to match this smoky blue? Don't you adore those tiny buckles, sparkling away? Do you know this is the first real party I have had since I grew up?"

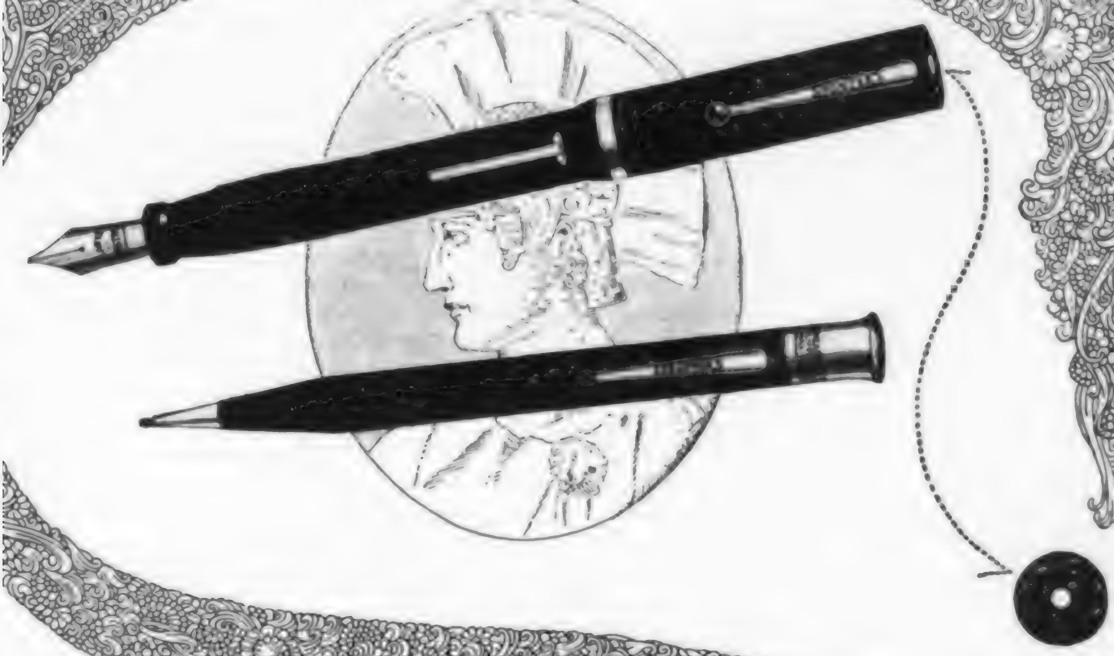
"My dear child," his face was full of horror. "Let's go. Think of all the parties we have to make up for tonight."

They dined at a world-famous restaurant where a table had been reserved for them, they went on to a music hall, they drove in a hansom cab for half an hour to get the smoke out of their eyes, they had supper and danced until two in the morning at the most gilded night club in London.

"It has been such a happy day," she said to him at the door of her hotel. She gave a sigh of perfect satisfaction. "No matter what happens now I can look back at this, and it will help. Do you know, Michael, what you have done for me today?"

For a moment he held her hand close between both his own. "I have only just got a good start," he smiled down at her.

TO BE CONTINUED



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She Created the Cheerful Cherub

[*Continued from page 86*]

I asked her how she happened to create the Cheerful Cherub.

"Everyone I have ever met has asked me that, and it sort of paralyzes my mind, and I never know what to say. As a matter of fact, I didn't really create him at all. He just came into my mind, and there he stayed. I used to draw him in the margin of my school books, and I still have the habit of drawing him all over every thing. I also used to write verses and scribble them on anything I could lay hands on. The first way I connected the Cherub with the verses is this:

"One summer I was out in the country resting from a strenuous first year at the Academy of Fine Arts in Chicago. I used to lie out on the ground for hours soaking up happiness from the sun and the earth and, since I was happy, I wrote cheerful verses. The little Cherub smiling on the page seemed to go with the smiling verses, so I used him to illustrate them.

"The next September (it was 1914, so that the Cherub began with the War, a nice time for me to begin my career of professional rejoicing) I went to the Chicago *Evening Post* carrying a huge portfolio of all my school work. The editor was Mr. Mason. He noticed the cheerful Cherub verses and drawings much more than the school drawings with which I expected to demonstrate my genius. In fact he hired me with the understanding that I was to furnish a Cherub a day."

MISS McCANN regretted she could not give me a hard luck story. The nearest approach to it, is the fact that she earned her first year's art school tuition in Chicago by being a monitor. However that same year she gained a scholarship for the excellence of her work.

"But people will persist in reminding me that I was found by some editor in a city I have never even seen, sitting homeless and starving on a park bench. They embrace me at dinners and teas and luncheons, almost tearfully assuring me that they know of the frightful time I had to get started. No matter what I say to the contrary they pat me kindly on the shoulder, and go right on with the legend.

"The Cherub got me my first job, you see," she continued, "and although I have always expected to be an artist, I began work as a sort of versifier, and have been one ever since.

"A few months after the Cherub began on the *Post*, I had a chance to syndicate him and then the *Post* kept on using him from the syndicate."

Her readers would of course like to know just how Miss McCann looks. Right off the bat let me emphatically state that she is decidedly "easy to look at." The first thing that strikes you is that she is the tiniest person you have ever seen. She confesses to one hundred pounds of herself—it might be less! Bobbed hair, large brown eyes, a smile which is sweet but not exactly guileless, she seems younger than she could possibly be mathematically. For anyone who has published around three thousand verses, unless she had started to dictate from the cradle (which she assured me was not the case) ought to be considerably grown up. Incidentally she is always beautifully gowned and immaculately groomed.

"How does one manage to write a poem a day, year in and year out?" I asked.

"The way I write the Cherub is to carry a note-book around with me on subways, busses, and all my walks." The note-book is the most awe inspiring part of her—it seems bigger than she is. "And I catch a verse here and there on the wing."

The note-books contain far more than the paltry thousands of verses which she has published. There is at least one unused verse for every published one and a great many longer ones written just for the sake of writing them. These books also contain hundreds of sketches, not only of the Cherub, but of people he has met in his rambles and many of them are as sharp and funny as the verses. These many verses that have never seen the light of print, Miss McCann says, were written mostly for the fun of it. That may be one secret of the Cherub's appeal. His poems were written for the joy of writing and it is a joy to read them.

"The Cherub has been drawn on hotel window sills and sleepers and steamboats. One was written on an aeroplane from London to Paris." She hastened to add it was not one of her best! "We became engulfed in a snowstorm and my sub-conscious mind was probably much concerned with the fact that it might be the last Cherub poem I would ever write.

"My mother and friends tell me, no matter where I am, they can tell what is happening to me by reading the Cherub. It is a much more painless way of working, I think, to mix work with living like that, instead of having regular hours for it.

"In actual work it takes half a day a week to get out my quota. They have to be in by Monday morning, which makes my week ends somewhat hectic. I used to send them in once a month, but I gave that up. I just sit down and think of all the things that have happened during the week, and I look through my notebook for what has accumulated there. The only trouble is that I keep losing my notebooks,

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ANNA WALDRON, Bloomfield, N. J.

"AFTER THE WORLD WAR, I returned home with ealth greatly impaired. I suffered from numerous ailments, ncluding constipation. One day I saw Yeast cakes served in a restaurant. I decided to try them. I soon noticed I was getting back my appetite and my constipation was leaving ne. I am now feeling fine." L. H. KLEEBER, St. Louis, Mo.

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leaving them on trains and mountains and places. If any one has found one, please return it and get a large reward."

I asked whether it was harder or easier as the years went by.

"It's easier on the whole," she told me. "Of course it depends a lot on circumstances, such as time and health and private life. Although I always seem to be rushing around the world, mere geography seems to make no difference. I think I can write them a little better when I have some special problem of my own to solve, because I have gotten into the habit of putting such philosophy as my own ups and downs call into being, into four lines for general consumption. For people nearly always have about the same joys and sorrows primarily—be they experiences in a hovel or a palace, as it were. The cherub verses are almost like a diary of my mind, I realize on looking back over them.

Curiously enough Miss McCann confesses the Cherub verses come from the sad things she sees, not the humorous ones. "For after all," she says, "it's the unhappy things we need to philosophize about more than the cheerful ones."

But she does read Kant, and she did find the *Dance of Life*, by Havelock Ellis stimulating and the *Mind in the Making*, by Harvey Robinson helped to inspire some of the verses.

WHEN she was in California, the land of the eternal tourist, she found herself perpetually lost, and yet everywhere somebody would ask her the way to somewhere. Thus we read:

What's the road to Fame? One asked me.
What's the road to love or pelf?
I don't know, I said politely,
I'm a stranger here myself.

Every Christmas readers send the Cherub presents.

Dozens and dozens of letters he gets from every kind of a human, from street-car conductors to millionaires, from housewives to kiddies just able to write.

"I think it's nice of the readers, to take the time to write them. I try to answer them all, but as you know, a life run with the amazing lack of system that mine has, is not conducive to answering letters. I'm always losing their addresses, and then I have them on my conscience for months, especially when they send me stamps. I'd appreciate it, if in this interview I may be allowed to make a public and abject apology to all and sundry whose letters I have not answered."

A housewife, mother of two cherubic little Smiths, writes to Miss McCann, that she has tacked over her sink:

How vague are last year's troubles now
That once I thought would always last;
How unimportant future woe
Should seem when judged by woe that's past.

"Many a blues it has chased away from me," writes the said lady. "Every one that comes into my house sees it and remarks about that verse. They may not remember the words, but they remember the thought that was planted in them, and some time or other they will think just that, even if it is not worded so beautifully."

The Cherub has even been set to music.

That we pursue our solemn lives
Upon a rolling spinning earth
Seems such a funny thing to me
I simply scream with helpless mirth.

This is one of the composer's choice which he has set to charming music.

The Cherub is also used in a school book—*Robbins and Rowe's Studies in English, Book 1.* He is right across the page from Whittier.

I made the nicest kiss I could
And blew it to the moon so far,
And then I watched the empty sky,
And pop—out came a little star.

"For nearly thirteen years I have been a shut in," writes another. "My trouble is heart disease, and as I am only able to be around by keeping quiet, your little rhymes give me great pleasure. One in particular seems to fit in for me."

I used to be quite foolish
When I was young and gay,
And though I'm now much older,
I'm glad I'm still that way.

For years this reader has been cutting the cheerful Cherub verses out of the papers and pasting them in a blank book. "Quite often I read over the little rhymes," she says. "And it seems there is always one I can find to just fit my mood."

A Methodist pastor from Jeffersonville, Indiana, has reprinted some Cherub verses in the Church papers.

The Y. W. C. A. of Chicago writes for the Girl Reserves. "I am writing for permission to use the poems listed below which I have found among your publications. They are poems which we have used many times in our Club programs, and I am eager to make them available to all of our girls through their use in this volume." Among the verses they selected was:

We clean our houses every day,
And throw the useless things away,
But often let our minds for years
Get filled with foolish thoughts and fears.

From quite another source, one of our critics with the highest of brows, comes much appreciation. Says he:

"As many people think poetry is dull, we will get that part of it over with first. How is this for pure poetry?" the gentleman asks:

The moon gets all its brightness
From the sun's reflected rays,
That's why its life is eerie,
It's made of ghosts of days.

As it should be

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They think philosophy is dull as poetry. The Cherub addresses herself to that subject much debated by the pragmatists of experience, and she gives us this piece of wisdom, and it's no mere platitude either.

I mustn't live too greedily,
I'll make each small joy last
And not weight down my future with
An undigested past.

And our cherub is a bold thinker. As David was not afraid to attack Goliath with a sling, so she goes out against no less a giant than Kant with a quatrain and oh what a wallop she hands him:

Now duty is a horrid word
Right doing should be glad,
If you do good because you should
You might as well be bad!

"Can't you see, oh, gentle reader," continues our high brow critic, "Kant crumbling up as that hits him in the categorical imperative—with Horace J. Bridges running to his aid with a Red Cross aid outfit?"

One of his favorite verses seems to be:

I hear of the Medes and Persians,
But never pay much heed,
I don't believe I could mention
A single prominent Mede.

Apropos, Miss McCann received an agitated telegram after the publication of this verse naming a prominent Mede in the shape of "Darius." And curiously enough, even he turns out to have been a Persian.

Now being only the interviewer and a person as what usually loathes poetry, may we quote our favorite verse?

Sometimes I see my life with such calm eyes
Withdrawn and far beyond
The way the moon looks down and sees a moon
Wave broken on a pond.

"I don't want the Cherub to burble life is all good, regardless of other people's troubles," Miss McCann ended. "Because as a matter of fact I think life is often pretty awful, and so does he. But I do want him to be a good sport and not to take himself too seriously, to keep a proper perspective on his own troubles by always being an audience of life as a whole, as well as an actor in it.

"This is beginning to sound pretty ponderous for anything as small as a Cherub. He really hasn't any hide bound philosophy. He just goes around making little notes of the funny and happy and human and exasperating things that happen every day, and always feeling secretly surprised that he is being printed."

The Paavo Nurmi of Lion Hunters

[*Continued from page 140*]

his income must average a little more than two hundred dollars a month. When it is understood that Bruce takes his life in his hands every time he picks up a lion's trail, this income need not be considered excessive. At least no one seems to covet his job. But Bruce likes the life and is devoted to his dogs, who have all been specially trained and will follow only lion or bobcat tracks.

Since 1919 Bruce has slain a hundred and seventy-five lions in California. These have ranged from the northern almost to the southern end of the state, a distance of seven hundred miles. A lion averages about fifty deer slain yearly, according to official computations, which means that the four hundred and fifty lions now estimated at large in California, slaughter approximately twenty-two thousand, five hundred deer yearly, which is far in excess of the number killed by hunters.

When the commission learns from rangers or ranchers that a lion has made depredations in a certain district, Bruce loads his hounds into a motor camp-on-wheels and drives to the neighborhood. After his dogs have once hit the trail of a lion there is no let up until the quarry is treed. His dogs have picked up lion tracks more than forty-eight hours old.

Next to the mountain lion, Bruce regards the nature fakers as our greatest nuisance. For the men and women who write stories in which lions scream or leap from trees upon their prey, he has only disgust. "Mountain lions don't scream," he declares emphatically. "They don't make any noise unless cornered, and then they spit, like any ordinary cat. I've hunted lions for the past thirty years, but have never seen a lion leap from a tree upon its prey. When stalking their common food, deer, lions crouch on the ground, usually in the brush beside the trail which deer frequent. When the deer passes, the lion leaps from behind, its weight knocking the deer down. It then crushes the deer's head with a blow of its powerful paw."

Of course Bruce has been in some tight places during his adventurous life. One of the tightest occurred just before he became state lion hunter. He had come on the tracks of a lion near his cabin and had rushed home to get his rifle. About half an hour later, while following the lion's tracks down a steep slope, he slipped and fell to the bottom, almost plunging into the Merced River. He landed within ten feet of two big mountain lions, that had been fighting over a deer's carcass!

Bruce leveled his rifle on the nearest cat and pulled the trigger. There was a click. The

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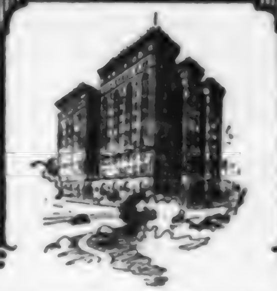

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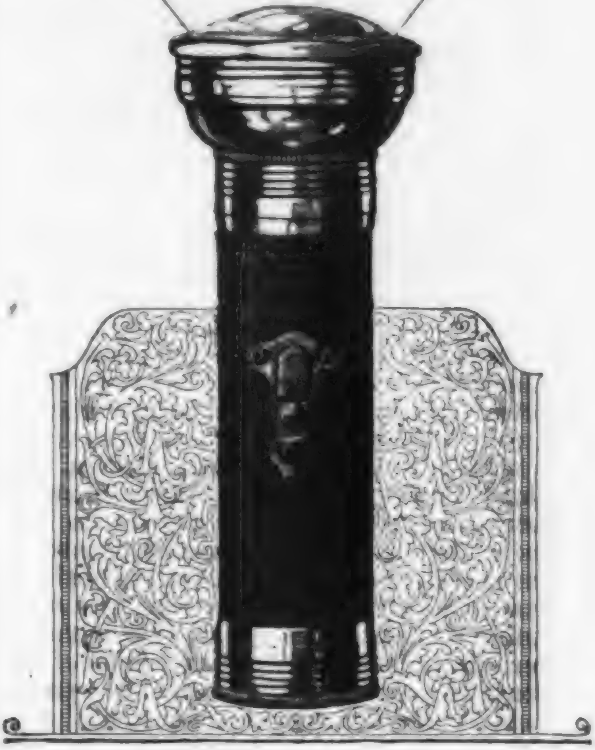

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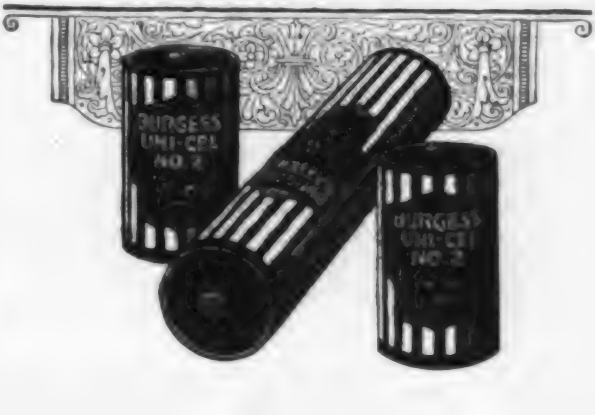

gun was empty! Mrs. Bruce, he discovered later, had removed the cartridges for fear the children, playing around the cabin would get at the gun. Escape over the trail by which he had come was impossible, and the cats were between him and the river. He clubbed his rifle and waited, resolved to fight to the last. As the cats advanced stealthily, he heard a rustle behind him and then the muzzle of his hunting dog "Eli" touched his hand. Around the dog's neck was a handkerchief containing the missing cartridges. When Mrs. Bruce had returned to the cabin and discovered that the rifle was gone, she guessed the terrible danger in which Jay might find himself. She called his favorite dog, "Eli," tied the shells about his neck, and sent him out to find his master. Bruce got both lions just as they were about to spring. A quick-witted wife and a faithful dog had saved his life.—M. M. DONOVAN.

Fire-Lookout Is Her Job

[*Continued from page 143*]

ten minutes during the day, and several times during the night, alert for the first sign of smoke. During a bad fire, or series of fires—after electrical storms several are often started simultaneously—there can be no relaxing of vigilance, day or night, until they are under control.

Immediately on discovery, a fire must be reported by telephone to the nearest platting agent's, or forest ranger's station. The report must include, according to Miss Hoover, "the azimuth reading, the distance of smoke from the station, the township, range and section, any landmarks near which it is burning, number of men needed to control it, the time sighted and cause of its origin—if known—and any other pertinent information." On all of this is presupposed an intimate personal knowledge of the topography of the country. After this report is made, the fire-chasers and posses must be directed to the fire with instructions as to what fire-fighting equipment is needed, and the fire must be watched for further developments, such as its progress, and the color and volume of smoke. At the end of a month Government report blanks are made out and turned into the Superintendent's office.

Official duties are often rendered difficult and sometimes impossible by the sudden wild storms which occur without warning in such an altitude. These may be electrical storms of a wild violence undreamed of by valley dwellers. Such electrical disturbances invariably set many fires. Or there may be ice storms such as Miss Hoover experienced in June, and which she describes as follows: "On June 16, 17 and 18 I saw the most sensational storm I have ever witnessed. After living through it, moving picture storms have lost all thrills for me. At their worst they are only play to what can happen on a mountain peak. The wind rose to sixty miles per hour; the mercury dropped to zero; the glass house became a mass of ice, groaning and straining at its cables, and rocking back and forth like a ship in an angry sea, threatening every moment to tear itself loose from its moorings and sail away."

Besides this imminent danger she had to contend with the bitter cold. Mt. Bachelor station being too far above timber-line for wood fuel, all she had to burn for heating purposes was kerosene, and for cooking, gasoline. Both of them were futile against such a temperature and wind. As very little cooking could be done under the circumstances, she had to go to bed under a pile of blankets in order to keep alive, there to wait, with what fortitude she could muster, the abatement of the storm. "Wo to the poor lookout who hasn't an adequate supply of blankets," she commented feelingly. This storm, one of four equally severe, blew itself out in seventy-two hours, leaving the cabin, and the mountain top encased in ice, which soon disappeared under the onslaught of the sun, as fierce in its heat as the cold had been intense. Of course, there are many other lesser storms, all of which serve to keep a lookout on the jump.

Along with this strenuous work and the rigors of such storms, the daily routine of living must be accomplished. All water used must be packed up from timber-line—an arduous task apropos of which Miss Hoover relates: "There is no night at nine thousand feet when water does not freeze—at least I experienced none—and I broke the ice on the water every morning I carried it to my cabin."

Meals must be prepared from the store of canned goods. Once in an endeavor to supplement her scanty rations Miss Hoover nearly lost her life. Receiving permission for a few hours' leave from her eyrie to go down the mountain, to where fresh fruit and vegetables had been cached a short way below, she left under a cloudless sky, dressed for the heat of a mid-summer day. On her return trip she was overtaken by a blizzard, and it was only by superhuman efforts that she reached the haven of her cabin before exhaustion and exposure overcame her.

Still there are some aspects of living alone on a mountain which Miss Hoover says have compensated her for the hardships. She takes quantities of books with her to peruse between duties. "A glass house near the sky affords an excellent opportunity to study the stars," she explains. "And this country is wonderfully

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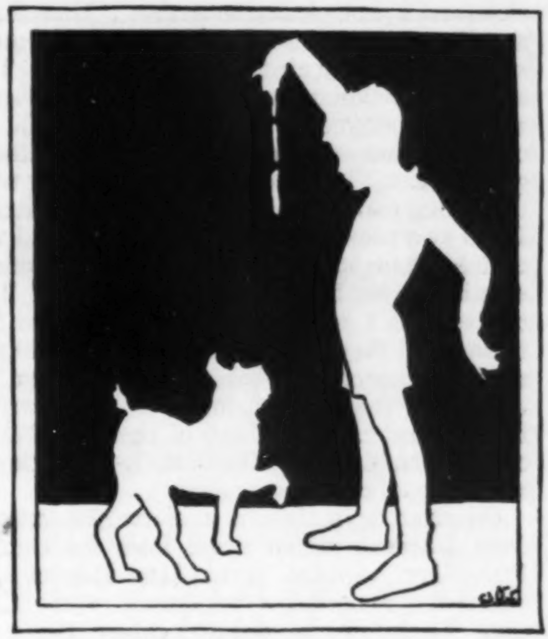

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rich from a geological standpoint. Then there are the mountain birds, so different from valley species, which are always a joy to watch. The small furry animals, especially the Douglas squirrels, become so tame that they will sit on one's knee or shoulder to get something good to eat. I talked by phone one day with the young man on Pine Mountain—the station I had two previous summers—and he told me that he thought he should have died of loneliness had it not been for my little friends. The two seasons I was there I had petted and fed them. until they came from miles around to the station, bringing their babies, carrying them by the fur on their bellies, much as a cat carries her kittens. I had a herd of them, and they came when I called, like a flock of chickens, swarming all over me for food."

On clear days there is a marvelous outlook from Bachelor which never loses its charm. From her vantage point Miss Hoover can sweep the magnificent panorama of the Cascade Mountains across the whole State of Oregon, from the superb snow-clad peak of Mt. Ranier in Washington, past Mt. Jefferson, Mt. Hood, Mt. Thielsen, Three-fingered Jack, Broken Top and Three Sisters in Oregon, along the jagged mountain chain as far south as Mt. Shasta, her own namesake in California. More than twenty mountain lakes are caught like turquoise brooches on the ice-clad bosoms of these ranges, reflecting the light dazzlingly.

At other times the station is isolated on an island surrounded by a sea of fog, all the landscape blotted out except perhaps the prominent peaks to the north.

"At the end of the season," Miss Hoover concluded, "I was so worn out by storms and unnerved by constant anxiety that I was a long time recovering my mental and physical poise, and yet in the remembrance of that eventful summer on a mountain top, how soon the difficulties were forgotten!"

All in all, holding the position of fire-lookout in the Northwest is a stupendous adventure for either man or woman.—ETHEL ROMIG FULLER.

The Way of a Maid

[*Continued from page 15*]

I was thinkin' about Jerry! I was thinkin' that since Miss Winton give Ormsby the gate, Jerry wouldn't be around drivin' him no more an' maybe I never would see him again.

So I got Miss Winton dressed an' then stayed an' hung up all her things an' fixed up the room an' went out, an' there on the street by the alley was Jerry sittin' back o' the wheel in Ormsby's car.

HE DIDN'T let on that he seen me so I didn't let on I seen him either an' I was goin' right by when Ormsby opened the door o' the car an' got out.

"Wait a minute," he says, takin' me by the arm. "You played a pretty cute trick on me, but I don't hold it against you. But don't you think," he says, "that you owe me a little something? Suppose we go some place where we can have a little bite an' talk things over. How about it, sister?"

I didn't have no chance to say anything back 'cause just then Jerry jumped down an' butted in between us.

"Hey!" he says to Ormsby. "What's comin' off here?"

"Webster!" Ormsby says. "What's the matter with you!"

"Not a thing," Jerry says in a matter o' fact way. "This is my girl an' I want to know what's comin' off."

"Your girl," Ormsby says, his voice full of scorn. "Why you—" an' then he called Jerry a bad name.

You should o' seen Jerry take him! It didn't last more'n about a minute I guess, an' honest, you wouldn't believe a man could get beat up so bad in that little time with just a pair of fists.

When Ormsby fell down an' didn't get up again, but just laid there groanin' an' holdin' his hand over his nose, Jerry says: "You can't fire me 'cause I've already quit. Drive your own car!" he says to Ormsby. "An' here's wishin' you four flat tires an' a bad skid in the wrong place."

Then he called a taxi over an' shoved me in an' says to the driver: "Get me out o' this before the cops come. I just beat up my boss good and proper."

"Sure," the driver says. "That's fun, ain't it? I did once. Where do you want to go? I'll drive like the devil."

"Oh, up in the park," Jerry says.

So he drove us to the park an' me an' Jerry made up an' the next mornin' first thing we went an' got married, 'cause we was afraid if we waited any more we might get mad an' fight again. I told Miss Winton all about it at the matinée, an' you know what? She talked to Jerry an' loaned him two thousand dollars an' we got a place out on Long Island on a road in the country that used to be a barn once, an' we made a garage out o' part of it an' a hot dog stand out o' some more of it an' fixed up upstairs where the hay used to be to live in, an' we're doin' fine. We got Miss Winton paid back an' most o' the mortgage off an' a little boy three months old an' next year we're goin' to build a house.

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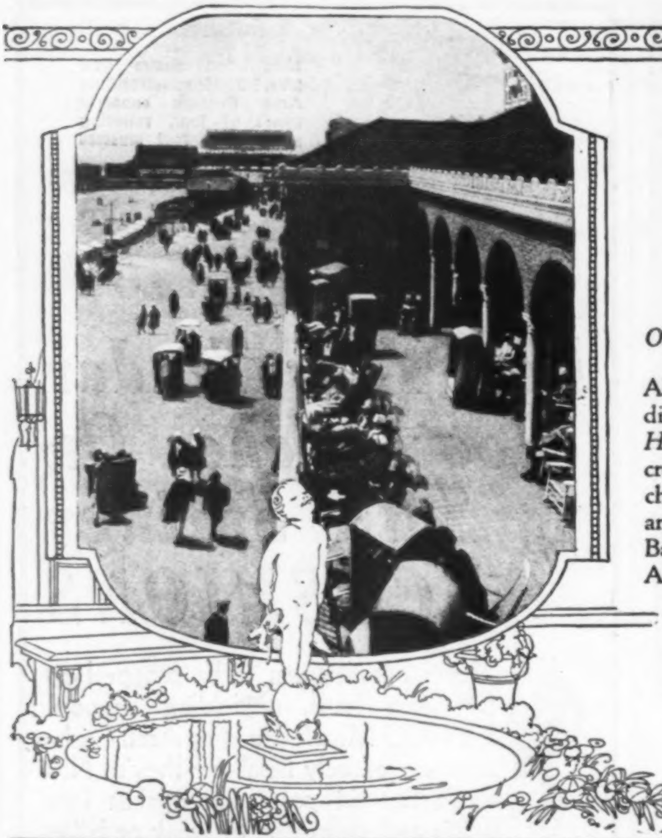

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